SANTO SEBASTIANO:

OR,

THE YOUNG PROTECTOR.

VOL. II.

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SANTO SEBASTIANO:

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OR,

THE YOUNG PROTECTOR.

A Novel.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"ADELAIDE; OR, THE COUNTERCHARM:"—"THE ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES:"—AND "THE FOREST OF MONTALBANO," &c. &c.

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VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

Lord Ashgrove's letter, revealing the long concealed sorrows of his heart, awakened the most poignant pangs of sympathy in the bosom of his affectionate sister, drawing forth the anguished tears of pity and of grief: and being thus called upon to seek out and protect the child of the too fascinating Colonel De Clifford, told her, that even yet, her heart had scarcely learned a total insensibility to his well-remembered merits. Ever easily affected, the various

emotions which the packet of her brother excited in the susceptible mind of Lady Delamore effectually prevented her being able to gratify her eager wish of going, as the harbinger of fortune's smiles, to Julia De Clifford, until the late hour already stated.

Although the mind of Lady Delamore still felt the influence of those poignant emotions, so sensibly awakened, she possessed sufficient firmness to conceal her agitated feelings during her first interview with Julia; in whom her ladyship saw a strong resemblance in the expression of her countenance, though not in features, to her fascinating father. This resemblance was not likely to impede the way of our heroine to the heart of Lady Delamore, who, from the moment Lord Ashgrove mentioned De Clifford's orphan, felt a prompt incentive to love her; and the transcendent beauty, and the sweet and artless manners of that orphan, in the very first interview, added link to link in the chain which bound her to the heart of Lady Delamore. With eager impatience her ladyship looked for the morrow to see

Julia again; and, impelled by that solicitude, was punctual to her appointment.

The second meeting, only added to the resistless prepossession which Lady Delamore and our heroine felt for each other. Lady Delamore had previously determined to take Julia under her own protection; for, as the *protégé* of Lord Ashgrove, she knew she would be received with cordiality and respect by her own lord. During the early part of this interview, her ladyship and Julia were alone; but when the former was about to proceed upon the arrangement of our heroine's future destination, she wished for the presence of Doctor Sydenham and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, whom her ladyship thought claimed such respect for their uncommon kindness and friendship to Miss De Clifford, who had related, in all the glowing tints of genuine gratitude, their parental conduct to her.

Soon after the amiable, zealous friends of Julia entered, Lady Delamore made her invitation to our heroine to accompany her into Dorsetshire. Julia, though sincerely grieved at the idea of leaving her

first kind friends, considering it as a compliance with the wishes of her noble benefactor, gratefully accepted it.

"But," said Lady Delamore, "I must leave town for Delamore-castle early the week after next. My physicians have, at length, given me permission to breathe once more the air of Dorsetshire, which they affect to think does not very well agree with me." She sighed deeply, and added—"My lord, too, has been dangerously ill; and now I have got my liberty, you cannot wonder that I am anxious to go to him; and, though I must leave town so soon, I cannot go without you."

Julia's heart beat high; her respiration became short: she looked at Mrs. Goodwin, at Mr. Goodwin, at Doctor Sydenham; thought of all the children, and tears trembled in her eyes.

Mr. Goodwin looked grieved; Doctor Sydenham sad; and tears trickled down the cheeks of Mrs. Goodwin. Julia started from her seat, threw her arms around Mrs. Goodwin's neck, and wept upon her bosom.

"Oh!" she softly exclaimed, "if my going, pain is for you, I will not leave you; no never, at all, leave you. Lady Delamore is a great deal too good, too very good, to wish for me to make pain for you."

"My dear Miss De Clifford!" said Mr. Goodwin, with a voice faltering with emotion, "you must leave us. It is for your great advantage; and Harriet loves you too sincerely to form the selfish wish of detaining you with her. It is the wish of your father's noble friend, that you should be restored to your own class in society; and to comply with the wishes of Lord Ashgrove will be henceforth your duty: and should you prolong your stay with us, it would only be to increase our parting sorrows."

"Oh!" sobbed out Mrs. Goodwin, "you must go, Miss De Clifford: but you will condescend to write to me sometimes.—You will come, I know, to see me, when you can.—You will still remember us.—You will not—will not, quite, forsake us!"

"Still remember you! Not quite forsake you!" exclaimed Julia, turning pale, and recoiling from the horrible idea—"Oh!

Mrs. Goodwin, did you forsake me, when I was the poor, heart-rived child of greatly terrible sorrows and adversity? I had not bread, nor comfort: and you give for me, both. Oh! Mrs. Goodwin, did not the increase of my griefs, give me more, from your kindness? Oh! Mrs. Goodwin, did you ever stop, me to feed, and to cherish, though I took from the means, which so sadly small, adversity did yield, for feeding your own, own children? As the good Samaritan for me, have you been, and Heaven, surely, would not so kind be, to raise up such friends for me, had it formed my heart for such greatly terrible, dire ingratitude. And one still more great obligation, which ever lives in my heart's own memory; when you did fear for my innocence, and rejected all, for your so great advantage." Our heroine, quite subdued by grateful recollections, now lost the power of further articulation; and Doctor Sydenham, with a faltering voice, benignly addressed her:

"Conquer, my child! while yet it is in your power, this excess of sensibility; for

freely indulging the tender propensities of your nature will prove the bane of your future peace. I would not have you unfeeling, believe me; but I would wish you to learn to bear with firmness the little common rubs of life; the current demands upon your tender feelings; to part with friends without such anguish. Such partings, Julia, we should consider blessings, though painful ones; for they are kindly meant to teach friends to bear the hour of final separation."

"Oh!" replied Julia with animation, "and even then, dear sir, friends do surely hope to meet again; and so shall we, Mrs. Goodwin, often, and very much, often yet, I do trust me, even in this world, for thorns, and flowers.—And dear Doctor Sydenham, pray excuse for me, when deeply feeling the very much strong, kindness, of yourself, and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin for me, I did lose all my stock of firmness, when I did think to part from you, and found it would be much grief for me."

Lady Delamore, who had been an attentive, though not an unmoved, observer of all that passed, now kindly wishing to call

every one's thoughts to a new subject, began hastily to talk of Julia's future establishment, which she doubted not, she said, " Lord Delamore would be happy to have settled beneath his own roof." And in the course of her arrangements, she requested Mrs. Goodwin to be so kind as to provide the necessaries for our heroine's wardrobe. " The ornamental," said her ladyship, " Miss De Clifford, I hope, will allow me to assist her in the purchase of, as my tradespeople are, I believe, among the most fashionable in town." And here Lady Delamore presented Mrs. Goodwin with a draught upon Julia's banker.

" Madam," said Mr. Goodwin, " my wife will, in the execution of this pleasing commission, have no occasion for applying to any other banker than myself, as I have in my hands a large sum belonging to Miss De Clifford."

" That sum, dear sir," said Julia with quickness, " is not, longer, for mine. It must be returned quite soon, with the all, of my pecuniary owe, to that dear, dear benevolent, stranger, who came, with the great charitable goodness, to leave it for

my purpose." And here Julia, well divining Mr. Goodwin's letter had never met Lady Delamore's eyes, now sketched for her ladyship the anecdote of the stranger, related in the first chapter of this work. She then continued, "As I, alas! not know this so good stranger, madam, I cannot very certainly tell, how his situation of life may be. The much benevolence of his heart, might have led him to make that great donation at very strong inconvenience for himself; and as *that*, so possible is, it is for me right, to restore to him immediately soon, his great benevolent gift, lest he should at all want it: and through my new, beneficent benefactor, I see quite plain, I may restoration make."

Lady Delamore listened, with evident pleasure, to Julia; and replied, with animation, "I know not by whom you were educated, but I plainly see your heart was formed by Nature, out of her most precious materials."

Julia blushed, and was silent.

"I do not ask you to come to Grosvenor

Square," said Lady Delamore, "because I will not deprive your kind friends here of your society one moment sooner than your journey into Dorsetshire requires, at least, I mean unnecessarily; as for a few hours I must take you from them, for the (to every lady important) business of embellishing your wardrobe: but Mrs. Goodwin will have no objection, I hope, to assist our taste with hers, and accompany us in our expedition."

Her ladyship now, appointing one o'clock the succeeding day to call for our heroine and Mrs. Goodwin, took leave.

To many fashionable dealers in all the important articles of dress, Lady Delamore the subsequent day took Julia, Mrs. Goodwin, and Rosa; for although the latter kept out of sight, lest Miss De Clifford should conceive she obtruded herself for the purpose of being taken out, she was not left behind—for Julia forgot not Rosa, and obtained her ladyship's permission for that interesting girl to be of their party.

Innumerable were the beautiful dresses and ornaments ordered and purchased by

Lady Delamore for our heroine, who paid little attention to the splendour preparing for herself; her whole thoughts were occupied in finding presents for Mrs. Goodwin, for her dear Rosa, Charles, and all the children; and infinitely was she puzzled before she could find out beautiful and appropriate keepsakes for Doctor Sydenham and Mr. Goodwin. Lady Delamore, pleased with her grateful energy, assisted her choice, and made her happy.

As they were at Lady Delamore's jeweller's, ordering a set of pearls and other elegant things for Julia, the shopman, who attended their party, displayed to them a blaze of jewels, in value and beauty scarcely to be paralleled, the setting of which had been just completed there.

Lady Delamore inquired to whom they belonged; and the man, not knowing her ladyship's connexions, replied—

"They belong to Lady Enderfield, madam, and have been newly set for her approaching marriage with Mr. Fitzroy. We have been much hurried about them, and we must now send them off without delay,

as the wedding is very shortly to take place."

Lady Delamore heaved a sigh for the infatuation of her nephew to this perfidious woman; whilst Julia heard all this, and saw the magnificence prepared to grace the nuptials of her rival, with a degree of firmness that amazed her attentive friend, Mrs. Goodwin, and from which she drew the most auspicious hopes that Fitzroy was becoming an object of indifference to our heroine; but soon she learned how delusive was that flattering hope.

A gentleman who had been making purchases, and was departing when they entered, attracted by the uncommon beauty of the party, still made pretences for loitering in the room, to look at those who so powerfully attracted his admiration, and who, when the shopman ceased, spoke with energy and feeling.

"If this Mr. Fitzroy is a worthy man, I most sincerely pity him: if an undeserving one, he will, even in this life, meet with ample punishment, in the wife he has chosen, for every crime he may or can

commit. I know this Circe well; I was at Venice when her husband died: was murdered, I scruple not to say, by the agents of a ruined Venetian count, a favourite of this vile woman's, with whom I afterwards saw her at Paris, under the auspices of that licentious court, where her conduct could only be equalled by those who countenanced her." Here he was interrupted by a piercing shriek from Rosa; for Julia had fallen senselesss into the supporting arms of Mrs. Goodwin.

"Oh Heaven!" exclaimed the gentleman in much consternation, "I fear I have done mischief; and this most fascinating young lady is a friend to one of the parties I have been imprudently speaking of."

"No, sir, she knows nothing of them," replied Mrs. Goodwin promptly; "her fainting now is merely accidental, from some sudden indisposition."

The horror which this gentleman's intelligence awakened in the mind of Lady Delamore was, for the present, overpowered by solicitude for our heroine, for whose recovery every ready means was tried, and

proved successful; and when her senses were restored to her, conscious the eye of curiosity was observing her, she struggled to suppress the further discovery of her tortured feelings, with a degree of firmness that could not but conquer. She smiled, while she trembled; and said she was quite well, whilst she was sick at heart.

This horrid intelligence of Lady Enderfield now occupied the thoughts of Lady Delamore, who hastened to complete her order; and then, sad and abstracted, conveyed our heroine and friends to Russel Street.

The calm resignation to the aproaching marriage of Fitzroy which Julia had, with infinite exertion struggled to acquire, now all faded away in the agonizing idea, that Fitzroy was doomed to a life of wretchedness; and her tender, sorrowing sympathy, gave its sad touches to every line of her countenance, spoke in every action, and trembled in her thrilling voice. Vain were now the efforts of her friends to make her cheerful. At night she retired to her chamber, full of grief. Devoutly she prayed for the preservation of Fitzroy's

happiness. Her piety soothed her sorrow, but her night was restless; and she arose with an afflicted heart, and a head confused from a painful waking vigil, to perform a task which duty had assigned her.

CHAPTER II.

The frigate which had brought the despatches from Lord Ashgrove was immediately to return, and our heroine had to compose, this morning, a letter to her kind and generous benefactor; and poor Julia, having had no friends or kindred to correspond with, knew little of the art of letter-writing. None of her friends would now assist her arduous composition, for they all believed her own letter would best unfold her heart to Lord Ashgrove; and without any assistance, therefore, poor Julia, with trembling diffidence, found her inexperienced pen could form no better composition than the following letter:

" *To the Right Hon. Earl of Ashgrove.*

" My Lord,

" And since you do permit it, for me. My father!—It is very impossible of me, to know, how to address

the friend, the great deal beloved friend, of my sainted father, with the respect of reverence I ought. To address the benefactor, the kindly protector of his orphan child, with the very much gratitude I feel:—for this is only, the fourth letter in my life, I ever did attempt to make; and my very first, in English: and Lady Delamore has been kind, to tell me, 'I must address my benefactor, and new dear father, in English.' Good English, my lord, I do a great deal fear it cannot be of me; but a good meaning I have for certainly; and that to you I feel, will do as welcome.

"But, alas! what language to me, would now, be more help than English? since the heart has no words in any other (which I do know) so sweet, so kind, so melting: for in your letter to me I did find it a language made for the purpose of benevolence, and saying things so very greatly kind, they touch with the thrill, that vibrates (for I did feel it so) on every tone of trembling sensibility. But are the English, my lord, a people ungrateful? or why for, have they made not words, for me of any help, when now I do greatly want

to make my feelings known to you; when I very fain would tell, how gratitude's effect is in my heart? I feel it:—very certainly, I feel it; and yet, how grieved I am! I cannot expression make to tell it.—Alas! why for, is this language deficient only, of my purpose?—My father, is it because the English being children to benevolence, are taught by refinement of their generous parent, to shrink for even thanks, from those they so great deal benefit; and so, have excluded of possibility, poor gratitude, conveying back, for beneficence, even one at all, responsive sound? If this is so, I am not then, so very much for blame in the icy chill of thanks, that ought for surely to glow like the heart they spring from.—If my words are like December, my heart is not; in *that*, in genial summer feel, filial love, reverence, gratitude, now planted by benevolence, shall bud, and kindly blossom; shall never know the chill, or blight; but nurtured with all of good my mind does cherish; shall sweetly flourish on, whilst vital warmth is for me, to feed them.

"Oh! what of treasure is your letter

for me: to tell me so sweetly of my dear, dear father!—Oh! he was indeed, 'good, truly, surely good!'—I was at his dying hour, and he looked for death as great welcome, and then, of deceit could be none. His heart was then disclosed; and so pure it was, for Heaven had stamped it, 'sterling.' And although, but mere baby I was, every word that came from him was 'noted in *my* heart' too, my lord.—So well I can say, your letter: you think I have read it; but I have not. It is the companion of my heart all of the day; and at night, its station I change to beneath my pillow; and when I start, in great fear from my sleep; and tremble that all of your kindness has only been a dream of heaven, I find your letter; and that does tell me, as I kiss it and press it to my gratefully bounding heart, that all such goodness of you, and sweet things of my father, are certainly surely true; and yet I have not myself read the letter; and why you think I have not—cannot? It is because, I am very much coward; and a great deal fear reading with my own eyes

your kind your sweet melting words, would blind make me with tears; to read such things; such very touching things, of my dear father, would too surely rend for me my heart with fond regret, and sad remembrance.

"Perhaps, my lord, it may be for you, strange to think, for much credence; that although, only of four years old, when that calamity was for me, to lose my tender parent, my memory is so new, so faithful of him; of his last illness; of the sad (oh! surely for me, was it sad) scene, that closed, a life unblemished. But it was for me, first acquaintance, with sorrow. It tore me, harshly, from every feel of happiness; and for long time, I had only to turn, to his remembrance, for knowing, there ever had been, such things, as kindness, and affection; and the more from chilling indifference, and unkindness, I was made to feel, the more I clung to the cherished recollection of him, who sheltered me from every touch of sorrow; snatching for his own heart, every pang intended for mine; giving to me in its

stead, all of fostering care; all of tender affection, the parental heart could glow with: and from thence I did catch the spark, that lit for me the steady flame of filial love, that time cannot extinguish.

"It was great deal for my happiness; great deal for my misfortune, my lord, infinitely much resemblance of Lady Adelaide de Clifford, to bear. It was great happiness for me; because it drew me nearer to my father's heart. It was for me mis fortune, because from me, it deprived of the affection of my mother; and did entail for me the hatred very implacable, of grandmamma.

"During while my beloved father, was my living blessing, my mother evinced, of attachment so little for me, that I know it was much grief for my father; for times often, when with the chilling coldness of affectionless heart, she has repelled my infantine caresses, he has caught me to his breast, and flown with me to the (to him, o sacred) spot, where the urn to Lady lelaide he had consecrated; and reared illow there to weep for her; and there in

his sorrow's well-loved sanctuary, he has shed the many tears of grief; clasping me, with the convulsive grasp for anguish, to his throbbing heart, and taking from his bosom the miniature of Lady Adelaide, press it with agonized tenderness, to his lips:—again; and still, still, again; then he would hold it for my kiss to give it, and bid me, 'look with high reverence upon it; and love it beyond all things, but my Creator.' In these moments, so greatly terrible in anguish for him, he has told for my sorrow, 'he was going in soon time from me, to Lady Adelaide; and that I might not of possible, fail to come to him, and her, some happy day, I must, upon account none whatever, omit for saying, morning and night; and in all the griefs that might be for my doom; the very good, though small prayers, he had taught for me.' I did promise him for all; and I do a great deal trust, I have not forgotten even the least, of any sacred promise to him.

" My dear father did promise make to me, that when he was gone, I should hav his picture, and Lady Adelaide's, to me

comfort for me; and that I must kiss them times often, then: but alas! when go he did indeed, from his hapless child, I had picture none; no care; no kindness; nothing to comfort me.—In vain I looked; in vain, in agony's own tears, I entreated for, those promised gifts; but no, no, no,—consolation was not for me, for long time; not until ten years old I was; when my father's long, attached servant, dear, good, kind, Crofts (perhaps you remember, my lord, good Crofts—I shall never forget him, for he loved my dear father) came like the angel for pity from Heaven itself, with the never at all forgotten pictures to me. My kisses were in arrear, terribly lengthened time; and I did scrupulously pay my debt, with interest a great deal. In all my wanderings I have since preserved them; still unknown to grandmamma, for she would have bereaved me from them. They have been for my loved companions through every misery. They have been for me, soothing consolation and support in all my griefs; for whilst I did gaze upon them, I very well learned to bear all; that merit I might to go where

the dear originals were gone; and when I did look upon the resemblance for Lady Adelaide, I a great deal wondered, why grandmamma could find it of possibility, to hate me for looking like to that.

"But since I did grow old, my lord, I discovery made of the fatal cause of all.—My mother had for much long time loved my father; while his affection was steadfast to glow for Lady Adelaide. Why my father did again marry, I do not know: but this, is very certainly so; he kept not secret any, from my mother; and even when she married, she knew, that grief for Lady Adelaide, had too surely pierced my father's heart, with the cruel shaft for death; and though he did linger in sad, and silent suffering, for five years after his second wedding, my mother had not power to win his heart; or lure him of his so fondly cherished, woe. I only caught the remaining spark of affection, his broken heart contained; and that, alas! conveyed with all of misery, the pangs of jealousy so terrible, to my poor mother's bosom.

"After my loss of all happiness; when death took my beloved father, I had per-

mission none for seeing my mother; who early fell a victim to her inauspicious love, and grief, most terrible; and not until her last sand was set, could she the presence of her hapless child sustain: then for me she sent; clasped me for the first, and last time, with maternal tenderness to her panting bosom. 'Implored from me, (alas! from her own child) forgiveness; called me her adored Frederick's, great deal, injured treasure; supplicated to her mother, to make transfer of all affection she had ever borne herself, to me.' And as, with me clasped to her bosom she wept, she did expire.

"The loss, of her so much dear child, my grandmother a great deal attributed for, my father's unbounded love of me; and so, alas! that very terrible idea, did direfully increase her detestation of me. Unkindness, and much from neglect, I am greatly conscious, I should have still experienced, from my abhorring grandmother (Oh! it was sad and terrible thought for me, to be abhorred by my sole surviving parent! but, I was.) But not of cruelty, should I have suffered ever,

I do certainly think, had she been left to act entirely for the impulse, from her own heart; but my mother's nurse (who had lived years a great many, with grandmamma) imbibed the calamitous family hatred of me; and if ever the disposition of the human being, was *diabólico*, it was this woman's; and she possessed infinite much, of influence over my grandmother. This dreadful of woman, this misery inflicting Ninon, had of me the care from my early days; and never could my most innocent, and playful efforts (for I was of playful sportiveness quite full, while happiness, and my father, were spared for me) subdue at all, her barbarous disposition for enmity of me.

" After my mother died, grandmamma, who loved not solitude, quitted our beautiful cottage on Arno's banks, and for three years, wandered about Italy; decision making none, where to form her habitation; sometime taking me in her suite; but more time leaving me in some dreary convent, to the mercy, of the very merciless, Ninon.

" At length, grandmamma fixed for a

residence at Rome; and I was sent for to her. There she had concerts, twice, every week that came; and at all of them, I was made to sing and play; for my musical education, grandmamma had cultivated to all in possibility's power; but concert ended, and I had seen the guests all seated at supper, by the malice of Ninon, I was put without food to bed; and after great exertion I did require some; and how often, while singing in best of my ability, I have thought, soon will my notes be made to change for sadness; and in very truth to cry for bread, in the midst of great festivity. But that was small of my sorrow; and I have lived for pitying Heaven to give me bread, comfort, happiness, all; by giving for me again, a tender father.

" For near three years, we staid at Rome; and then we returned for Florence; where (oh! how fortunate for me it was) grandmamma placed me in a convent; and then with Ninon set out for Paris; to see for the very much alteration, the revolution had been cause of there. Here in this convent I met the great blessing, that rescued me of quite ignorance; and led

me to the religion of my father. The prayers my anxious parent taught for me, were strong of impression, though concise. I learned them like parrot, and long exercised my memory in repetition of them, because my dear father, did tell me so to do: but as time made for me age to think, I found those prayers had very seriously meanings in them, connected with the great outline of all, which my dear father had sketched for me. In vain I asked for more information, upon the so interesting subject; in vain I asked for the great book, my dear father told me, should be for mine; by studying which, I should come to him, and Lady Adelaide. But alas! I was chid, and derided, for asking for these serious things. The nuns indeed, were very prompt to tell me; but well was my recollection of my dear father bidding me, not, ever to listen to them; so I would not; but very seriously I turned me to the study of my small prayers; and to recollection of all my father had said, of the subject; and very anxious I was: and with all my little might I did get on, though small way it was in the path of Christianity: but at last, in the convent of Santa Celestina, at Flo-

rence, I gained all of information I panted to know; and oh! for my happiness was taught, the religion of my *own* father.

" In the convent of Santa Celestina, I did find a lady of England; her name Mrs. Waldegrave; who was bending beneath such sorrows' weights, that health could no more support her; and she was in the decline. She had lost husband; children a great many; and her heart having longer no stay to rest upon in life, had gone to heaven before her; and to Florence she did come for its genial air; and to live, while she did live, on the little means, the lorn widowhood did give for her.

" She was sad, for she was in grief; she was no gay companion, for she was sick for death; so every one did shun her; even the oldest nuns, who told their beads so steadily; and said, 'they were the Christians.' But though her chamber was cave for gloom, I went there. Self-interest, I much fear, more than pity, was my leader, and I did say, 'I would be her little girl to lean upon, when she in the garden walked; and do all of help, and comfort for her, so she would but, tell me, how I could go so

surely, as not of possibility to lose my way, to my father when I did die.'

"She did feel the great heavenly kindness, to take pity for me. Each day she did make of me to read the sacred scriptures to her; and many other books, upon the great subject of all; making explanation as I read; not for puzzling me, to show her acquirements; but easy for the comprehension, of my young and little exercised capacity. Other more things of less importance, though greatly for my knowledge, she kindly taught for me; which else, I had known as little, as my religion. She had very good globes; and a precious store of instruction's books, and many, for matured comprehension; and these all, she bequeathed for me. In return for all this treasure of good, I was great comfort for her. I did interest her, and was much help in her decline of health. This she did say; and it was a great joyful gladness for me; because I owed her more than language can express: but after twenty-one months of precious time; in which I was so kindly taught, to shake off the quite black hood, of ignorance, Mrs.

Waldegrave did die; and that was sad, grief to me.

"Very immediately after that, grandmamma returned; and was in much anger at my making such great treasure, as Mrs. Waldegrave's instructions. She did say, 'mental acquirements took me from music, drawing, and dancing,' all she thought necessary for me to know; but I did say, 'the day was long quite enough, if industriously managed, for all; for before I knew Mrs. Waldegrave, time was always too long for me.' But though I did assure her this, grandmamma took from me, all my precious bequest; and that too, was great grief for me.

"Very shortly after the calamity of my beloved friend Mrs. Waldegrave's death, grandmamma went to Naples; taking me with her. At Naples, grandmamma had great society; her concerts, and her conversazione, were carried on with much of spirit. Here, too, I was made for help in the concerts; and the guests would have been civil, and attentive for me; had I not known it would be great displeasure for grandmamma; and so I shrunk from attention; and

every one believed I was the senseless, musical automaton; and minded no more I was.

" At Naples, Ninon died of a greatly painful malady; in which, she became obnoxious to every one; and even grandmamma, would never to her sick chamber go. To see her sufferings was very terrible. Oh! she became so much object for pity, that I quite forgot my hatred to her! From me only, would she take her medicines; and had she been but submissive to the hand, which gave for her affliction, I had forgotten all her injuries to me: but I now found they had sprung from her very heart, not from bad temper; and her scene for death, left on my mind impression, oh! most terrible! But in the last, very moment, when all flew from her but me, she felt compunction; and struggled, fain to tell to me something: but speech was then almost lost, for ever to her; a few incoherent words only, found articulation; and they were a legacy of misery for me; for they implied, ' there was for me, no safety in grandmamma's protection; for she was in pay, from one, who wished for me to

die.' But, surely, surely, that, was raving all; for time has proved it so.

"When great troubles agitated Naples, grandmamma chose removal to make for Palermo; not that she feared; for she had great deal friends among the French, and their partizans: but we did go; and shortly after we arrived there, grandmamma, ever restless and unhappy unless travelling, left me in the convent of Santo Sebastiano, about a league distance, from the city of Palermo; and, with a gay party to Malta departed. During her absence the elopement of Lady Cecilia Hume was, with Lord Storamond; the fugitives were overtaken, separated, and Lady Cecilia placed (for great happiness to me) in the convent of Santo Sebastiano; when for the first time I did know the sweet influence, of friendship for being of congenial years; but it was not for my fate, to have those, my heart cherished, spared for me. I was not so much for self in me, to grieve that the departure was, of Lady Cecilia, because she went for happiness; but when she did leave Santo Sebastiano, I no more could smile.

"At length, time brought grand-

mamma's return; and why I not know, we suddenly departed from Santo Sebastiano, in the very night; and in disguise as pilgrims went, with a company of them, on their *pillegrinággio*, to where I not learned; nor at what place, we parted; nor name of the place in Sicily, we travelled to; but it was great way from Palermo. Very secretly was this expedition made; for why, I not know: but at last we embarked; and from my own little small knowledge, of geography, I do a great deal think at Messina; in a very bad ship, with a party of grandmamma's friends; but they were not for me friends; for I could not at all like them: but we went up the Archipelago and to the Bosphorus. We saw Constantinople, but did not make landing there, but we did at several of the islands. At Scio grandmamma bade good by to her friends; and we embarked in a vessel, bound for Spain. We made landing at Valentia, from where, we proceeded to Madrid. Grandmamma not at all liking Madrid, we began long travels again; crossed the Pyrenees into Rousillon; and grandmamma having much friends in France, we had not diffi-

culty to get passports, and proceeded to Paris; where she took comfortable hotel; hired good deal of servants; got great master for me to learn French dancing from; and she had pretty much society there: but, she took me not out. But suddenly, at the end of four months, grandmamma had all her money spent in our long travels, and in living too dear: and being disappointed from some supply, she was obliged to go, and without servant at all; and in that machine, so much awkward, a diligence, to Brussels; from whence we proceeded to the Hague; to the house of Mon. Laroche, where we made stay of three months, of most unfortunate effect: during which, we experienced much of hospitality, and very great deal of kindness. Mon. Laroche had been old friend for my grandfather St. Clair, was grandmamma's agent, in all what her money concerned; and that was why for, she went to him to get money, for her help, now she had not managed cheap enough.

"But greatly for us all unfortunate, Mon. Laroche had a son; Louis Laroche, by his very bad destiny, beheld me with too much

partial a regard. My infatuated grandmother did too quick see this; and unknowing of his father or myself, gave to him every encouragement. I was no more consulted than his father; but she did promise my hand to Louis; the last being of all in existence, I do think, I could take for husband; for a man profligate he was; but being so very much handsome (of which he thought great deal, as if he had made for himself beauty) and that as I was so young; and as he did suppose from that, thoughtless of head; he not once supposition formed, that I should these matters so serious, weigh against him: but I did, and that did make him angry very exceedingly; but what did that help him? Anger is not, of much captivation; and I only did the more recoil from him, and be afraid.

" Mon. Laroche made discovery, of grandmamma's plans; and his rage of anger, could only exceeded be, by his vengeance. Oh! it was very much dreadful, that! In one moment, from his house he did send us with every degradation; and now against very much, my grandmother's disposition, we were compelled refuge to

take in England; and we were but just settled in small cottage, in Sussex, when the savage lawmen for Mon. Laroche, arrived; arrested my poor grandmamma, for very large debt, and put her in the prison. How she was set free from that, I will tell to my kind father, in some time to come; but that is story long; and I feel not the courage now, to say it. From the sad habitation of the prisoner, we to London journeyed; and destitute of all comforts, and nearly money none, we made abode in the temple for benevolence; in house of the amiable, indigent Mr. Goodwin. Here, my dear lord, I did suffer the loss, of poor grandmamma. In very truth I suffered affliction, at her death; for though she made me not, affectionate child, I still had something in my heart for her, like, to attachment; for still, still, through my life, my recollection was strong to the memory, that her enmity for me, was caused by her tenderness for my mother; and I could not hate *her*, who so well loved my mother; and when she was gone too, it was a very sad painful thought for me; ‘ that in no circle of the globe could now be found the being, whose pro-

tection I had right to claim.' And very much of regret it has made for me to find, by my kind, (oh, why kind only, did I say? for that is not expression, strong as my gratitude's feel) my great deal kind, father's letter, fame has not spared poor grandmamma. She was not very tender to me certainly; but do not, do not, think, she was the 'monster.'

"Oh! how truly sure, may I call, the house to Mr. Goodwin, the temple for benevolence; since in it dwelt her priest and priestess; and hither have her votaries come, to clear from pale affliction's eyes the sad tears of wo, and give for adversity the cup to comfort. Oh! my lord, and dear father, a votary preceded you; and so kind, so beneficent he was, that how can I praise him? Fact must be his panegyrist; and while truth I say, beguile from you the sympathetic tear on kindred recognition; so sure his deeds will tell for you, he was your brother, by the maternal side, Benevolence." [Here Julia related all of the stranger's friendship to her; then mentioned the paternal conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, and Doctor Sydenham; and the kind-

ness she already experienced from Lady Delamore.] "Happy England!" she then continued, "happy England! where the spirit for benevolence, influences all! While from this good isle I did seek for kindness with a sorrowing heart; and found it was rare exotic, not often for me so poor, and so neglected; but here, it is the spontaneous growth from the soil, and flourishes with native sweetness; for here, which ever the way I turn, I see the smile to cheer; the hand held out to succour, and protect me; and my long chilled heart, now glows warm in gratitude, for many a tender friend.

"My lord, half of your so very sweet wish for Lady Delamore, and your new child, to love, was promptly, and very much cordially realized; for Julia, indeed does love, your fascinating sister; and will do her very strongest possibilities, to win of Lady Delamore her affection.

"My tender father, for my heart, admits your paternal claim with reverence, very strongly, and affection too; for you who loved so well, my dear, dear, real, parent, can you be any thing but, dear

to me My tender father, wishing to make for me happiness; so kindly, oh! so sweetly, kind! encourages my wishes to be all, made to him known; that I should a great deal fear my heart was ungenial, for the sweet of mutual confidence, did I not repose of my wishes all, in the bosom of so true paternal kindness.

"It is the much earnest wish for my heart, to know my so good young benefactor; but as for me to see is plainly that, he is to you revealed, as him, 'who led your protection, and your not to be expressed benevolence to me, as my friend of long time, whose very form, I not know;' and you his name not mention, I very well believe some reason is, why for, the gratification of this great wish of anxiety, cannot be indulged with good propriety. I must therefore myself console, by the creation of a form in my own fancy, that my gratitude shall be steadfast to worship; and my heart, for ever love.

"But, I do a great deal trust, there is existence none of prohibition, to realize my second wish. I have quite untouched,

more than two hundred pounds, of my much amiable unknown friend's, gift for benevolence; and I a great deal am anxious restoration to make of the whole large sum. Now you my father have such riches made for me, I can do it much conveniently, and I ought. He may have felt want of it: if not for himself, for other children of adversity, who find not Lord Ashgrove for a tender father.

"My third wish (you will fear I am unreasonable, to wish so largely) this so good young stranger too, is cause of. Great combination of kindness for me, and compassion to the humane family who have been true friends for me, led him to obtain very great employment for the eldest son to Mr. Goodwin: but alas! this son, is for Mr. Goodwin prop for his close of years; and when that stay is taken far away; so greatly far, that even hope, cannot delude the much fondly doating father into belief, that fate will for him, lengthen out years, to see this prize to his heart return, to close for him his eyes; nor can even this all soother, paint for the man, who seventy years has number made, the golden dream of extended life,

to see his son's return, with fortune made from India.—Oh! no, and Mr. Goodwin does cherish not such expectation.—The affections of his heart have yielded peace for the advancement of this treasure boy: he talks with forced, or fancied resignation of the departure to be; whilst in close secret his spirit is bending fast to break.—Oh! I have marked it, much my father!—This so good old man, is sorrow wounded.—Greatly of grief I have felt, to see the wistful glances of his anguished eyes, stealing, in hoped escape of observation, to rest make long upon his boy, so soon to leave him; and how has the groan, which vain was effort to imprison, that steals from his heart quite saddened mine; and then he smiles; oh! such a smile! it makes for me hurry to gain my chamber, to weep for seeing such a smile from him, whose heart so kindly, so benignly felt for me, and gave me safe protection; sacred, and tender, as to his own offspring.

"Your great benevolent wish, is to make me happy; then, oh! my father, take from me this cloud that shades its feel, from my heart: deign, deign, approbation for

my little project; and let your bounty to me make for a parent, happiness!" [Julia now sketched her project of completing, at her own expense, the education of Charles Goodwin, to fit him for the church, and her plan of purchasing a living for him when he attained the age for taking holy orders; and then continued.]—"You will think, I am great woman of business; so well my plan is arranged; but not believe, it is all, arrangement of my own. I called dear Doctor Sydenham, to my consultation; and he did tell to me how I could do this wish, all myself, if you so kind should be (which I pray for you, to be) to permit my adoption, of Charles, for my protégé. And do, dear my father, use your exertion for me, with my young benefactor not anger to feel, for my interference with his generous projects; and to permit this happiness for me; if not too late for time, in Charles to recede. Or if some one must go to India; let it be the next boy, George; who though very much good; and clever exceedingly, too; clings not, with such fast grasp, to his poor, sad father's, inestimable heart; has not susceptible feel-

ings like to Charles; nor has such tender affection to his parents. No; George is greatly better suited for a foreign clime. The heart of Charles, is so pure English, it will great deal better flourish in its native soil.

"And now, my lord, how much of great long letter have I written; and exceedingly I fear, it will be fatigue for you; but it was your very condescending will, that I should tell for you, all, what to my life, has befallen; and I have:—and though my fingers do a little ache, I should have the wish of my heart, still to write on, to you; could I better do it: but it is very much difficult to speak of one's self, and not seem tedious; and I had for long time, nothing to speak of, but myself; for many was the year, I stood alone, quite, in this great world; for that is lorn solitude where no one cares for you. I have had many griefs: but I have had great blessings too; and now I am rich woman, and protected by the genial favour of greatly unparalleled benevolence, I trust, I shall no more forget, I once was so friendless, and so poor; and when the child of indigence, and sor-

row, I do meet, remembering my own sufferings, when I was their sad sister; know how to pity, and give them tender consolation."

Julia now concluded her long, and to her most arduous, epistle, with all the respect and gratitude her feeling heart could dictate; and not without many tears, which the kindness of Lord Ashgrove, and the sad recollections, the composition of this letter, all awakened: and to Doctor Sydenham only did she show it; as her project, relative to Charles, forbade her letting any of the Goodwins see it.

The disposition of our heroine was most affectionate: her father had taught her, in her infant years, how sweet was the reciprocal tenderness of consanguinity; but she had no kindred claims, to call through life for the constant action of her affections. Few had been the demands made upon her love; and although those few had been powerful, her heart, long accumulating its affections, had acquired such an ample store, it now flowed in abundance upon all her friends; and the idea of approaching sepa-

ration with some of the dearest of them, taught her, that loving and being beloved were not devoid of incidental pains: and added to the grief she felt at quitting the kindly sheltering roof of Mr. Goodwin; in going from him; his wife, whom she was tenderly attached to; from all his dear children; and from Doctor Sydenham too; was the torturing reflexion that Fitzroy was about to link himself to misery. Sad was now her every thought; nor could one golden dream or flowery expectation of the pleasures which might await her at Delamore-castle, or the certainty of her now being about to enter that elevated sphere her birth entitled her to, soften one pang, or lessen the poignant regret she experienced in parting with her humble friends.

At length arrived that day, dreaded by every inmate in Mr. Goodwin's house. The young children, to spare their little hearts the grief of parting with her they dearly loved, were sent at an early hour in the morning to spend the day with Mrs. S. Goodwin; and to part from those who remained, Julia found a task that quite sub-

dued her: the affection and regret they all evinced at the moment of separation thrilled through her heart, and shook her every faculty with grief. Often, and often, were the parting embrace and the farewell pressure of the hand repeated, ere Julia could find it possible to tear herself away. At length, respect for Lady Delamore, whom she feared she detained from proceeding on her journey, impelled her departure. With a heart overwhelmed with grief, and eyes that evinced her sorrow, she threw herself into Doctor Sydenham's carriage, which took her from her afflicted friends to Grosvenor-square.

Before the day of our heroine's departure, she had done every thing which gratitude and affection prompted, and delicacy permitted, to evince her regard for the Goodwins. She had made them as many valuable presents as their rectitude and innate dignity would allow them to receive. Biddy O'Connor she had, with the heart and hand of liberality, rewarded. Doctor Sydenham was highly gratified by his keepsake; and she settled a correspondence with him as well as Mrs. Goodwin, and pro-

mised to visit the good doctor's parsonage the ensuing summer, if in her power. And Lady Delamore, as the agent of Lord Ashgrove, presented, in a very handsome and delicate manner, a most liberal sum to Mr. Goodwin, to remunerate the expenses his adopted child had unavoidably occasioned to him.

CHAPTER III.

When Julia arrived at Delamore-house she found two travelling carriages in waiting, with the imperials already on, surrounded by servants and horses, all apparently ready for setting out. Our heroine, alarmed, feared she had detained her ladyship: this fear, by calling her thoughts from her friends in Bloomsbury, gave the first check to her grief. She felt ashamed of appearing so overwhelmed by tears, and struggled to suppress them. In the hall, she found Mrs. Beville waiting for her; who, with kindness and evident joy, welcomed her; and, as they proceeded up stairs together, softly said to Julia—

" Dear young lady, I am commissioned by Lady Selina, to ' entreat your forgiveness for the part she bore in distressing you; for which, she *says*, she is sincerely sorry, and ashamed; and implores you still to persevere in your silence to her mother, and every individual of the family, upon

the subject, and to have the goodness to meet her as a perfect stranger.' I should long since have performed my promise to you, dear young lady! of mentioning you to Lady Delamore; only at the request of Mr. Fitzroy I did not, as he said, 'you should have better introduction to my lady.' I suppose he knew Lord Ashgrove's attachment to your family, and the reasons why he was to be your guardian."

Julia had only just time to send her faithful promise of secrecy to Lady Selina's request, when they reached the apartment where Lady Delamore was, alone.

Her ladyship clasped our heroine to her bosom, and welcomed her with a tender, maternal embrace. Julia "hoped she had not long delayed her.—But, in very truth," said she, "I could not find heart, to tear myself soon away, from the dear friends, who were friends, in my adversity."

"Ah! Miss De Clifford," replied her ladyship, "your countenance eloquently reproaches me, for not stealing you from these inestimable friends, and beguiling you of this sorrowful work of parting.—But you are not the sole cause of my protracted

departure. Lady Selina Southerland, inadvertently, fixed upon that hour for taking her last lesson in singing, which my lord appointed for my leaving town:—and now we will go to her, if you have no objection, that I may introduce you to each other." Lady Delamore now led our heroine to the *boudoir* of Lady Selina;—a room well remembered by Julia De Clifford.

Lady Selina had just arisen from her piano; and a very fine, dashing-looking, *signore* was handing her to a seat, grinning in soft languishment in her face, as he was uttering his *bravissimo's* upon her '*squisito* performance.

Lady Delamore introduced our heroine to Lady Selina, who indolently arose, languidly bowed, and then sinking, quite subdued by the exertion, into her seat, again turned in raptures to praise the *signore's* last new compositions.

But, alas! the *signore* was under the *tortúra* of taking leave. Lady Selina held out her hand to him; he snatched it in an ecstasy, pressed it to his lips—to his heart; writhed, as if in agony; sighed deeply;

bowed profoundly; and scampered off, warbling a celebrated *bravura* of his own. At the room door, he suddenly stopped; drew up, on one side, submissively; bowed obsequiously; and made his exit, in silent, sober, respect: whilst a most uncommonly handsome young man appeared; who, after staring in amazement upon the retreating *signore* for a moment, advanced into the room, exclaiming—

"Is not that Squallini?"

"Yes," replied Lady Selina.

"Why, what the deuce!—do—do you suffer such a fellow as that to kiss your hand, and squeeze it with such infernal freedom!"

"He would not give me lessons, if I did not a little condescend to him," returned Lady Selina, something disconcerted.

"Oh! he would not!—Then, Isabella shall not take another lesson from him. I had rather she should scream like aunt Mary's parrot, than be pawed by such a *rascalini* into a siren. It is lucky for *Signore Insolanti*, and you, Selina, that I am not Charles; for I should certainly treat

the presumer with a kicking down stairs, and only return to make my eternal congé to your *condescending* ladyship."

"Ah! well, but Charles is not such an unfashioned savage as you are.—Your odious sea education has made a perfect monster of you!" replied Lady Selina, indignantly.

"Not dubbed a monster, for not liking to have my sister, or my cousin, pawed by such a fellow as that, I hope?"

"No; but your manners, nay your very dress too, are become so horridly sanctimonious.—Your fear of being so great a coxcomb as your brother Villiers, has led you into an absolute barbarian."

"Well then, Selina, don't you turn barbarian too, and look cross at me when we are going to part:—I shall never more behold Lady Selina *Southerland*:" he now took a seat beside her; she reached out her hand in amity.—

"No!" he exclaimed, "not that polluted one!—no, that I'll never touch!—'All the sweets of Arabia will not sweeten *that* little hand.'—Come, the other, madam, the other; or I must content myself with

your lips—which, certainly, are more convenient to me."

"Still the same De Lisle!" said Lady Delamore, smiling. "I must confess I do not perceive so great an alteration in you, as the rest of your family complain of."

"No, my dear aunt!" he exclaimed with energy, "*you* will never find alteration in me. I loved and respected you, from the moment I had power to distinguish merit; and find I must continue so to do, until my last hour. But all the rest of our tribe are changed themselves; and, not possessing their former faculties, see me with their altered optics, supposing the metamorphosis is in me." And now, Julia having caught his earnest attention, he, in a lowered voice, demanded—"What is that, Selina, sitting by your mother? Is it her guardian spirit?—Nothing human ever wore a form or face so lovely!"

"I am sure, it is nothing divine, then," replied Lady Selina, pettishly. "It is only a shred of quality, which our eccentric uncle Ashgrove has picked up, and pinned upon my mother's sleeve.—An adoption of Lord Ashgrove's, to lessen your legacy."

"Oh! how fortunate!" he exclaimed. "My uncle has always been upbraiding St. Orville, and myself, for never asking him for any thing:—I'll begin now, by asking for this little shred."

"And what would you do with it?" said Lady Selina, disdainfully.

"Do with it!—Why, place it tenderly in the inmost fold of my heart, and wear it there for ever."

Lady Delamore, observing that her daughter and nephew were talking of Julia, now said—

"Pardon me, Henry, for not sooner introducing you to a lady, to whom you will be anxious to evince every attention and respect, when you know she is the ward of Lord Ashgrove.—Miss De Clifford ...." Lord De Lisle started at the name, and coloured highly, with evident surprise and pleasure ..... "Miss De Clifford, permit me the pleasure of introducing to you a very favourite nephew of mine, Lord De Lisle, the eldest son of Lord Ennerdale and my eldest sister."

Lord De Lisle approached, and paid his compliments to Julia, with pleasing respect;

and then entered into general conversation. At length his lordship asked Lady Selina, "Why she seemed so thoroughly out of spirits?"

"You forget I am going to horrible Delamore Castle," she replied.

"Can a return to your father's house lower your spirits?"

"O Heaven!" she exclaimed—and with a thousand contortions of face and form she spoke—"the bare idea of it consigns me to the horrors! I hate the neighbourhood;—and one's own family is always an insipid bore."

"Has Charles heard you declare this sentiment?" asked Lord De Lisle.

"Thousands of times."

"Well, I should hope a wife who declares her antipathy to a father's house, and family society, may never fall to my lot!" his lordship replied.

"Do not be nonsensically sentimental!" cried her ladyship. "For my own part, I ever will affirm, that it is really a serious calamity, not having even one near neighbour who is not, at least, a century behind, in gayety and dash, the divine *elegantes* of

ton. I shall absolutely die of *ennui*, from contrast to the delightful spring I have passed: and miserable will even then be my fate; for by dying in the odious country, instead of rising from the tomb a glittering sylph, to hover round the dear votaries of fashion, I may be doomed, by the too cruel Ariel, to perch on Parson Beaumont's wig—' to guard the powder from too brisk a gale,' or, more piteous yet, be fated to a direful station upon the lips of his pedantic spouse, to shield her few remaining teeth from fracture, as the mighty and sonorous words burst, like tremendous thunder, from her magazine of learning."

"Surely," said Lady Delamore, mildly—"surely, you forget, Lady Selina, that some of our neighbours, at least, have lived in the circle of fashion, and breathed that town air, which, I am grieved to perceive, has had such a pernicious effect, as to poison for you every idea of domestic comfort.—For instance, where can you meet a more refined or elegant woman, than Mrs. Constantia Fermor?......

"Heavens!" cried Lady Selina, con-

temptuously interrupting her mother, "Melancholy in folio, with mourning binding! How could your ladyship possibly name her, without calling for your sal volatile? One glance at that walking Lamentation, ever instantly consigns me to the power of the blue fiends."

Lord De Lisle made no attempt to defend the merits of the neighbourhood of Delamore Castle; fully aware, that no argument, however conclusive, could alter the opinion of a woman determined not to be convinced; but quietly contented himself with entering into conversation with Julia.

"As you seem to have nothing further to detain you, Lady Selina, may we not begin our journey? The horses have been in harness nearly two hours," said Lady Delamore, at length, completely out of patience.

"Do have mercy, madam; and not insist upon my commencing this pilgrimage, until I can make up my mind to go," replied Lady Selina.

"Insist!" returned Lady Delamore;—"that is a measure, you well know, I never adopt. I only remind you of the poor

horses—the waiting attendants. They all can feel, as well as you, Selina. But, do you expect any body, or any thing, which makes you so unusually unwilling to return to your indulgent father?"

"I expect no one, madam," said Lady Selina, angrily. "The arrangements of this journey have cut off all my expectations.—Had it been kindly delayed a little longer, I might have expected some one to escort me down."

"Selina," replied Lady Delamore, "you very well know, I have nothing to say to the arrangement of this journey. You are fully aware your father planned it: that it is his pleasure we should go with our own horses, and by easy stages; and that he named the hours for our setting out each day: and as he so kindly took the trouble of himself writing out the plan of our journey, you must know that it exceedingly distresses me, to have any impediment thrown in the way of rigidly adhering to his arrangement for us."

"My father's arrangements were, to save his horses," said Lady Selina, insolently; "and, so you do not fag them, or keep him

waiting dinner, he cares little how *you* travel, or when *you* arrive."

Lady Delamore sighed deeply, and felt too much to reply: while Lord De Lisle, extremely hurt at Lady Selina's conduct to his inestimable aunt, strove, with all his power, to banter his undutiful cousin out of her wayward humour.

"You are very barbarous, Lord De Lisle," exclaimed Lady Selina, "to turn my distress and vexation into jest!"

"Tell me, what else possibly I can turn them into, and I will endeavour to oblige you," replied his lordship. "But can you derive no consolation for your terrible affliction, when arrived at the end of your direful pilgrimage, and doing painful penance at the shrine of misery—your father's house, in the pleasure you will experience in displaying all your *tonish* airs and graces to the country misses—in leading fashions—refining taste—and creating envy, and its concomitant pangs, in the breasts of all your female friends?"

Lady Delamore now, starting from a painful reverie, rang the bell, and requested Lord De Lisle to lead Julia down:—"For

I shall go, even now. Lady Selina, ever consulting her own convenience and pleasure only, will follow when she thinks proper: but, even upon the road, I will not delay for her."

Lord De Lisle led Julia to the coach.—"I wish I was going with you!" said his lordship.

"And why cannot you?" replied Lady Delamore. "I will wait an hour longer, with pleasure, for you, Henry:—and my lord will readily excuse my delay, if I bring you to him; for you are among his few favourites."

"Alas! I cannot accompany you. You know my engagement; and I would not disappoint poor aunt Mary, even for the pleasure of going to Delamore Castle."

Lady Delamore, and Mrs. Beville, followed Julia into the carriage, which now moved rapidly away; when another drew up to the door; and as they turned an angle of the square, our heroine saw Lady Selina step into it.

"Lady Selina, then, does not make *viággio*, with us?" said Julia.

"Oh, no!" replied Lady Delamore, sor-

rowfully:—"that would be too great a favour for a despised mother to expect. No; Lady Selina has long had an establishment of her own. That is her own travelling carriage; in which she takes all her journeys, attended by her favourite woman. But her ladyship will condescend to join our party at every inn we stop at.····I wish De Lisle could have accompanied us; he would have kept us all in good humour. But he is a most unfashionable young man:—he dares to be affectionate and dutiful; and is now going a very long journey, to mope in an old moated mansion, on a visit to a great-aunt, who has nothing to bequeath, but who has been much attached to him, and, while health permitted, constantly came up from the north to see him, whenever his profession (for he is in the navy) allowed his visiting England; and now growing infirmities confine Lady Mary to Saxby-lodge, De Lisle forsakes all gayety to go and visit her."

Our fair travellers had not proceeded many miles on their journey, when they observed a remarkably fine and elegant-looking figure of a young man, on horse-

back—muffled in a great-coat, a hat slouched over his face, a black patch upon one eye, with every appearance of being disguised to avoid recognition—attending their carriages, sometimes near to them, sometimes at a distance, but constantly keeping them in view. At first, they imagined him to be a highwayman; but finding themselves unmolested by him, even in the most lonely parts of the road, they abandoned that supposition, and began to worry themselves with vain conjectures of who, or what, he could be. Neither Lady Delamore nor Julia could form one satisfactory idea of him: but Lady Selina, more fortunate, soon solved the mystery, entirely to her own wishes; but ingeniously discovering, that it could only be some love-stricken swain, whom she herself had captivated, and who had assumed that disguise merely for the happiness of following the carriage which contained her peerless self; and whilst his still continuing to attend them, each day, alarmed and puzzled the rest of the party, the fair Selina's spirits were effectually rescued, by this flattering incident, from the influence of the blue fiends.

The same unwillingness to return to horrible Delamore Castle, Lady Selina had evinced in town, seemed to actuate her upon the journey, leading her to throw every impediment she could possibly devise in the way of an expeditious progress; so that they kept not to any of the hours appointed by Lord Delamore for starting or resting, marked out in his arrangement for their journey:—sleeping the first night at Basingstoke, instead of Andover; the second at Blandford, instead of Dorchester:—which, with Lady Selina's rising, the third morning, a full hour and a half later than her mother had determined to set out, caused their arrival at Delamore Castle to be four hours after they had been expected.

CHAPTER IV.

At Bridport they were forsaken by their mysterious escort; and from which place, proceeding a few miles along the coast, to the westward, they at length turned out of the public road, through a most beautiful Gothic gateway, and entered an extensive and most romantically picturesque park. Along a lane, now formed of the tenantry, with men, women, and children, fed, clothed, and comforted, by Lady Delamore, they proceeded, whilst shouts of joy, that hailed the return of their adored lady and benefactress, restored to health and them, rent the air; and in a very short period, Julia found herself at the grand portal of a magnificent Gothic castle.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to Delamore Castle!" said the fascinating mistress of it, kissing Julia's glowing cheek, as the coach stopped.—"And welcome, thrice welcome, is my respected lady!" said the tears which glistened in the hoary-headed porter's eyes,

as he held the gate open to let her enter, who kindly smiled upon him.

" Welcome, most welcome, to the hearts and eyes of your faithful servants!" exclaimed the venerable steward, and echoed by the old butler, as they respectfully held their arms, to support their lady in her descent from the carriage. " And welcome, most welcome, is my mother to her adoring child! most forcibly spoke the ardent embrace of the lovely Lady Theodosia Southerland, the moment she could snatch her beloved parent out of the carriage.—

" Oh! I thought you never meant to return!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, the moment Lady Delamore entered the hall. Again they fondly embraced. " I have been expecting you these four hours; and feared some accident had befallen you. Oh! how glad I am to see you!" Another affectionate embrace followed; and then, with a countenance illumined by sweetness and pleasure, Lady Theodosia advanced to Julia, saying—

" This is the sister my dear uncle has sent to me.—Welcome, most welcome!" and she pressed our heroine with kindness

to her bosom. Julia returned her embrace, with spontaneous affection; for in Lady Theodosia she still beheld that resemblance to Lady Storamond, which so forcibly struck her, and deeply interested her, in Lady Delamore and Fitzroy. Lady Theodosia now ran to Mrs. Beville, and kissed her, with cordial kindness; and at this moment Lady Selina stepped out of her chaise, and entered the hall. Lady Theodosia instantly made a formal courtesy; and coldly "hoped her ladyship was well?" But, even chilling as this reception of a sister was, it was surpassed in frigidity by Lady Selina's return to it.

Lady Delamore now eagerly demanding "Where was her lord?" Holt, Lord Delamore's principal attendant (who had been standing at a respectful distance, viewing with a joyful countenance his returned lady), now advanced, and, while his cheeks glowed, and his bosom heaved a sigh of concern, at the message he was about to deliver, profoundly bowing, said:

"Madam, my lord has ordered me to say, 'he shall have the honour of meeting

your ladyship in the 'drawing-room, when the family assemble before dinner.'"

Lady Delamore turned pale as death; a deep sigh came from her heart, and tears trembled in her eyes.

"My beloved mother!" said Lady Theodosia, eagerly, "my father is only like a froward child—angry at disappointment: he rode to Bridport to meet you, and returned an hour ago, quite——"

"To meet me!" exclaimed Lady Delamore, surprise and joy mantling her cheeks with the brightest tint of vermillion:—"Oh! was it, indeed, to meet *me?*"

"Indeed it was: and he planned your snail-creep journey (knowing Selina's passion for rapid travelling), lest, if you came with post-horses, you might be induced to gratify her, and too much fatigue yourself."

Lady Delamore now hid her agitated countenance upon the shoulder of this deservedly beloved daughter, while she softly articulated—"Alas! Theodosia, and I must not dare to obey the impulse of my heart, by going to thank him for his kindness to me!"

" I, at least," said Lady Selina, impatiently, " *I* may go to my father?"

" No, madam," Holt replied, with an expression of secret joy lurking in each corner of his eyes; " my lord ordered me, particularly, to inform your ladyship, ' he would not be disturbed.' "

Lady Selina, highly disconcerted, now hurried off to her own apartments; while Ladies Delamore and Theodosia led our heroine to a 'drawing-room, where some refreshments were brought to them, and where they continued until the approaching hour of dinner reminded them to retire to dress; when Lady Theodosia said, " she would be seneschal of the castle, and usher Miss De Clifford to her apartments.—

" I have selected and arranged them for you," she said. " And hearing you had long lived in Italy, jealous for this little island's pretensions, I have sought a prospect for you (though not so sublime as you have been accustomed to view), I think, must be sufficiently picturesque to please you."

Our heroine made her acknowledgments for the taste Lady Theodosia had displayed, and the trouble she had taken in the ar-

rangements of her apartments, with a grace and sweetness peculiar to herself: and her ladyship, after introducing Mrs. Lucy, a neat, pretty-looking young woman (niece to the housekeeper), as Julia's future attendant, retired to prepare herself for dinner.

Julia's toilet had been some time completed, when Lady Theodosia appeared, and cónducted her to a magnificent 'drawing-room, where Ladies Delamore and Selina were already seated; the former, in conversation with the domestic chaplain, the very amiable and learned Mr. Temple, to whom our heroine was introduced: and shortly after, Lord Delamore entered.

His lordship had, about a month prior to this period, completed his forty-sixth year. He was of a commanding height; and his form was, in symmetry and grace, perfection. His face was uncommonly handsome: but fine features alone cannot constitute beauty of a pleasing cast;—for although his lordship's eyes were large, dark, deeply fringed, brilliant, and piercing; his nose and forehead finely turned, with the contour of sense and beauty; his brows perfectly arched; and a mouth and teeth

adapted for Adonis; yet he did not please the eye, on the moment of beholding him. His complexion was almost a sickly sallow; and the expression of his countenance was of a melancholy, repellent cast;—it betrayed no stamp of benevolence, it spoke nothing of the social virtues.

Lord Delamore advanced into the room with slow and sullen dignity, taking observation of those who were in it through his long eye-lashes. Lady Delamore hastily arose, and was rapidly proceeding towards him, with an extended hand; when Lady Selina, swiftly rushing by her mother, rudely preceded her, and would have thrown herself into his lordship's arms, had they opened to receive her; but they continued, as on his entrance, folded tightly across his bosom: with a half-glance of disdain, he turned haughtily from her; and vouchsafed to take the hand of his lovely wife, which he slightly pressed to his lips; and then, with a formal bow, and frigid air, said, "he was happy to see her ladyship so well recovered; and hoped she was not much fatigued by the hurry she evinced in her

journey, which was to bring her to see him, whom she had so lately nearly lost."

The quick and ardent feelings of Lady Delamore, deeply wounded by this repulsive reception, and a reproach which Lady Selina only merited, left her no power to reply; and, with a look of pained sensibility and mortified affection, she returned to her seat, tears trembling in her beautiful eyes, and with a bosom agitated by the repressed sighs of affliction.

"Lady Delamore," his lordship now said, petulantly, "is Miss De Clifford to remain standing all day?—Or is it your ladyship's intention, that so young a lady is to display her address in introducing herself?—Or am I to have the John Blunt satisfaction, of announcing myself, and scraping acquaintance with the ward of Lord Ashgrove?"

"My lord, I beg ten thousand pardons of you—and Miss De Clifford," replied Lady Delamore, in a tremulous voice of suppressed feelings.—"But such a reception from you, after our mutual danger, so plainly evinced my having been so unfortunate as to offend you, that...."

"Offend!" repeated Lord Delamore, emphatically, in a low and hurried tone.—"Offend!" Then raising his voice to its former pitch—"Lady Delamore," he said, "Miss De Clifford's reception from me, is the present question."

The introduction of Julia (who trembled in fear of his lordship, while her heart sympathized in the distress of Lady Delamore) now took place; and his lordship told her, "the ward, and adopted child, of Lord Ashgrove, was welcome to Delamore Castle," in a tone that seemed impressed with the influence of sincerity; and Julia thought, at least, inhospitality was not among the faults of this frigid, heartless man.

"But, my dearest parent!" at length exclaimed Lady Selina, whimpering, "will you, then, not speak to me?—not tell me how you are, after your terrible indisposition—your heart-rending danger? It is an age, a dreary age, since last we met; and yet, you will not smile upon me! Oh! I thought I should never, never be permitted more to see you, or Delamore Castle!—So many, such unnecessary, delays, were to me very distressing."

Our heroine shuddered at such duplicity; and coloured with surprise and indignation: but Lady Delamore only looked more afflicted.

" If you wished, so very much, to see me," said his lordship, " why did you not come to me, Lady Selina, in the moment of my danger?"

" I—I—was very ill, myself, my lord," replied Lady Seliua, visibly disconcerted.

" Theodosia left a sick bed, to come to me," said Lord Delamore.

" But she was convalescent, and my illness commencing:—and beside, I knew, my dear father, by her having a stronger constitution, better nerves, and not so very easily alarmed about you, that she would prove a better nurse than I could."

" Then very bad, was the better nurse," said his lordship, petulantly.

" I always have found Theodosia a most kind, tender, and attentive nurse," said Lady Delamore, timidly, a tear of affection and gratitude glistening in her eyes.

" That, madam, has been because she is attached to you; while I· · · · ·

" Whilst you are the most ungrateful of

mankind!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, attempting gayety, to steal from her mother's evident distress. "Now, Mr. Temple, join with me in rating him; and give him a lecture upon ingratitude. . . . . You do know, Lord Delamore—you do know it very well—how, when pain and suffering almost subdued you—now, you shan't deny it—you could not bear me one moment from your sight."

"That you gave me no opportunity of trying, Lady Theodosia; for you never left me night or day: and if . . . . ."

"Oh!" interrupted Lady Theodosia, "that was because you were so fond of me, and called me such pet names, I staid for the novelty sake. . . . . And, my dear mother! what do you think compliment he paid me? . . . . I will tell of you, my lord. . . . . He said, 'I looked like you,' my mother.—Have you not perceived how my vanity has grown? . . . . Indeed, my lord, if you forget all this, I do not; for it made me feel your pain ten thousand times the more. And then, when you got a little better, we were so comfortable and happy, that I must ever grieve to think you became quite well; for by your recovery I lost—my father."

"Pshaw!" said his lordship, testily: then, addressing Lady Selina, demanded—"Why, if you were so very anxious to see me, did you not arrive at the time I appointed, which was full four hours earlier than you came?"

"I don't know, my lord," she replied, unblushingly. "I could not inspire others with my impatience.—Lady Delamore does not like to set out too early of a morning."

"Then she is greatly altered," said Lady Theodosia, with quickness; "for I have always found her much sooner ready in a morning than either of her daughters, on all our journeys, as well as at home;—and that my father knows as well as I do."

"Upon this *viággio*," said Julia, "I do know (for my wish-to-sleep's sorrow), Lady Delamore was, of all, the disturber. She opened for me my eyes the two mornings, that we might get on very fast to see Lord Delamore, and Lády Theodosia:—and to-day, Mrs. Beville, had great many times to go to make tap at your door, Lady Selina; but you were so fond to sleep she could not at all awake you, until hour very late; and I do know, you made for me hunger

extremely much, waiting for my breakfast."

Lord Delamore now raised his eyes, and fixed them, in earnest scrutiny, upon our heroine; who blushed at having awakened such serious observations: but, in the transient glance her retiring feelings had allowed her to obtain of his lordship's eyes, she had caught sufficient of their expression to think the glorious sun had, in his genial meridian splendour, burst from behind a black and heavy cloud.

Lady Selina had no opportunity of making any reply to Julia, as dinner was at this moment announced; when, to our heroine's great surprise, Lord Delamore took her hand, with infinite complacency, and led her to the dining hall, which still retained the appearance it had worn in feudal times. Dinner, and all its appointments, were in the most splendid style of magnificence; but went off heavily, as might be expected, where Lord Delamore and Lady Selina Southerland formed two of the party.

But, notwithstanding the repellent gloom of Lord Delamore's brow, he appeared to

some advantage at table, being uncommonly hospitable, and attentive to every one around, even to his wife and daughters; and when, after the departure of the domestics, general conversation commenced, Lord Delamore, from some questions he put to Julia, learning the extent of her travels, and where she had been during the campaigns of Buonaparte in Italy, his lordship, and Mr. Temple, drew her into the relation of many curious, and many affecting, incidents and anecdotes which had occurred in the court of Naples, and in many parts of Italy, during the progress of the French army through that country.

Although Julia De Clifford's mental acquirements had been little attended to (or rather neglected totally) by Mrs. St. Clair, Nature had given her a sound understanding, a strong thirst for knowledge, great powers for reasoning, an acute observation, and a retentive memory. To think, had been the chief employment of her life; and to find proper food for her thoughts, had been her earnest study: whenever, therefore, she had the means of learning any thing of use, she devoted herself to the

acquirement of it. Her observation was ever greedily upon the watch for information; and whenever she was permitted to hear the conversation of those well versed in knowledge, her ears were attentive to every thing they uttered; and afterwards, she deeply reflected upon all she had heard, and diligently culled the essence of it, to add to her mind's treasure. The improvement she had derived from Mrs. Waldegrave's instructions, cleared the way for her to much intellectual cultivation: and the knowledge obtained from her precious bequest of books, had been considerable; but when deprived of them, by the malice of Mrs. St. Clair, seeing, and sensibly feeling, that no source of mental acquirement was ever to be hers, except what chance afforded her, she seized with avidity every opportunity which unfolded to her those advantages she panted to obtain: and thus, from the indefatigable activity of her own mind, that never let her slumber in the pursuit of knowledge, she perhaps attained more than constant opportunity (which too often leads to indolence and inattention, in applying to that information we believe is to be for ever within our

power to obtain) might have yielded to her less strenuous exertions; so that, although long an insulated being, moped up for so great a part of her life in solitary cloisters, amongst the illiterate conventuals, she possessed great powers for conversation: and now, her anecdotes—all so judiciously selected, so full of interest, and displaying the nature and essence of the conquerors, the character of the subdued and pillaged—she told with such unassuming grace, and with such animated force, and unvarying precision, that her auditors (Lady Selina, alone, excepted) were so interested and charmed, they felt no inclination to move from table; and not until an unusually protracted period, did Lady Delamore attempt to retire.

"I am sorry you think it time to go, Emily," said Lord Delamore; "I have not had so pleasant a repast, for many months."

"Shall we, then, stay longer, my lord?" replied Lady Delamore, smiling sweetly in secret joy, that her husband could be happy where she formed one of the circle.

"No," said his lordship; "since parting must come, even then: and any thing approaching to happiness is so new a thing

to me, that I will not too much indulge in it, lest it should be snatched from me, in punishment for my intemperate use of it. —And this party, I trust, will often meet around my table."

Lady Delamore now, sighing heavily, and with a saddened countenance, proceeded, with her daughters and our heroine, to the 'drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

Shortly after tea, Lord Delamore and Mr. Temple commenced a serious engagement at backgammon. Lady Delamore retired, to weep again for those domestic misfortunes, she now believed irremediable; and Lady Theodosia requested Julia to accompany her on a walk. Our heroine complied: and after they had rambled for some time about the beautiful and romantic grounds, and Lady Theodosia had pointed out different objects worthy of admiration, she took Julia's arm, lowered the tone of her voice, and, with a serious air, addressed her.—

"From what you must have observed today, Miss De Clifford, you doubtlessly believe you have entered a most disunited family:—and your belief is just; for, alas! I think there can be few more unhappy families in existence!"

Julia was shocked; and said, with ineffable feeling, "she was grieved to hear it."

"—And, as you seem to possess real feeling, you will be more so to see it: and much I fear, you will often repent becoming an inmate of yonder magnificent castle, where the genius of Discord reigns—in the person of my sister. From all strangers (I mean daily, or accidental, visitors), it is my excellent mother's wish to conceal our sorrows: but as you are come to form one of our family, concealment from you would be a vain attempt; and therefore, that you may comprehend every thing you hear, and may know my inestimable mother is blameless, I will give you a brief history of our house: in doing which, perhaps you may acquire some useful information; for, in knowing us all, you may learn to regulate your conduct, to avoid creating enemies for yourself.—

"My father, by unfortunately losing both his parents at a very early age, had no one left to him, to whose authority he would bend, or submit to consider as his adviser, or his guide. The consequence was inevitable:—the impetuosity of ungovernable passions led them to become his masters: and uncontrolled they have, alas!

governed him, in many points even to this hour. He became, before his minority expired, a complete man of the town; and had plunged with avidity into all the libertinism sanctioned by fashionable dissipation.

"Unhappily for his wife, and offspring, he found, among the abandoned of our sex, a Mrs. Monk;—a woman who so entirely fascinated him, that serious apprehensions were entertained by his family, that he would be so disgracefully infatuated as to marry her. My father was, and is, a most enthusiastic admirer of female beauty. His uncles and sister dared not to advise him; but, availing themselves of this admiration, contrived to let him see my mother, Lady Emily Stanmore, then not fifteen, who was still secluded, by a rigid father, with her governess, to complete the plan of education he had formed for her, and her two sisters before her, Ladies Ennerdale and Horatio Fitzroy. The budding beauty of Lady Emily, you can readily believe, was transcendent: my father, in one interview, felt its magic; and, as his family hoped, fell distractedly in love, and instantly re-

solved this new fascinator should be his wife. Luckily for this determination, my grandfather Ashgrove approved the match for his mere child, who was told she must marry this very young, and very handsome, lord; and, ere she knew she had a heart, her hand was given to a man not capable of long appreciating her matchless merit.

"My mother's mind was too sublimated for my father's. Her exalted virtues were not (I suppose) to his taste: again he sought out a being congenial to him; and Mrs. Monk was reinstated in his favour. As time stole on, he became disgusted with the metropolis; and for these last six years (except when parliamentary business calls him to town, and a love of mixing in society, solely composed of nobility, detains him a short time there) Delamore Castle has been his constant residence; and during this period, yon white house, peeping from amid that lofty wood, has been the habitation of Mrs. Monk.

"My mother married, at the command of an arbitrary father, without affection, and without dislike. Her heart, Lord Delamore might have easily won; for in her

bosom I have often perceived are the seeds of dormant affection, which a little kindness would awaken, and teach to glow; although the neglect she at first, and the often harsh and contemptuous treatment she has since, experienced, might not only have indelibly fixed her indifference, but awakened resentment and hatred;—but these are inmates not to be found in the bosom of my mother, who has ever been the meek, submissive, uncomplaining, suffering, model of excellence as a wife.····· Why not say truth, at once?—In every way, she is perfection.······

"It was the interest of Mrs. Monk, totally to destroy my father's affection for my mother: but in this attempt she could not effectually succeed; for, even when he treated her most unkindly, his eulogiums upon her beauty, her understanding, and sweetness of disposition, to every one he mentioned his wife to, still sounded like the language of ardent love; and when he openly forsook her, and went with the vile Monk to make the tour of Italy, he took French leave of his mistress at Rome, and almost flew back to England, upon reading

in a newspaper of my mother's being indisposed. But as Monk failed in entirely banishing his wife from my father's heart, she resolved, in vengeance, to make her wretched.—In this, alas! she has too fatally succeeded!

"At first, the specious fiend began her project by introducing jealousy into my father's too susceptible bosom;—working upon him, by constantly citing the indifference of Lady Delamore, contrasted with her own fervent attachment; and at length assuring him some other happy man had overcome her ladyship's apathy, and that he had a rival. Roused almost to phrensy by this insinuation, my credulous father became an attentive observer; and then madly subscribed to the malicious aspersions of his designing favourite. My angelic mother had now to bear all the rancour of her infatuated husband's jealousy. For years, her every look and action were watched by the distempered eye of Suspicion, and the prejudiced one of Malice: but so upright, so pure, was my mother's conduct, that not a being could be discovered on whom the

possibility of even a suspicion could glance, as favoured by her.

"From the moment Selina and St. Orville were capable of any kind of discrimination, my infatuated father (under pretence of fondness leading him to indulge in the company of his children) took them constantly to visit Mrs. Monk, who then resided in Green Street, when this insidious woman exerted all her powers to win their young affections, by every species of indulgence. With Selina, she readily and completely succeeded; but with my noble brother, only until about the period he attained his seventh year, when some visitor at Delamore-house (who knew my father's reprehensible conduct, in taking his children, unknown to my mother, to visit this infamous woman) told St. Orville, 'not to accompany his father to Mrs. Monk, who was a very bad woman; who told fibs of his amiable mother, and made her very unhappy.' From this moment, it was only by force St. Orville could be dragged into the house of Mrs. Monk; but neither offers of reward, nor actual punishment, could induce him to

receive any kindness from this now, by him, abhorred woman. All her presents he spurned with indignation; bearing, with unshrinking firmness, even the severe chastisement of his exasperated father: with the same inflexible resolution, he concealed the name of his informer; and revealed not, even in the sad moments his feeling heart was agonized in anguish at his father's unkindness, a particle of all the misery he so heroically suffered to his adored mother, lest it should grieve her; but in her presence ever gayly smiling, whilst his bosom was torn by secret sorrow.

"At length my dear brother was sent to Eaton, where my mother's nephew, Lord De Lisle, had been for some months before him, from whom St. Orville learned Mrs. Monk was the mistress of his father. Horror was now added to my brother's griefs; and when, upon the first vacation, he returned home, and my father desired him to attend him to Green Street, St. Orville, in tears, informed Lord Delamore, 'that not even his lordship's commands should, without force, lead him to disgrace himself, by entering the house of his father's mistress—

the destroyer of his virtuous, inestimable, lovely mother's happiness.'

"My father made no reply; and Monk, irritated at the noble boy's invincible rectitude, no doubt fed and augmented every particle of resentment my father's breast cherished. During that vacation, Alfred was asked no more to visit Mrs. Monk: he returned to Eaton; and after being some weeks there, and without any previous notice, his allowance was suddenly reduced to one half of what he had been accustomed to receive. Poor Alfred was horror-struck; for, not aware of this reduction, he unavoidably found himself in debt, and unable to give where charity or generosity had claims upon him. His honour, his integrity, his benevolence, all were deeply wounded. He would not request a supply from my mother (who has always had unlimited credit upon my father's banker), or any of his friends, lest it should lead to the discovery of his father's unkindness; but, determined to pay his debts, he formed the heroic resolution (for surely, in a boy of ten years old, it was heroism), of debarring himself of every luxury, every recreation

which boys at school delight in; and refrained from visiting the fruit, cake, or toy shop, for the honourable purpose of paying his debts, and the humane one of continuing a pension to a poor old blind woman he had met with at Windsor: while, as he no longer indulged himself in those juvenile gratifications, his pride would not suffer him to partake of them, when offered by others. This change in St. Orville was observed by his companions, who soon suspected he was stinted in money: for having witnessed and partaken of his generosity (his charities were, even then, when possible, under the veil of concealment), no one supposed the change originated in choice; and being universally beloved, his school-fellows were anxious to share their stores with him:—but Alfred, when he acts from principle, is adamant in firmness. De Lisle, about one year older than my brother, and bound to him by the most ardent ties of friendship, and a strong similitude of disposition, watched attentively on pay-days, and soon discovered poor Alfred's scanty means; and, never having much himself to offer, and his little offers being

always rejected, wrote off to my uncle Ashgrove, then in America, to tell him 'Lord Delamore allowed his dear cousin, St. Orville, no more than a tinker would toil hard to give his son; and that he was sure, from all he had observed, that poor Alfred was as unhappy at home as his dear aunt.'

"Long before this letter reached Lord Ashgrove, St. Orville's vacation sent him home. By his noble forbearance, he had discharged all his debts; and had even exercised his benevolence too. My father, conjecturing that the sudden sequestration of St. Orville's allowance must have involved him in difficulties, now craftily offered him a large sum of money, and to restore his allowance to its primitive state, if he would visit Mrs. Monk, who was ready to forgive all his past unkindness: but St. Orville steadily refused the golden bait.—

"'What!' exclaimed his father, 'can a boy of honour, through a capricious whim, submit to the disgrace of continuing in debt, and defrauding the industrious of their due?'

"'I am not in debt, my lord,' St. Orville replied; 'although I was so, when it was

your lordship's pleasure to diminish your bounty to me.'

"My father furiously demanded 'Who had assisted him?' St. Orville answered, 'My own principles;' and then recounted all those principles had led him to persevere in. Lord Delamore, without a comment, hastily quitted the room: the subject of Mrs. Monk was never mentioned to him more; his allowance was immediately restored to its original state; the arrear paid off; and from his mother's subsequent birthday it was doubled: but, from that period, Mrs. Monk has ever continued his bitter foe; poisoning my father's mind against him, and weakening the affections of Lord Delamore for a son whose excellence ought to be the pride, the sunshine, of a father's heart.

"As soon after the receipt of De Lisle's letter as it was possible to effect it, Lord Ashgrove returned home, to see what he could do to meliorate the situation of his beloved sister and favourite nephew. For my mother, he could do nothing; but St. Orville (it being then a long vacation), as De Lisle was going with him as a midship-

man, he took on a cruise too. From that period, Alfred has passed a great deal of time with my uncle at sea; and, from those visits, he imbibed such a passion for the navy, that he entreated Lord Delamore's permission to enter into it: but my father, influenced by Mrs. Monk, peremptorily refused his supplication; and poor St. Orville, since his afflicting disagreement, and disgrace, with his father, has remained at sea with Lord Ashgrove, sharing every danger annexed to the profession, without the full glory of it.

"The sad rupture I allude to, arose solely from my beloved brother's strong affection for my mother····You must know, Miss De Clifford, the Delamore title ranks high in the British peerage, but the estates were small; and when my father married, the jointure of my mother was settled according to her moderate fortune, and Lord Delamore's own: but, since that period, wealth almost unbounded has flowed in upon my father;—his two maternal uncles both died bachelors, and left immense wealth to my father. St. Orville, shocked at the poor pittance my mother had to look to, should

she survive my father, and recoiling from the idea of her being left in any way to the mercy of his father's heirs; and, above all, dreading malicious influence; the moment he became of age, urged my father to augment her jointure, offering to join in any settlement for her upon the Delamore estates—the only property secured to St. Orville. This dutiful conduct to my mother, incurred my father's implacable resentment: he furiously refused to add a shilling to her dower; and vehemently accused poor Alfred of wishing for his death, which his thinking of it plainly indicated: and at length concluded with the terrible command, for St. Orville to quit his father's presence for ever. Dreadful was this grief to my mother; and unquestionably brought on that severe illness, in which we had so nearly lost her.

"Jealousy had added its baneful influence to my father's long-fostered, and artfully fed, resentment to St. Orville; and here combined in drawing forth this terrible mandate. Alfred, about two years since, had a severe illness, in consequence of rescuing two fishermen and a boy from a watery

grave: his life, for several days, was despaired of; and nothing could equal the affliction of every one in and around the castle. All the domestics, all the tenantry, and all the neighbouring poor, adore St. Orville. The higher orders estimate him in an eminent degree; and all were in serious grief at the idea of losing him, cut off, by his humanity and courage almost unparalleled, in the flower of his youth.

"In the castle, all was sorrow and despair; around it, men, women, and children, thronged, in anxious, weeping groups, to learn intelligence of him they loved. When the castle gates were closed, at night, the multitude was there; and when opened in the morning, there were they found. The lowest peasant had no heart to work; children forsook their sports; and all was universal lamentation.—St. Orville recovered; and joy was, like grief, ungoverned. In every way it was demonstrated; and even labourers subscribed a day's hard earnings, to make bonfires, and spend it in rejoicing for St. Orville's convalescence.

"Very shortly after, my father had a severe illness; his life, too, was despaired

of. The neighbouring rich and poor bore this with perfect resignation; and his subsequent recovery, with profound philosophic calmness. This deeply mortified my father, and no doubt irritated him more against poor Alfred, upon whom misdemeanours now were heaped; for immediately after his illness, his malicious foes pretended to discover in him a predilection for an amiable object of my dear mother's care and bounty.

"About twenty years ago, a child was brought, by a poor woman, to mamma, as an object for her charitable institution—an orphan asylum. My mother, struck by the beauty of the child, and a resemblance she instantly traced to my father, promptly resolved to protect the child. Knowing Lord Delamore's inconstancies, she reasonably conjectured this to be his offspring; and questioned the woman relative to the little girl's parents. The woman's confusion, contradictory answers, and the terror she evinced, all combined to change my mother's suspicions into conviction. She took the little Mary to her arms, and to her heart; attended most particularly, herself, to her care and education; and soon disco-

vered indications of a mind as superior in refinement and perfection, as her form was in elegance and loveliness, to the plebeian companions she was classed among.

" 'Nature will evince herself,' said my mother: 'this child strongly proves the noble blood she sprung from: she shall be educated as Lord Delamore's daughter; and when grown to maturity, I will present her to him as a little blossom I found, and cherished for his sake, and then offer to his affection. Accordingly, Mary was removed from the orphan asylum, and placed with the widow of a clergyman, at Exeter:—a most amiable, well-informed, accomplished woman; who having two daughters of her own to bring up, gladly undertook the education of Mary, as the very handsome allowance my mother made, was an object of great advantage to Mrs. Spencer. With that lady the sweet as lovely Mary has continued ever since, advancing each hour in mental and personal perfection; the suspicion of her birth remaining unknown to my father, who had often seen her, and considered her merely as the *protegée* of my mother: until it was insinuated by Mrs. Monk,

and Selina, that St. Orville had formed an attachment to Mary, which had my mother's infatuated approbation; when dreadful was the phrensy of my father's rage; and my dear mother, to vindicate herself and beloved son, confessed her belief of Mary's parentage, 'which had been her inducement to take her to her heart.' This confession operated like magic, in calming the storm which agitated Lord Delamore's bosom; but solemnly he denied Mary's being his offspring.

"My mother's conduct most sensibly affected Lord Delamore; but he retired to his pernicious counsellors, and returned—as firmly believing the attachment of St. Orville as before—with the cruel mandate, which peremptorily ordered my amazed mother to cease from that moment her protection of Mary, and never to hold intercourse with the dear girl more. This was a direful command; torturing alike to the hearts, the fondly attached hearts, of my mother and Mary.

"Mamma, in dismay and distraction, now deviating from her established rule of never speaking of her domestic sorrows, re-

vealed this unfortunate event to an amiable friend, Mrs. Constantia Fermor; who, from that time, became the protectress of Mary.

"Not more cruel than unfounded, was the suggestion of Alfred's attachment to Mary: it is true, he fondly loves her, but it is with the affection of a brother. Lady Delamore, from the uncommon discretion Mary, upon every occasion, evinced, was induced, when she attained her fourteenth year, to disclose to her the secret (which my mother firmly believed) of her birth, with strict injunctions never to breathe a suspicion of it to any one; and shortly after brought her on a visit here, to introduce her to the equally well-informed St. Orville:—for well knowing their often seeing each other could not well be avoided, and fearing their mutual fascination, she prudently led them to love each other by the near tie of consanguinity. After my dear grandmamma Ashgrove's death, and that I resided entirely at home, I too was introduced to Mary, as my sister; and soon learned to love her almost as dearly as I do my brother: and, in despite of my father's interdict, I often go to see her, as she is

now only a few miles distance from hence; as upon the marriage of Miss Spencer, about two years ago, to a man of good fortune, near Lyme, Mrs. Spencer moved her residence to that place. Only for my visits, my beloved sister (for I am incredulous to Lord Delamore's assertion, and am, as well as St. Orville, certain Mary is his daughter) would be quite broken-hearted, for she is dejected beyond measure at being so cruelly deprived of the happiness of seeing her beloved benefactress.

" Selina, I have already told you, was easily won by the blandishments of Mrs. Monk; whom, for years, she visited unknown to my mother: and in those secret interviews, her mind was so perverted, and her heart so modelled, that her duty and affection were quite alienated from her incomparable mother, and given, with her whole confidence and interest, to the diabolical mistress of her father. At length, my poor mother obtained the dreadful intelligence, of who it was that estranged the affections of her eldest child from her. Agonizing was the horrible information: she entreated, supplicated, implored, and

commanded her daughter never to visit Mrs. Monk more: but in vain. The secret once disclosed, Selina braved the matter out; triumphed in her disgraceful disobedience; and now openly visited this mortal foe to her mother: and to this hour she daily resorts to her, recounting all the occurrences of the castle, and plans and plots with her, to make my mother wretched.

"By this unnatural (and surely I may say, infamous) attachment to Mrs. Monk, the wily Selina first secured for herself a high place in my deluded father's affection; which she has since failed not to improve, by her unwearied blandishments and machinations: so that it is long since it has been firmly believed by all, that she will be sole heiress to my father's immense personal wealth; and yet even that belief, nor her personal attractions, ever gained for her a suitor, until Sir Charles Stratton, ruined by his thoughtless dissipation, and with a mind careless of domestic happiness, made proposals for her, against the entreaties, nay prayers, of his mother, Lady Horatio Fitzroy. But, 'Lady Selina, or a pistol,' was his reply; and he addressed Selina—a wo-

man I have heard him execrate ten thousand times, as a fiend, a diabolical, and every harsh epithet he could think of; even at the time he was making desperate love to me.....Nay, start not; I am not love-stricken by my sister's elected husband. Oh! no; I have but one cousin, who ever endangered my heart:—not Sir Charles Stratton; but one too tasteless to think of me:—so, thank my stars, my affections are still to be disposed of.

" The moment Charles (who was the avowed absolute aversion of Selina) declared himself her lover, she instantly became most desperately enamoured; and compels him to act the lover in the most glowing colours: and if you have any partiality for the ridiculous, I think you will be amused by Sir Charles's real and pretended passion. For, you must know, it is his invariable rule to fall in love with every new pretty face he sees; and the last, in his opinion, is always the most fascinating: so that, when he comes here, should he be surprised by the sight of a beautiful new face, expect to see him souse at once into love for it, and making awkward endea-

vours to conceal from Selina his new admiration.

"About myself, I have little to say. I am four years younger than Selina (one cause of her great aversion to me); and nearly three my brother's junior. My grandmother Ashgrove (who long knew, before my dear mother discovered it, of Selina's intimacy with the vile Monk), fearing that my heart should be perverted by pernicious counsel, early begged me from my mother. For two years I resided totally with grandmamma: but then, upon visiting my mother, and finding Lord Delamore made no attempt to introduce me to Mrs. Monk (I suppose, because he knew my volatility would lead me to keep no secret), my grandmother judged it for my happiness not totally to monopolize me, lest, by doing so, she should weaken my mother's affection for me. From that period, therefore, until my dear grandmother's death, I resided six months alternately with Lady Ashgrove and at home; my education conducted by a very estimable governess, aided by masters, and under the inspecting eye of my mother and grandmother.

"In this way, too, was Selina educated; —only, without the assistance of grand-mamma, who, I may say, almost abhorred my sister. Selina, in her turn, even from my birth, conceived a deadly enmity to me; and, ere I was actuated by her conduct to my adored mother, I strangely disliked her. We never, in childhood, coalesced; but, as time went on, and disclosed many secrets to me, my dislike has changed to detestation. Mutual antipathy has increased with our years; and since my beloved Mary was despoiled of my mother's protection, my nominal sister and self rarely exchange even a sentence in a week: for at that time, greatly irritated by my father's cruelty to poor St. Orville (which all sprung from the diabolical malice of Selina, and her coadjutor Monk), in the anguish of my heart, I said to Selina, 'I was sure she was a changeling, and not my mother's child.' Her rage almost amounted to phrensy, and she flung her drawing-box, then in her hand, at me; but luckily it did not reach me: and, since that time, you cannot wonder at my being upon worse terms than ever with her.

"By being so much with my dear grandmother (who absolutely detested my father), I heard him harshly reprobated, and turned into the strongest ridicule, by my lively aunt Ennerdale; heard him condemned by Lord and Lady Horatio Fitzroy, with unqualified severity: and, tenderly loving my mother, you will not wonder that resentment for the neglect and unkindness she has experienced, took possession of my mind; and that perpetually hearing him spoken of as I did, should lessen him in my estimation. I hope you will consider this as some mitigation of my failure in veneration for Lord Delamore: but St. Orville will not receive it as such; indeed, this is the only thing we ever disagreed about; for his maxim is, 'that others failing in their duties, is no excuse for our doing so.'

"'Though my father,' St. Orville always says, 'sometimes forgets his affection for his son, that son shall never forget his duty to his father.' Nor does he, Miss De Clifford; for no one who sees the undeviating sweet, conciliating, and respectful manner of St. Orville to his father, could suspect that father ever had been cruel or unkind to him.

"Not so with me, I am ashamed to say; for seldom can I catch myself treating my father with proper respect. My mother's injuries are ever floating in my mind's eye; and, in a constant state of irritation, I often find my flippant tongue saying saucy things to Lord Delamore—nay, sometimes turning him into ridicule—which always extremely displeases my mother with me; and yet I cannot help it; for how can a libertine father be an object of respect to his grown-up offspring? Indeed, until I came down to attend him in his last illness, I firmly believe I hated him.

"Though Lord Delamore's late acquired dislike to London confines him so much to the country, he has constantly made my mother spend every spring in town, to keep up the family state and consequence in the public eye; and to mix with those of her own station, unmingled with the base alloy, which in the country he is compelled to admit into the society of his family. Last year, being eighteen, I was presented; and a very delightful time we had in town, from the queen's to the king's birth-day: but this

year, alas! how sadly different! My father, out of sorts with every one, because he had unjustly quarrelled with his son, would not accompany us to town; but staid here, brooding mischief, and at length fretting himself into illness. My dear mother, in consequence of mental disquietude, fell dangerously ill the last week in January, and continued in a very weak and precarious state until the beginning of May. By the management of Selina, my father knew not the danger my mother had been in, until it was past; and just as he heard of it, his terrible illness came on; when I hastened down to him, and found him so weak, so ill, so full of agonizing pain, so very near death, that I felt my supposed hatred of him had been all delusion. For two days after my arrival, he knew me not, his fever ran so high (his complaint rheumatic gout); but when his abating pain, and consequent decrease of fever, allowed him to observe me, he eagerly called me to him, kissed me tenderly, said 'I looked like my angel mother' (a resemblance he never allowed before), and bade me 'not to leave him.' I

meant to obey him; but, shortly after, I was compelled to retire, with his physicians, to receive instructions from them.

"On my return to my father, he said to me, in a tone that thrilled through my heart, '*My child,* go to bed. I remarked how pale and thin you looked; and Holt has informed me, your long and tender attendance upon your mother subdued you, and that you have been very ill, and in a rheumatic fever too. I know that pain, and must feel for you: but hearing you left your sick chamber, for the first time, to come to me; and that since your arrival you never sought your pillow; has given such pain to my heart, I cannot bear it.—Go to bed, my child.'....

"I wept for joy, at this proof of his affectionate concern for me; and feeling that Nature did absolutely require my taking rest, to sustain me through, what the physicians apprehended, a relapse in my father, I retired: after two hours' rest, I returned, and found him still; his curtains drawn around him. I sat quietly by his bedside, until I heard him sigh heavily, and move. I then gently drew aside the cur-

tain, to look at him; when he instantly caught my hand, and pressed it affectionately to his lips.—Oh! how my heart thrilled!

"That night, as the odious foreboding doctors apprehended, he had a relapse; but it turned out, most fortunately, of little consequence: when, in the first moments of returning pain, poor Holt, overpowered by his sorrow, unguardedly dropped some word expressive of despair. My father, with almost terrifying vehemence, instantly exclaimed—'Driveller! I am not dying. I cannot, will not, die! Emily cannot now come to me; and on the bosom of my angel wife, only, will I resign my last breath.'

"Oh, Miss De Clifford! what delusive dreams of happiness for us all, did I augur from these emphatic words! During the very slow progress of my father's amendment, his kindness, and growing partiality to me, seemed hourly to increase. We talked incessantly of my mother. I ventured to speak of St. Orville; my father seemed pleased that I did so; and we often pursued the subject together. At length, the Gazette arrived containing my gallant

brother's late glorious achievement; during the perusal of which my father wept like a child; and, as soon as abated agitation permitted him to hold a pen, he wrote a long letter to St. Orville:—what it contained, I know not; but it cost Lord Delamore many tears.

"It happened, most unfortunately, that my father was so much recovered, as to be able to walk out before the return of my mother;—a return, I have no doubt, Selina most diabolically retarded: writing for so many renewals of leave of absence;—first, for permission to stay the birth-day; and then, that my mother looked pale, and was so weak, she was not yet equal to so long a journey;—and this was all, I am certain, because she dreaded their meeting before Monk had an opportunity of working my overthrow in my father's favour, and turning his heart from my mother. Last Monday—oh! it was black Monday for me!—my father walked over to visit that enchantress Monk; and returned from her, an altered being. No more did his eyes beam with affection on me; no more was his voice attuned by kindness. Alas! he re-

turned the harsh, stern father, I had ever before found him. I thanked Heaven, St. Orville's letter was gone, beyond the reach of malice to recall; but I trembled for all the airy castles I had built, for the conjugal happiness of my parents: and, alas! alas! the frigid reception my father gave my mother, after a separation of almost five months—and after her dangerous indisposition, and his own—cruelly put every lingering hope to flight. I know he was offended at her want of punctuality, in not being at Bridport, to which place he anxiously rode this morning, to meet her (the longest ride he has attempted since his illness); and fatigue and disappointment terribly irritated him—but could not have occasioned such a heartless reception as that: and I cannot but mingle self-upbraidings with my sorrow; for I doubt not my indignant impetuosity increased the malice and machinations of Mrs. Monk.

"On my father's being taken ill, this Circe flew hither. By his lordship's order, she was admitted, and became his chief nurse:—and such a nurse, Seabright the housekeeper told me, never was before

seen!....Sitting rocking herself on her chair, with a face a yard long, to look woe-begone; and without rouge, to look like grief. Howling, when he moaned; fidgetting with the curtains, when he dozed, effectually to awaken him; running about, shouting, bawling, and calling every one—impeding all; and doing nothing herself, when his pain became violent and alarming—but officiously giving him all his medicines, of which, in her tender, agonized anxiety (as she herself termed it), always contriving to spill two thirds: though she managed never to lose a drop of the madeira she had continually recourse to, to sustain her through her heart-rending attendance: and both Seabright and Holt affirm, they are certain she threw the medicines about, and made all her noises, on purpose to prevent his recovery, being anxious to come into possession of the immense bequest he has made to her. Certainly, from the moment my father's rest was undisturbed, and that he got all his medicines, he recovered rapidly.

"However, to return to the point, of

myself upbraiding.—On my arrival, this vile woman retired to my father's dressing-room, where I most unexpectedly encountered her. My indignation, at there beholding the destroyer of my mother's happiness, almost amounted to phrensy: I ordered her instantly to quit the castle; nor 'dare to contaminate the air I breathed, with her polluted breath.' Her eyes flashed fire: but I suppose the fire which flashed from mine, was more tremendous; for she obeyed me, without uttering a syllable: but never shall I forget the look of deadly, implacable vengeance she darted at me. It struck the chill of terror to my heart, and made my coward frame shake with direful apprehension."....

This long narrative of Lady Theodosia's, was told without a single audible comment from our heroine; for her ladyship, feeling that to remark upon the circumstances she recited, must be painfully unpleasant to her young companion, delicately contrived to avoid any pause that might seem to demand a reply. But though Julia spoke not, her heart was too full of sensibility, too feel-

ingly alive to every right propensity, not to be struck most forcibly with many and varied emotions, during this distressing narration.

Her ladyship's communications had seen the close of evening out; and, by moonlight, they had paced many turns upon the terrace, an earnest speaker and an attentive hearer; and, so deeply were they both engaged, they heard not the supper-bell, nor thought of returning until the old butler came, himself, to seek them.

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, "how heedless of time I have been! Alas! I fear our long protracted stay will awaken suspicion of the conversation of our walk."

This little alarm of anticipated detection, by abstracting their thoughts from the subjects that before so much saddened them, gave to their spirits something like cheering exhilaration, and led them back to the castle totally devoid of every appearance of dejection, which, to the penetrating eyes of Lady Selina, might have betrayed them.

The same party assembled at supper, which formed their dinner circle. Ladies

Delamore and Selina entertained the two gentlemen with town news, and anecdotes of several persons and occurrences, they had heard and met with during their long absence; until Lord Delamore suddenly said—"Emily, did you remember to bring me the medal?"

Her ladyship instantly drew from her pocket a case, which she thought contained a medal, and handed it to her husband; but in a moment, aware of her mistake, she, in great trepidation, reached out the medal, demanding her own case—but it was too late; Lord Delamore had opened it; and the cheeks of Lady Delamore were blanched with apprehensive terror. His lordship started, looked for a moment, and then exclaimed—"Oh! how speaking is this invaluable likeness to my boy!"—After a few moments more, spent in earnest gaze upon it, he returned the portrait to the trembling Lady Delamore, into whose eyes the sudden tears of joyful surprise had been called, by the words—"invaluable likeness to my boy;" but discretion arrested the fall of those happy tears.

Spirited conversation was now at an end;

the incident of the portrait, for different reasons, unhinged the parents and their daughters; and all full of obtruding thoughtfulness, no one was longer able to bear a connected part in discourse. After a few unsuccessful efforts, by Mr. Temple and Julia, to restore converse, all sunk into silence; and Lady Delamore, at length, aware of the universal gloom, broke up the dumb party, and they separated for the night.

CHAPTER VI.

The warbling choir, that poured their wild melody from the surrounding woods, early awoke our heroine; who, thankful to find she had slept comfortably, in despite of sympathizing sorrow, and her own severe disappointment, instantly arose; and, after making her toilet, and performing her morning sacred duties, employed herself in writing an affectionate letter to Mrs. Goodwin, promising in it, that her next epistle should be to her dear Doctor Sydenham.

About half past eight, Lucy introduced Mrs. Beville; who came to know, "whether Miss De Clifford chose to breakfast in her own apartments, or with Lady Delamore in hers?"

"With Lady Delamore, very certainly, Mrs. Beville," replied Julia; "if her ladyship, will the goodness have, to permit it for me."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, Miss De Clifford," said Mrs. Beville; "be-

cause my dear lady wished it to be so.....
Our young ladies know, my lady hates breakfasting alone; yet even Lady Theodosia (though so sweet a creature, and so dutiful in every thing else) will not give up her bed of a morning, to oblige her mother:—and it would be much better for herself, if she did; for she will only get lusty, and stupid, and old, and withered, before her time, by this abominable unwholesome lying in bed.—It is not so, her dear brother does:—no, he is up, reading and walking, by times of a morning; and always joins my lady at her breakfast hour, looking as fresh as a beautiful rose;—and in he comes, smiling, and takes his mother so affectionately by the hand! and inquires, so anxiously, how she is! and then he makes her breakfast for her; and, if she has no appetite, he coaxes her so tenderly to eat! and tells her every thing he can think of to make her cheerful: and when she is ill, he is by far the best nurse in the house. Even from a babe in petticoats, he would forsake his play (dearly as he loved it), to sit, as still as death, by her bed-side, when she was ill: and—Heaven bless him!

—when he had tasks to learn, and that he took his book in, to con, as he sat, it would have delighted you to see how curiously the lovely boy would blow the leaves asunder, lest turning them should disturb his mother. ——Ah! well, Heaven will bless him, at last, for all. He is my lady's own son; and the pride of my heart.····But, here have I mounted my hobby-horse, and my lady all this time anxiously waiting to know if you will come to her!—Dear young lady, always have the kindness to stop me, when I get upon the subject of my young lord; for, indeed, and in truth, I love the topic so dearly, I never know when to dismiss it."

Mrs. Beville now conducted Julia to Lady Delamore, who received her with manifest pleasure and kindness gratifyingly blended. Breakfast ended, her ladyship—considering it necessary to account to our heroine for that want of harmony and domestic peace in the family of Delamore, which she must now necessarily witness—drew a short outline of what her daughter had communicated the preceding evening; and, during the recital, added to the difference of more brevity, was observable, the

gentle kindness with which she softened the misconduct of Lady Selina, and the striking forbearance with which she mentioned Lord Delamore's early dereliction of herself—extenuated his faults, with generous warmth—and spoke of his merits in glowing colours; mentioned Mrs. Monk as a very fine and fascinating woman, formed to infatuate and mislead; and concluded with gently requesting our heroine, "Never again to permit her love of truth, and generous kindness for her, to lead her into throwing any censure upon Lady Selina, who was a foe much to be dreaded."

"But while," added Lady Delamore, "I trembled for the consequence of your extenuation of me, I found my lord was fascinated with you for it; as I saw one of his sweetest smiles play about his mouth, while you were kindly vindicating me: and my lord never smiles in that way, unless he is infinitely pleased...... Lord Delamore has naturally, Miss De Clifford, the sweetest smiles I almost ever saw: he always wore them until very early after his marriage:—but it was my misery not to constitute his happiness; and it has been my misfortune,

to rob my husband of his smiles. However, smiling or not, in his heart are treasured many great virtues: and let me entreat you not to allow any story you may hear to his disadvantage, any partial accounts of his conduct to me, to prejudice you against him. Though repellent now his aspect, fear him not: judge him yourself; and, believe me, you will find a great deal to esteem in him."

Lady Theodosia's more circumstantial statement, now led Julia to hear Lady Delamore with admiring astonishment, and the most exalted veneration; and, as she listened, she longed to press the matchless, neglected, lovely wife, to her bosom, as a being too sublimated for the world she lived in.

These confidential communications ended, our heroine attended her ladyship in one of her charitable occupations (which recurred once every week). This was, to visit the repository of alms for the poor;—an institution of Lady Delamore's own. This repository contained four apartments:—one was stored with cheese, candles, flour, meal, &c.; another, with all sorts of homely

wearing apparel; a third, with household furniture, and implements for industry; and the fourth was a dispensary. Servants attended in each room; and as the poor of the parish arrived, they announced their different wants, when Lady Delamore, or Mrs. Beville, ordered for them whatever they judged necessary.

The management of this whole business was so simple, and complete; the lustre the interesting and, to Julia, novel scene threw upon the heart of Lady Delamore; but, above all, the satisfaction and joy beaming from the countenances of each of the grateful objects, on their seeing once more their noble benefactress—and too, on their departure, made happy, by the donations they received;—inspired our heroine's breast with so much pleasure, that she felt a great deal of regret when this affair was completed. She then attended her ladyship through part of the grounds, to see what the workmen she employed had done during her long absence. On re-entering the castle, they found some visitors arrived, come to pay their compliments upon her ladyship's return: the little group

was composed of Mrs. Constantia Fermor, Mrs. Beaumont, two of her daughters, and her younger son.

Mrs. Fermor, then in her forty-fourth year, had been a celebrated beauty; and was still a very fine woman: although the cause of that melancholy which strikingly shaded her countenance, and rendered her whole appearance particularly interesting, had faded the bloom of her charms long before the autumn of her days. She had lost the man of her early affection, by a fatal accident, upon the day he became of age—the very day appointed for her union with him; and so much was she wedded to his remembrance, that no suitor, however adorned with rank, riches, or perfections, could ever prevail upon her to enter into a second engagement, or to forget the first and only object of her choice. Her fortune was large; her benevolence, great. Her manners were gentle, and elegant. Her mind was adorned with every mental acquirement; and her heart was the seat of active goodness.

Mrs. Beaumont was wife to the rector of Sedley, a fishing-town pleasantly situated

about two miles from Delamore Castle. She had been a pretty young woman, low born, and totally uneducated, whom Mr. Beaumont had, very early in life, fallen in love with, and married. After their union, the husband discovered those deficiencies the lover could not see. She was young, and docile; and he set about her education, through exactly the same process he himself had been instructed by; and, at length, led her on to be a tolerably good classic scholar. Proud of her acquirements, which she thought now raised her far above all her ignorant sex, and not choosing to hide her superior knowledge, she, to the utter dismay of all her associates, interlarded her common conversation with Greek and Latin sentences; managed her house, and gave orders to the butcher and baker, in some learned language; and if her domestics neglected or disobeyed her commands, they pleaded in extenuation, that "her directions were all Latin and Greek to them, and not being *scolards*, they were not to blame."

Mr. Beaumont, finding his wife's learning only entailed a disorderly house upon him, and ridicule upon her, peremptorily inter-

dicted this display of knowledge; and commanded her never more to utter a word of any language but her mother tongue, out of his study. Poor Mrs. Beaumont!—here was a sad and unexpected overthrow to all her pile of learned pride. What could she contrive, for out-doing the rest of her sex, and to shew her superior intellect?—Since English was the only language she was now allowed to speak, plain English she resolved it should not be. So to work she went; and by studying every dictionary in our language, and by forcing all the abstruse words out of them into her collection, ingeniously contrived to render her English nearly as unintelligible to the generality of her hearers, as her Latin and Greek had been: from this absurd, pedantic pride, and without another fault to deserve it, she was an object of indiscriminate ridicule to all who approached her.

There were nine Misses Beaumont; and could their mother have foreseen such a classical female progeny, she would have flown to the font at Parnassus itself to baptize her nine: but, not aware of how many were to follow, she resolved to shew her

learning in the names of her two eldest girls, by having them christened Atalanta, and Andromache;—determined the elder should be tall, and elegant, and fleet in the dance as her namesake had been in the race; and the second was to possess all the eminent qualities of her predecessor. Unfortunately, when Miss Atalanta attained her third year, she, by a fall, dislocated one of her hips, by which accident her growth was cruelly stunted, and she became lame for life: Mr. Beaumont then advised his wife, in future to content herself with the common names of Giles and Tabatha for her children, and not, by celebrated ones, to attach ridicule to them, and render their personal or mental defects more glaring.

The nine Misses Beaumont were all pleasing, good-tempered women; in age, extending from twenty to thirty-five; and several of them were pretty. Their father's table was the seat of genuine hospitality; and their house, the rendezvous of every lounger. The Misses Beaumont were universally liked; and yet—the nine Misses Beaumont were still unmarried.

Miss Beaumont, in consequence of her

fall, had such delicate health, she scarcely ever quitted home. The second, Miss Andromache (now degraded, by the positive commands of her father, into plain Miss Ann), was the factotum of her father's parish, of high, low, rich, and poor:—she had an inexhaustible flow of animated spirits; had a great deal of useful sense; but, marked out by Nature for an old maid, she delighted in being engaged in every one's business, and to manage the concerns of all the world. In every distress, in every dilemma, Ann Beaumont, or Miss Ann, was sent for. She nursed the sick, and prescribed for them; consoled the afflicted; bought the parish mourning, and the wedding clothes; was the ready bridemaid, or the alert sponsor; sat in state, with brides, or ladies in their confinement, and ate cake, or drank caudle, with every congratulating visitor. She got places for servants, and servants for places; made collections for the needy; kept the children quiet at church, more effectually than the beadle; and procured partners at the assemblies for strangers, or the neglected. Being such an useful member of society, and, withal, a

very cheerful, pleasing companion her company was universally courted and she was perpetually on visits from home; but, even thus liked, and seeing and being seen, the fair Andromache had not yet met a Hector.

The eldest son was in the Company's service in India. The second, Mr. George (now come to visit at Delamore Castle), had lately entered into deacon's orders, and was so invincibly shy, that not even the most conciliating smile of kindness could draw him out of the shell of reserve, in which he impregnably enveloped himelf. But he possessed acute observation; nothing escaped his ken: and, every one conceiving that, as he was, to all appearance, dumb, he must be deaf and blind too, he was generally looked upon as a non-entity in every company; by which means he learned many secrets, and became possessed of numerous curious incidents, which he failed not to retail, with infinite dry humour, to his sisters, to whom only he had courage to unbend, and show himself in his genuine character.

This small party of visitors was entertained by Lady Theodosia, until the en-

trance of her mother (Lady Selina not deigning to honour them with her presence). Instantly Lady Delamore introduced our heroine, as "the daughter of the gallant, and universally lamented, Colonel De Clifford; the highly regarded ward of Lord Ashgrove."

"I was too anxious to inquire after the state of your ladyship's brindice," said Mrs. Beaumont, courtesying profoundly, "to practise much longanimity; but have festinately come, to gratify my exoptation, of hearing the redintegration of it enunciated by yourself, and not by compurgation. Your ladyship's œcumenically desiderated return occurring sooner than was expected, has proved an inopinate oblectation to me. You look admirably, madam; and your complexion quite diaphanic, considering the nocent air of that veneficial metropolis, to which your symposaick evagation led you. ....Son George! are you elinguid? Why so amort? Why this obmutescence? Require no further increpation from me. Do not for ever appear so acephalous; but, without despection, or nolition, do yourself the honour of entering into an enterparlance

with her ladyship; and, for once in your life, be multiloquous."

Poor Julia listened in amazement, and thought her knowledge of the English language very circumscribed indeed; and, what was worse, feared it must ever remain so: while Mr. George Beaumont advanced, bowed, and trembled; stammered out something inarticulately; and retreated, in pitiable confusion, to the most remote seat he could find.

Mrs. Helen Crabtree was now announced; but no one betrayed the least emotion of pleasure on hearing her arrival proclaimed. The Misses Beaumont settled themselves demurely on their seats; Lady Theodosia threw a ludicrous expression of solemnity into her countenance, which nearly subdued the studied preciseness of the two Misses Beaumont; when in stalked a long, lank, scowling looking animal,—a peevish, gossiping spinster of fifty, who had entered into a fury for life, at finding herself a fixture in the state of single blessedness, and who now, whilst her nose retreated in scorn, courtesyed with rigid formality to each individual present.

"I am exceeding glad to find you, my Lady Delamore! in the land of the living," said Mrs. Crabtree, the moment she was seated—"To be sure, I am not now to learn, there is no believing a word that is uttered in a country town. For my part, I wonder how people can sit down, to invent such extreme shocking things; or find time for it: as for myself, what with feeding my parrot, going to church, paying and receiving morning visits, making flannel waistcoats for the poor, and attending card parties, my time is exceedingly well occupied; and I have not a moment to think of my neighbours in.......You must know, my lady, the very first piece of news I heard in church, yesterday, was—that, while in town, you had been induced, by an extreme well written letter, painting the misery of a family perishing in want, to go to the place where the letter was dated from; and being so exceeding imprudent as to go unattended, you entered the apartments of the supposed starving family totally alone; when seven ruffians, armed with short knives, fell upon you, cut and wounded you most barbarously, then rifled

your pockets, and made off with their booty."

Mrs. Crabtree's most absurd story awakened some degree of risibility in all her auditors, except Mrs. Beaumont, who, with a doleful countenance, exclaimed—"What a trunculent fabrication!—enough to dichotomize one's very heart! The bare relation (although we know it to be a facinerious pseudology) is so horrisonous, it has stunned me, until I am now illachrymable. For my part, a thankful epiphonema must ever break from my lips, upon reflecting the whole was an excogitation. . . . Heavens! my dear Lady Delamore excarnificated by ingannation!—and the nocent scelerates to escape with their subreptitious booty! . . . . But how could any one, knowing my Lady Delamore, conceive she could do so periculous a thing, as to go alone, or suffer herself to be illaqueated? Had I not happily seen the nefarious tale was all a hallucination, it would have made me clinical, without any other opitulation."

Lady Selina, at this moment, haughtily entered, and, bowing frigidly to Mrs. Fermor, but without noticing the Beaumonts

at all, hastened to the rapidly-advancing Mrs. Crabtree, took her cordially by the hand, and made an attempt to look glad at seeing her.

Mrs. Helen Crabtree's father had been a lawyer, at Sedley; who, at his death, left this his only child in possession of the best house in the town, and an easy fortune to support it. Except Mrs. Monk, this lady was the only female Lady Selina professed a friendship for in the neighbourhood. In Mrs. Helen, there was no rivalship to be apprehended; and her ready communications were pleasing to her ladyship, who was the only young woman Mrs. Crabtree had been ever heard to speak well of: for, by a congeniality of disposition, they were led to believe they entertained a regard for each other: and the favour of Lady Selina Southerland, Mrs. Helen fancied reflected great consequence upon herself.

"Are you very gay, at Sedley, now, Miss Beaumont?" said Lady Delamore.

"Tolerably so, madam. We have now a very respectable company of players: and the officers, in barracks, are very charming men; for they are extremely attentive to

the ladies, and excessively fond of dancing;" replied Miss Susan, the youngest and prettiest of the Beaumonts.

"There was a very good assembly last Tuesday, when some of the handsome warriors were made captive, I believe," said Mrs. Fermor, smiling.

"So I have heard," replied Lady Theodosia:—"and so many conquests have been made, Selina, that I fear there is not one left for you; unless you dispute with your fair friend, Miss Crabtree, the prize of the veteran Colonel Redoubt's heart."

"And although not in the adolescence of life, and something of a congeon, and rather emphysematous, a most acuminated, homiletical man, Colonel Redoubt is," said Mrs. Beaumont. "Mr. Beaumont, who, every one knows, is quite a philomath—a dear lover of any thing acroamatical—waited on him yesterday, and returned quite...."

"I wonder, madam, at the pastor of a flock," interrupted Mrs. Helen, drawing herself up with a look which she meant should express horror, "to countenance such a profligate!....Only conceive, Lady

Selina, the abominable man whom your sister insinuates I wish to captivate, actually lives with a wicked woman.". . . .

"Then," said Lady Theodosia, "you will begin his reformation:—for, when you marry him, he will live with a good woman; and the trifling impediment, of the fair, but frail Rosamond, he will, of course, remove to some secure retreat, far remote from being cause of offence to you."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Crabtree, trying to look shocked at such profligacy.

"Lord Lindore joined his regiment two days ago," said Mrs. Beaumont. "He is a Pyramus, worth an antiphon to Cupid for. Come, now, to what fair Thisbe shall we hypothetically allot the coronet?"

"He!" exclaimed Miss Ann Beaumont; "the milk-sop! you must ask his grandmamma's leave, before you dispose of him. . . . . . .Only conceive, Lady Delamore, a young man of three-and-twenty, in possession of a noble fortune, travelling about with (or rather after) his regiment, with his old gouty grandmother, swathed in flannel, in her ancient travelling machine, drawn by six long-tailed black sloths:—Sir

John Falstaff, for coachman; Sancho Pancha, for postillion; Bardolph, and old father Time, for out-riders; Tabatha Bramble, as companion; and aunt Deborah, for waiting gentlewoman. Their other pleasing accompaniments—a lethargic lap-dog, a squalling parrot, and an apothecary's shop.

"A curious mode of travelling, certainly, for a young man," said Lady Delamore, smiling.

"I declare off, at once, Mrs. Beaumont!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia. "I'll not look through the wall after his coronet, while he keeps it wrapped up in his grandmother's flannels."

"Nay, Ann Beaumont!" said Mrs. Fermore, "why so unmerciful to his lordship, whose dutiful conduct makes him surely no subject for ridicule?.....This Lord Lindore was born with a most delicate constitution; and having, in early life, lost both his parents...."

"I heard of his orbation; and that his grandmother was podagrical;" said Mrs. Beaumont.

Mrs. Fermor proceeded.—"By his grandmother's indefatigable care and tenderness

only was he reared: to her alone, is he indebted now for perfect health; and to her care, also, for an highly-cultivated mind, and uncorrupted morals; and his gratitude and affection are very great. He loves her society (although she is his grandmother); and she, fearing the overthrow, by precept or example, of that promising structure of health and goodness she so anxiously raised, by not having a comfortable or proper home, for his sake (though a martyr to the gout), this excellent woman, for the last two years, has given up all the comforts of her own mansion-houses, and, attended by several of her old domestics, alike attached to her and their young lord, has put up with the manifold inconveniences of bad lodgings, in the different quarters her grandson has been ordered to, where she has constantly accompanied him: but, to prevent ridicule reaching further than their mode of travelling, and to make home pleasing to her beloved charge, wherever she pitches her tent, the standard of hospitality is hoisted. She keeps a public table, most sumptuously supplied; and, besides her excellent dinners, gives *petit soupers*, *déjeûnés*, balls,

every thing to please the young, the gay, but always the correct: so cheerful, in defiance of pain, so hospitable, and generous, is she, and withal so truly amiable, that every officer in her grandson's regiment has declared himself her ardent admirer; and all are anxiety, when they reach any new quarter, until the arrival of *grandmamma*, whom the soldiers and their wives have reason to long as impatiently to see as their superiors."

"Mrs. Beaumont," cried Lady Theodosia, "I'll even climb the wall, to get into his grandmother's house!"

"You may go with me, without that peril," said Lady Delamore; "for I shall certainly pay my respects to this very amiable Lady Lindore."

"Pray do, mamma," replied Lady Theodosia, with quickness; "for I, too, have heard wonders of her, and have long been wild to see her."

"From whom had you your information?" asked Lady Delamore.

"From that Major Mandeville, whom we were perpetually meeting in town, at Lord Ennerdale's."

" I do not remember him."....

" Nothing more possible; although you saw him so often."

" It is very strange I should have no recollection of a man I have seen often! Remind me of when I saw him."

" Why, you first saw him, mamma, in regimentals, the Queen's birth-day; he came in from the drawing-room with my uncle, who presented him. The other time was......"

" What! do you call seeing a man twice, very often, Theodosia?"

" Seeing some men twice, is quite often enough," replied Lady Theodosia.

" Major Mandeville does not think seeing you, Lady Theodosia, twice, often enough; for he is all anxiety to see you again;" said Miss Susan Beaumont. " He talked of you, quite in raptures, for two hours, at our house, yesterday."

" Oh! I remember to have heard he is rather eccentric," replied Lady Theodosia, blushing; " and never talks upon more than one subject in a day."

" I remember the coxcomb; and can readily believe that one idea every four-

and-twenty hours, is quite sufficient for his weak brain to bear;" said Lady Selina, peevishly.

"I don't know," cried Mrs. Crabtree, "what troops are sent into peaceable towns for!—only to fill weak women's heads with love and nonsense. There is that Fanny Moor; finely she has stigmatized herself!—I am sure she was *old* enough to know better. And that indefatigable flirt, Sally Drury!—I really don't think there is *much* harm in her; though people do say there is (and some affirm it exceeding positive); but I am not one of those extreme censorious people: I····But it is not for me to egotise, and praise myself.····But, as I was a saying, Sally Drury is going to play the fool, and give herself, and pretty fortune, to that blinking, half-witted coxcomb, Cornet Mervin:—this is a *real* fact. I cannot conceive why she is so exceeding silly; for she might do much better. To be sure, there are some awkward reports; and folks do say.····But what signifies what people say, who are excessive fond of scandal?.... Poor thing! I fear she is but in a bad state of health; for she has lately got very thin,

and dragged in the face, and pale, and yet extreme corpulent too; and that, I fear, cannot be healthful:" and Mrs. Helen ceased, with a look of meek, unsuspecting innocence.

None of the ladies choosing to take up the topic Mrs. Crabtree had anxiously given them, the conversation turned upon fashions. At length the visitors all took leave; Lady Delamore first promising to meet them at Sedley theatre, in the evening, in compliance with the wishes of Lady Selina.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Temple attended the ladies of Delamore Castle to Sedley Theatre; which was nothing more than a large barn, now ingeniously fitted up for dramatic representations. Julia had never been before in any theatre: —abroad, through the malice of Mrs. St. Clair; and in England, when the kindness of Doctor Sydenham would have taken her, both to the play and opera, the weather was too sultry for the good doctor to venture, and our heroine would not go without him. Now, therefore, she was all-anxious impatience to see the representation of a drama; as in reading many, particularly those of our own matchless bard, she had been much delighted. She now found herself packed into something like a bin, upon the stage, looking down upon a very crowded and respectably filled pit, waiting with ardent solicitude for the curtain to rise, and show her wonders.

Nothing could induce Lady Theodosia to

take a front seat, she so much feared annoyance from the foot-lights upon the stage; so her ladyship remained in shade with Mr. Temple: while Ladies Delamore and Selina, with Julia, occupied very conspicuous places in the front. In the opposite stage-box was Mrs. Fermor, with her party: and numberless ladies filled the other boxes, which Lady Theodosia affirmed were the farmer's corn bins.

The curtain, at length, arose; and Julia's heart beat quick, her cheeks glowed a vermillion tint, and her eyes sparkled with expected pleasure. The performance was, "A Cure for the Heart-ach;" and the pretty cottage, with the fraternal affection evinced by honest Frank Oatlands for his interesting sister Jesse, delighted our heroine, and she panted to see more.

At the conclusion of the third scene, the attention of the audience was called from the stage, to observe the long-wished-for entrance of a great number of officers, both cavalry and infantry, who now came dashing in. Many of them were forced to content themselves with standing room in the pit; whilst others, more fortunate, were

graciously accommodated by several obliging ladies of great forecast, who, auguring the difficulty of finding comfortable places the defenders of their country must necessarily encounter, had kindly and considerately kept room for them.

The officers had scarcely entered, when one of the handsomest and most elegant-looking among the cavalry, darted from his companions, and in a moment was in Lady Delamore's box, to pay his compliments. Lady Theodosia received him graciously; Lady Selina, scornfully: and when the former, with glowing cheeks, announced him to her mother, as Major Mandeville, Lady Delamore, very well remembering him, addressed him with pleasing affability. Major Mandeville, perfectly satisfied with the reception he met with, took the vacant seat by Lady Theodosia, where he continued the remainder of the performance: nor could Julia (when the fall of the drop, after each act, permitted her to observe what was going forward among the audience) avoid wondering how it could possibly be, that Lady Theodosia could appear to take so much pleasure in the conversation of a man

whom, in the morning, she had declared—"to see twice, was quite often enough."

Our heroine's conspicuous situation rendered her an object of immediate observation; and therefore, to the men, of instant admiration. Few of the sons of Mars looked at any thing but Julia; and Julia scarcely looked at any thing except the performance. The unequivocal admiration which our heroine inspired, was no sooner perceived by Mrs. Crabtree, and some other ladies (mothers, with daughters on hand; and spinsters, on the verge of despair), than they ingeniously strove to destroy it, all at once, by buzzing about the story circulated by Mrs. Crabtree, from the instructions of Mrs. Ward (whom Lady Selina had despatched for that malicious purpose, to her dear friend Helen, while the family were at dinner); and the constant answer now was, to each of the officers who demanded—"If that lovely creature was a Lady Southerland?"—

"Oh dear, no!—that is a nobody, who ought not to be brought into company.—An advertising adventuress; who, through that channel, and a plausible tale of distress,

worked upon the feelings of Lord Ashgrove and Lady Delamore to protect her." This report, most certainly, destroyed the consequence of our heroine; but could not lessen the attractions of her fascinating charms.

Not like her sister's, was the generous bosom of Lady Theodosia actuated; for very shortly after the entrance of Major Mandeville, she said to him—

"I think I shall have the triumph, to-night, of converting you to an opinion of mine. Do you recollect an argument we had in town, relative to beauty?—You believed, that perfect symmetry of features destroyed expression. Now prepare; for, by the aid of resistless magic, I will charm away this bigotted persuasion.—Hic, presto!" and she touched our heroine upon the shoulder, who instantly turned round.

"Why do you look so grave?" asked her ladyship.

Julia smiled, spontaneously.—"I was thinking, for the poor old baronet, how much sad thing it is, in the close of his days, to be deprived, from all, his great deal wanted, comforts."

"And you looked as woeful, as if all was rue."

"I did feel so, as if it was," said Julia.

"What, then, would become of you, if you were to see a tragedy, well performed?"

"Why! is not this, very finely acted?"

Lady Theodosia laughed; so did Lady Delamore, Mr. Temple, and Major Mandeville. Julia shook her head, and smiled.—"Ah! I do fear," she said, "I much sadly expose myself for you, who have so great deal better information; but pray, pray, make not destruction for my delusion. I think it, for excellence; and my much ignorance possesses advantage one, even over your knowledge—the magic for first feelings."

Our heroine was now, again, all attention to the drama; and Lady Theodosia inquired, from Major Mandeville, "Had she charmed him to her opinion?"

"Your power for charming is, I own, too potent for resistance," replied the major. "I feel that it is, indeed, with magic you have assailed me; and scarcely know which charm I have found most forcible—the beauteous face of sensibility you showed to

me, or the matchless mind, untainted by envy, or any littleness, that urged you to display it."

Major Mandeville was now thoughtfully silent: and Lady Theodosia, blushing at his approbation, hastened to announce what family Miss De Clifford was of; mentioned her having a handsome fortune, and that she was the ward of Lord Ashgrove, entrusted by him to her mother's care.

As the play advanced, Julia found herself more interested.—Poor Jesse, forsaken by her lover; and young Rapid's remorse and disquietude, while preparing for his marriage with the unamiable heiress; vibrated too painfully upon her own responsive feelings. She became pale as death; and, with her heart torn with sensations almost too poignant for concealment, she now turned her head from the stage, and leaned it against a post, with downcast eyes, and scarcely conscious where she was.—"Is this, cure for the heart-ach?" she mentally said. "Alas! I find it not cure for mine!" and tears were rushing to her eyes, when terrified reason intervened, and commanded back her self-possession. She struggled

with her feelings, resolved to conquer; but Lady Delamore, having perceived her change of countenance, tenderly demanded the cause.

Julia blushed deeply; hesitated a moment, and then said tremulously—"I—I have looked, too long for the play. I had rather not to look any more; for—for, it has made me, not exceedingly well."

"The heat has overcome you; and the smell of those terrible candles, my dear child!" said Lady Delamore, now fanning her tenderly, and sprinkling her with lavender-water.

Major Mandeville brought a glass of water; and Lady Theodosia held it to Julia's lips, while she drank some of it.—"Come," said her ladyship, "now delusion is past (for I am grieved to see, this illness is no delusion), you must come and sit by me. It is those odious foot-lights, which have made you ill: —I said they would be death to you. ....Mr. Temple will have the goodness to change places with you."

Our heroine, now, removed to a back seat; when, studiously inattentive to the performance, and struggling, with resistless

resolution, to overcome the agitation of her feelings, she was insensibly won, by the kind exertions of Lady Theodosia, to join in her lively conversation with Major Mandeville: so that by the time the entertainment (which was the Padlock) commenced, Julia had sufficiently recovered her spirits to attend to it; when she was soon convinced of delusion being, indeed, past, and was considerably amused by the musical powers of the squalling Leonora, the bawling Mungo, and croaking Leander.

On the return of our little party to the castle, they were much astonished to find Lord Delamore up, and waiting, in the supper-room, for their return; and those who knew him best, still more amazed, to perceive he was in a cheerful mood. His lordship graciously condescended to inquire "How they had been entertained?" And, in defiance of his habitual gravity and *hauteur*, seemed infinitely diverted at the account Lady Theodosia gave, with much humour, of the very indifferent performance, and poor Julia's ecstasy at it, conceiving it superexcellent.

"But you forget, Lady Theodosia, to re-

late the exhibition of that prettily arranged, well-timed, indisposition of Miss De Clifford's," said Lady Selina, sarcastically.

" No indisposition can be *well* timed," replied Lady Theodosia, angrily; " any more than the remarks of envy and ill-nature.—Poor Miss De Clifford, my lord, not accustomed to any thing of the kind, overcome by the almost pestilential atmosphere, from the crowd and the fetid candles......"

" Death and furies!" exclaimed his lordship, with eyes flashing flames, and stamping his foot in a paroxysm of rage.—" And you, madam, urged your mother—your mother, but just recovered from the fangs of death—to go to such an infernal place! A pretty, dutiful exploit, I must confess!.... But—but you care not, so you are amused, what becomes of your mother:—and such a mother as yours, Lady Theodosia, few young women are blessed with."

" My dear lord!" said the amazed Lady Delamore, " do not be displeased with Theodosia; for, I assure you, she had nothing to say to my going to the play tonight."

" I did not even express a wish to go,"

said Lady Theodosia.—"Not but what I should have been as likely to urge mamma to go, as any one; and should assuredly have never once thought of the consequence;—though I challenge any child to love a mother better. But it was Selina's doings, our going to-night."

"Very well! very well, Ladies Southerland! throw your faults from one to the other!—Lady Selina tells me, in the morning, it was Lady Theodosia's party; and in the evening, Lady Theodosia asserts, it was Lady Selina's. I do really wish you would condescend to act as gentlewomen, and not deny your own actions. I wonder you did not lay your pretty dutiful scheme, of taking your mother to that pestiferous living sepulchre, upon Miss De Clifford, whom you must see is too innately a gentlewoman to contradict you."

"My dear father!" said Lady Theodosia, smiling, "Miss De Clifford is the last woman upon earth, except my mother, whom I would attempt to lay my faults upon:—because, no one would believe me."

"I am glad your penetration so well instructs you," replied her father.

"Oh, dear!" said Lady Theodosia, with a coaxing air, "how I wish your lordship's penetration would instruct you now, and tell you how much, how very much, I want you to oblige me!"

"Lady Theodosia! Lady Theodosia! I am not to be jested with.—Is this a time, when you see me so disturbed by your imprudent neglect of your mother's health, to ask me to oblige you?"

"It is the very best time in the world, my lord.—Do not you know, when you confer a favour, your heart, at the moment, always softens with the impulse of your kindness to the person you oblige? So, by this well-timed stroke of generalship in me, I shall have two obligations conferred on me: —the first, a wish of my fancy, which I shall hasten to tell you; the second, the wish of my heart, for your being no longer angry with me," said Lady Theodosia, with a beseeching look.

Something like a smile played (or rather attempted to play) round Lord Delamore's mouth; but, unwilling to be pleased, he seemed with infinite pains to continue the vanishing sternness upon his brow. "What,"

he asked, " is this mighty wish of your fancy?—Something eccentric, or absurd, I doubt not."

" A little of the former, perhaps, my lord. —I want you to give a most superb and dashing ball."

Had a cannon ball issued from his daughter's mouth, through his ears, it could not have more completely electrified his lordship: he started up, snatched at the chair he had been sitting on, dashed it down with fury; then re-seated himself, in an almost phrensy of passion.—

" Lady Theodosia!—such, such insults, from a child to a parent.····To be made a jest of!······Your ridicule!······your—your······

" Indeed, my lord, I meant not to insult you. It was not me, but Fame, who has turned you into ridicule."

" S'death!—hey! what! speak, Lady Theodosia!—What has Fame said of me?" exclaimed his lordship, almost inarticulately.

" You know, my lord, the very elegant and expensive ball Sir Timothy Goldsworth lately gave?—So······"

" He!—a puppy! an upstart mongrel!—What, what ball did he presume to give this respectable neighbourhood?"

" Oh! I forgot it was during your lordship's illness, and therefore you possibly heard nothing of it: but it was very superb.—The lodge, and roads through the park, beautifully illuminated;—awnings, for half a mile, fancifully decorated;—and all, and every thing within, brilliant in the extreme. . . . . . Now, my lord, some witling has thought proper to draw a parallel between the man of no family, and the great lord. In one column, is stated, what sir knight has done; in the other, what my lord has not done, nor has *hospitality* enough to do."

" And who showed you this infamous libel?"

" No one, my lord, dare so insult me. But, without meaning to listen, one sometimes is so placed as to hear that not intended for our ears to catch.—Mr. Temple and myself were in exactly such a situation this evening."

" And what did you collect, Temple?"

" Exactly what her ladyship has stated."

" And so, my lord, exceedingly indignant," said Lady Theodosia, " I had a mind that you should eclipse this eastern star; extinguish his brightness, by your superior splendour; and give the ' lie direct' to Slander and Malice. So I arranged, in my own mind, a wish, that you would, to-morrow morning, go and pay your compliments to the officers now in Sedley barracks; that you would then invite them to dinner, as Sir Timothy did; and·····"

" D——n Sir Timothy!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, dashing his wine-glass against the table.—" Am I not only to be thwarted by that mushroom, that blood-sucker, that scourge to human kind, in every county meeting, but he must presume to cope with the lord of Delamore Castle, in his mode of living?····But I well guess his motive, and the malice of that libel:" and now starting from his seat, he darted to a bell, which he rang with vehemence. A servant appeared, to whom he gave orders for his curricle to be ready by eleven o'clock the following morning: and, after a pause, he addressed Lady Delamore:—

" Madam, will you have the goodness to

oblige me, by arranging for the most sumptuous and expensive *gala* ever given in this county.... The lodge, the roads, illuminated only!—trumpery! S'death! I'll have flambeaux stuck all round the park-walls. Every tree shall have its constellation; and the castle shall be covered with lights, from its base to its pediment."

"If you really wish to have a *gala*, my lord, readily will I superintend the arrangements for it; but, indeed, I see no cause why you should condescend to vie with this very contemptible nabob;" said Lady Delamore, mildly.

"Vie! madam! S'death!—Do you, too, mean to insult me, madam, by such a grovelling idea?.... Vie!—No: I'll crush the atom;—extinguish, at once, this glow-worm;" replied his lordship, loftily. Then, after a pause, he calmly added: "Lady Delamore, I condescend to crush this grub—who has toiled through every stage of iniquity and meanness, to accumulate his wealth—not merely for the debasing idea, of not being outdone by him in pomp. No; Lord Delamore is still Lord Delamore, though he confines himself to the cell of an

anchoret. But this is an important business. You remember the approaching dissolution of parliament; and this is an electioneering mine, that is laid to destroy (or, at least, weaken) my interest in the county."

"Oh! how fortunate," exclaimed Lady Theodosia, "my discovery of this Mr. Guy! or we should have had the House of Commons blown up out of our family for ever, and Sir Timothy occupying the place of St. Orville in the senate. And my dear papa rewards the discoverer of this plot, by a superb ball!"....

"My lord," said Lady Delamore, "about what time should you wish to have this ball?"

Lord Delamore considered for a moment. A smile—now, nothing like counterfeit, for it came from his heart—illumined his whole countenance; and Julia, remembering what Lady Delamore had said about his smile, now observed its effect, and beheld, with astonishment, how transcendently handsome it made him look.—"It shall be on the fourth of August," said his lordship.

A shriek of joy burst from Lady Dela-

more's heart, but was half repressed in its utterance.—

"Does, does my lord recollect what particular day that is?" asked Lady Delamore, trembling with anxiety.

"Most perfectly, Emily—it is the anniversary of St. Orville's birth. On that day, our gallant boy will, I trust, complete his twenty-second year."

Tears of unexpected joy and latent hope strayed down the cheeks of Ladies Delamore and Theodosia, and Mr. Temple. Julia, too, was sensibly affected; and the moisture of sympathy added lustre to her beautiful eyes: while Lady Selina, after three or four attempts to extract a tear, began to whimper, and said—

"I must confess, it is very unkind, or rather cruel, in my dear parents, not to determine upon an earlier anniversary: particularly, as it will be the last I shall have the happiness of being under their fostering care."

"It is true," said Lady Delamore, with a deep sigh of regret, at any obstruction to the auspicious compliment intended by her lord to her adored absent child—"It is

very true, my lord; and it could only be from inadvertence that the last birth-day of Lady Selina Southerland was not named by you."

"Pshaw! nonsense! Selina!" replied Lord Delamore, petulantly.—"Are we not going to celebrate your nuptials? and why should we not think of your absent brother?"

Lady Selina sobbed, convulsively.—"Ah! I see how it is," she said:—"some snake in the grass has alienated your once kind and valued affection from me!"—and she looked with an accusing eye at her sister.

"Really," returned Lady Theodosia, highly indignant at this artful attempt to impede the softening kindness of Lord Delamore to her beloved brother, "had I been inclined, Lady Selina, to call in the aid of those wily creatures, I should have been posed to find—what has been so long exclusively monopolized by you."

"Theodosia, desist, I desire you!" exclaimed Lady Delamore.—"And allow me, my lord, to make it my request, that this gala may be given in compliment to Selina."

Lord Delamore made no reply for a few

moments: at length he said—"I am not now to learn your superior excellence, Lady Delamore. I feel, I ought not to grant this amiable request of yours: but, as *it is your* request, it must be complied with."..... Again he paused......"But Selina's birth-day is so annoyingly near, there is no time for extraordinary preparations."

"We must only, then, aid time by increased diligence and activity," said Lady Delamore, smiling with ineffable sweetness.

Lord Delamore gazed on her in delighted tenderness, vainly endeavouring to conceal itself. At length, he spoke, in a low and hurried tone, indicative of strong feeling:—"The tenantry *shall* have a *gala*, on Alfred's birth-day, *I am determined;* and not even *your* request, Emily, shall prevent it."

Lady Delamore looked with grateful joy, and half-dormant affection, at her lord: and thus terminated amicably an arrangement which began most inauspiciously. The succeeding day, Lord Delamore waited upon the officers at Sedley; invited them to dinner: and Lady Delamore began, with avidity, all the necessary preparations for the approaching *fête.*

CHAPTER VIII.

It was the fifth evening after our heroine's arrival at Delamore Castle, that she accompanied Lady Delamore, and the Ladies Southerland, attended by the amiable Mr. Temple, to a card assembly, at Sedley.

On entering the rooms, they found, collected there, nearly an hundred ladies; three old clergymen; two elderly physicians; one captain, in a veteran battalion (father of a grown-up family); Mr. George Beaumont; and an old bachelor, half-pay lieutenant of the navy, bearing the honourable trophy of a wooden leg.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Selina, "what a group! I shall certainly die of *ennui.*"

"Most assuredly not of love!" said Lady Theodosia.

All the company now flocked around the Delamore party, to pay their respects, to collect fashions from Lady Selina's light drapery, or to stare at Julia, who was now,

with much marked respect, introduced, by Lady Delamore, to dozens of matrons, gossipping spinsters, and misses.

Lady Selina drawled out, " She would go into the tea-room, and try to banish the influence of *ennui*, by a potent cup of tea essence;" and a detachment of misses marched after her, led on by *Miss* Helen Crabtree.

Doctor Floyd (one of the physicians) now accosted Lady Theodosia, and advised her, " If she loved good tea, to secure it, by going to the fountain's head." Doctor Floyd was a widower, with an excellent house, a comfortable chariot and pair, and an easy fortune: he lived hospitably; was very cheerful; a perpetual joker; and all the spinsters in Sedley had been, with great industry and perseverance, setting their fly-caps and turbans at him, without effect, for the last thirty years:—" But no," he always told them, " it won't do, my girls. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff. I got my head, by a lucky hit, out of the halter; and I'll take care not to pop it in again."

Lady Theodosia took this alluring swain's advice; and, with Julia leaning on her arm,

and escorted by Doctor Floyd, she hastened to the "fountain's head:" and now not a young woman was to be found in the card-room, for in Lady Theodosia's train were all those whom Lady Selina had failed to attract.

And now, in this small tea-room, the misses prattled away incessantly, or giggled at the jests of Doctor Floyd, which, with the very same nods, winks, and shrugs, he recapitulated, for their amusement, at every meeting.

At length, an order for dumb-show was issued, by the arrival of the officers; a number of whom now entered the tea-room, in quest of the juvenile members of the assembly. Silence was now as universal, as a general adjustment of dress, and a display of graces. The ladies who had pretty dimples, smiled spontaneously; those who had handsome teeth, did more—they laughed outright (though nobody knew at what); and those who had good profiles, turned their chin to one shoulder, whichever was most eligible for effect. Miss Susan Beaumont had a remarkably pretty hand and arm: and, with her glove off, she judi-

ciously held one out, across a table, to get some sugar. Miss Harriet Neville, whose throat was well turned, reformed the situation of her necklace. Miss Charlotte How divided her hair with more becoming negligence to display her white forehead, and handsome brows. Mrs. Helen Crabtree luckily found out that she had better put on her glove, as her hand looked rather red: and Lady Selina, in a most languishingly pretty attitude, looked with a half-repressed yawn, indicative of carelessness, at the portrait of a hunter, that fortunately hung up in the room, and which she had often before attentively observed upon similar occasions. In short, the majority of the ladies contrived to appear inattentive to the entrance of those for whose arrival they had been anxiously watching.

Most of the officers flocked to the standard of the Ladies Southerland and Miss De Clifford. They had returned the visit of Lord Delamore; but none of the ladies then were visible. Major Mandeville now acted as master of the ceremonies; and among the first he introduced to them, was Lord Lindore, a very pleasing, interesting-look-

ing young man, whom Julia recognised as a gentleman who had joined Major Mandeville when they quitted their box at the theatre, and had handed her to the carriage.

At length, they all adjourned to the card-room, where many cassino and round tables were now added to those already formed. Lady Theodosia declared, Julia must play. Julia scarcely knew the appropriate names even of the court cards; and had never attempted to play, except once, with the little Goodwins, who had declared she possessed no genius that way. By our heroine's description of the game she had been initiated into the mysteries of, Lady Theodosia conjectured it must be commerce; and determined to play at it, for the purpose of amusing herself with poor Julia's *naïveté*. Soon a very large party was formed; as a number of the men, and consequently the misses, were candidates for playing at Lady Theodosia's table.

Our heroine's mistakes were innumerable; and her artlessness fascinated every one, but the envious. She set about the business

with the seriousness of a Roman senator, or as if she was about to study some profound science: and when she found Lord Lindore, and several officers, were anxious to throw good cards into her hand, she kept her cards secure from every eye, with the most scrupulous care; and now, entirely acting from her own judgment, her errors were abundant; but still she had bungler's success, and out-lived every one, but an ancient spinster, named Sourby, who had toiled with indefatigable attention and skill to obtain the prize. Miss Sourby had three lives, Julia only one. Julia was dealt sure hands; and Miss Sourby went up twice successively. Miss Sourby's friends proposed the division of the pool; but Miss Sourby, depending upon our heroine's injudicious play, rejected the proposition; and Julia won the whole.

The vexation of Miss Sourby baffled concealment; and tears of spite and anger could scarcely be restrained. The contents of the pool Lord Lindore placed before Julia, who touched it not. She blushed; looked at the money, then at Miss Sourby; seemed very

uneasy; and at last precipitately arose, went to Lady Delamore, whom she earnestly and cautiously whispered—

"They tell, to me, I have won money a great deal;—every body's money of the table;—and that it is, for mine: but I cannot take it; for a lady there is, in so very much of grief, for not winning it, that I a great deal fear she is in exceedingly bad distress for money; so I wish for her to have it, as I don't now want it you know, dear Lady Delamore; but I am too ashamed to ask her to take it.—Will you have the goodness to tell for me how to manage?"

With difficulty Lady Delamore repressed a laugh; but, with assumed gravity, she replied—"You must put the money into your purse now, my love; and to-morrow I will arrange this business for you."

Julia, thanking Lady Delamore, returned to the table, and with glowing cheeks and unwilling hand, pocketed the money, which she could not feel reconciled to taking from strangers; for although she had seen cards played at Z., she had not attended to the pecuniary part of the amusement: and add-

ed to her naturally-awakened shame, was serious concern at prolonging Miss Sourby's distress until the morrow.

Julia's earnest whisper, and Lady Delamore's evident repressed risibility, awakened the curiosity of Lady Theodosia so much, that she requested her mother to tell her Julia's secret. Lady Delamore complied; and her daughter hastened to impart the climax of our heroine's unskilfulness in the art of gaming to Lord Lindore, and Major Mandeville, who failed not to relate it to those who had been charmed by Miss De Clifford's artlessness, and diverted by Miss Sourby's rage and spleen.

The commerce-table was now broke up; and as there were many young people present, who infinitely preferred dancing to cards, permission from the matrons was obtained for the introduction of one of the regimental bands; and the ball-room being quickly lit up, was soon thrown open for the reception of the dancers.

But whilst waiting for the arrangement of this gay business, Lady Theodosia and Julia, standing near a card-table, heard Captain Neville (the veteran-battalion

captain already mentioned), whilst a deal caused a pause in the game, say—

"I really think, in such times as these, a mysterious man, like this, ought to be attended to. No one knows him, or whence he came: he seems anxious to conceal his face; and the patch he wears over one eye is evidently meant for disguise. His figure is strikingly fine, his air majestic, and every movement that of a man of fashion. His deportment is melancholy, in the extreme; he never speaks, unless to have his wants gratified. He sleeps at Kidd, the glover's; comes here once a-day, for food; but where, or how, he spends the rest of his time, no one can tell."

Julia readily conjectured this must be their mysterious escort from town, Captain Neville was speaking of; but was not allowed to hear more, as she was now summoned to the ball room.

Sir Robert Raymond (a very fine, dashing young man, a major of dragoons) led Lady Selina Southerland out, to begin the ball. Major Mandeville and Lady Theodosia followed; and every disengaged lady rested her eyes upon Lord Lindore, whose

eyes were rivetted upon our heroine, who was detained a few moments from the set by Lady Delamore. Nor was poor Julia very anxious to break from her ladyship:—this part of the evening's amusement brought, too forcibly, to her remembrance the ball at Z.; and pained memory would have found more gratification in retiring to indulge in tears, than to join in forced gayety: but that indulgence, reason told her, was not to be obtained, and reminded her of her duty, which ever led her to struggle against such torturing retrospections.

Julia's conference with Lady Delamore ended, the fluttering expectation of every ambitious miss was terminated, by one mortifying stroke;—Lord Lindore took the hand of the nobody, and led her to the set. The ladies, who had been undecided in their answers to the gentlemen who had asked them to dance, until his lordship was disposed of, now gladly accepted for a partner whosoever they could get.

Our heroine was now to make her first public attempt in English dancing. In Italy, and at Paris, she had learned in the

style of each country, to perfection. At the election ball at Z., in the beginning of that memorable evening, she had devoted herself to observation of the dancers, that she might know what to do herself at the next ball she should be at. She beheld the amblers, the trotters, the jumpers, the admirers of their own feet, the loungers, the sulkeys, the romps, and the highflyers; but none of them pleased her. The grace and agility of Celestina Hargrave delighted her; yet there was too much show-off in her style, to satisfy Julia: but Celestina's steps were beautiful; and our heroine caught up many of them, which she practised upon her return to town:—for upon Charles Goodwin's appointment to India, a dancing-master had been obtained to instruct him: and when Doctor Sydenham entered into the family, he had the dancing-master changed for the most celebrated in London, that Julia might join with Charles in taking lessons, with a hope of its amusing her; and during those six weeks of constant practice, and excellent instruction, she acquired all that was wanting to make her as

graceful and elegant a dancer in England, as she had been at Paris and in Italy.

Sir Robert Raymond appeared quite captivated by his fair partner: he declared his passion without reserve; nor seemed, by the tone of voice in which he announced it, to aim at its being a secret to the world. He talked of flames and darts;—of icy hearts, and flinty bosoms: then of daggers, and slow poison;—of Cupids, Venus, Hebe, the Graces, Hero, and Leander, the sun and moon, evil stars, and evil destinies: folded his arms despondingly; neglected his duty as a dancer with diligent care; sighed every minute: and at the conclusion of the second dance, he announced his passion as incurable, and solicited "the happiness of her ladyship's hand."—Lady Selina was elevated to the highest pinnacle of gratified vanity—"for the fifth and sixth dance." Lady Selina was disappointed, and humbled; but graciously acceded to his request.

Julia's second partner, was Major Mandeville; her next, Lord Lindore; and then, notwithstanding numerous solicitations from the officers, and another engagement to Ma-

jor Mandeville; she was so fatigued, that Lady Delamore would not allow her to dance any more. She sat down now, by her ladyship; and Lord Lindore at her elbow, to the great envy of many a fair lady, who had determined to aim at his lordship's heart: but his undeviating attention to this advertising nobody (and her being nobody, her ignorance of card-playing plainly evinced), precluded the adoption of any of their projects.

At length, the hour for separation arrived. Lady Delamore and her party returned to Delamore Castle, leaving the despairing, love-stricken, Sir Robert, to prepare for the Stygian ferry; and Lord Lindore, and Major Mandeville, to the unmerciful raillery of their brother officers, upon their marked attention to their lovely partners.

Lady Delamore, next morning, informed our heroine upon the subject of card-playing; and set her humane inquietude at rest, by telling her, " pecuniary embarrassment had no share in causing the regrets of Miss Sourby at losing; that lady having a large independent fortune."

In the course of this morning, Julia attended Ladies Delamore and Theodosia upon a round of visits; and, among others, waited upon the Dowager-countess Lindore, whom they found settled in an old large mansion, beautifully situated upon the beach at Sedley, which was usually let to those who visited this rising bathing-place.

Her ladyship was much pleased with her present accommodations;—as she should be enabled to entertain more company than usual, aud with more comfort. This venerable, cheerful, and very pleasing dowager, received Lady Delamore and her daughter with much politeness, and apparent cordiality; but her reception of Julia was cold, and spoke restraint and uneasiness mingled: and, though her conversation was principally directed to Lady Delamore, Julia engaged her whole thoughts, and the greatest part of her attention. Through her spectacles, her eyes were attracted to our heroine;— she gazed on her incessantly; attended to every word she uttered; watched every movement; and the more she observed her, the more serious she became: and at length she grew so evidently ab-

stracted in her conversation, that Lady Delamore made a motion for taking leave.

"One moment, I pray, Lady Delamore, allow me to detain you," said Lady Lindore, with quickness.—"I have some very beautiful work now in hand, which I design for one of my granddaughters, who is shortly to be married. These are young ladies of genuine taste, I see, by the elegant simplicity of their style of dress; and I should be very happy to have their opinion of my fancy.—Will you oblige me, young ladies, and accompany my friend, Mrs. Benson, to the work-room?"

Lady Theodosia and Julia attended the respectable companion of Lady Lindore, to see very beautiful work; in real admiration of which they were some time engaged; and the interval of their absence was eagerly made use of by Lady Lindore, who frankly addressed Lady Delamore:—

"You see, my dear madam," she said, "I have taken the liberty of sending your daughter, and your *protegée*, out of the room; and I have done so, that I might speak to you upon a subject I was meditating to write to you about. I believe, Lady

Delamore, my grandson is seriously captivated by Miss De Clifford. He returned from the theatre in raptures about her; and last night, from the rooms, perfectly fascinated. He keeps no secret from me; and he has told me, his heart is gone for ever. I was in great hopes it was only a little transient admiration, mistaken by him for love; but I have now seen her, and am convinced I have nothing to hope.

"Lindore's fortune is large, and unembarrassed;—therefore, he has no reason to bestow a thought upon money in his wife. I have ever wished his affections to be placed upon an amiable object, whose society, and perfections, might constitute his happiness; but still I have fondly hoped, he would not quite overlook family: and this lovely *protégée* of yours, Lady Delamore, I—I.... You will, I trust, excuse me;—but all I have heard is from report.... My boy affirms, her family is noble; but a lady, a Mrs. Crabtree, who called upon me to day—and many other ladies, who are all in one story, and talking of nothing but this fascinating young beauty: but I select Mrs. Crabtree for my authority; she having

declared herself the attached friend of one of your daughters, and therefore must know something of your family—She, madam, declares, 'that the benevolence of your heart has led you to be imposed upon by an artful emigrant, who was first introduced to your family through the channel of an advertisement; when insolence in her, to your elder daughter, prevented any thing from being, at that time, done for her; but that since, she deceived you, and····"

"Never, madam!" replied Lady Delamore, with impressive dignity.—"The amiable granddaughter to the fourteenth Earl of Castlehaven, the daughter to the gallant Frederick De Clifford, never deceived any one. Julia De Clifford, madam, is nobly descended. She resided with her maternal grandmother (who was of the Montmorenci family) until that lady's death; when her guardian, Lord Ashgrove (the dearest friend her father had), adopted her for his own child, and placed her under my protection; and I have received her as a sacred deposit from my brother: and my reason, judgment, every sentiment within me that can be alive to human perfection, tell me, each

hour I see and watch over her, that my heart will soon be as fondly attached to her, as to the dearest of my own offspring."

"Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven!" exclaimed Lady Lindore, pressing the hand of Lady Delamore with energy. "Oh! what a weight of disquietude, almost amounting to misery, you have taken from my heart! I knew the amiable Colonel De Clifford; and, with the rest of the world, esteemed him. My boy is not improperly attached; I may glory in his choice;—for Lady Delamore affirms I may. And—and . . . But one word more, dear madam—is the heart of Miss De Clifford disengaged?"

"Certainly:—at least, I suppose, and hope, it is so; but cannot positively affirm it. . . . But, dear madam, love has scarcely got beyond the entrance of Lord Lindore's eyes yet; and it may reach no further. Should it really become serious, Julia De Clifford is an unexceptionable match for any man in Europe; and gladly, most gladly, would I bestow her upon my only son.—But let not Lord Lindore be too precipitate, lest he should not be firmly attached; for I would not for worlds have

the heart of my precious charge assailed and taken by any man, whose tenderest affections were not unalienably hers."

"Most certainly not: and, for my boy's sake, too, I would not have him too precipitate. I would have him well understand the situation of his heart; and learn, if he is disagreeable to the young lady—But that, he surely, surely, cannot be......Excuse the partiality of a grandmother; but I really think no woman, with a disengaged heart, could prove insensible to the tender assiduities of Lindore."

"Indeed, I think not, too," said Lady Delamore.

"And, dear madam, you will allow my boy admission to your castle?—With safety you may; for I can proudly vouch for his honourable conduct. And you will visit me? and allow your daughters, and my future granddaughter, I trust, often to come to my house?"

Lady Delamore had only time to accede to these requests, when Lady Theodosia and Julia returned, high in praise of the beautiful work. With very different sensations, Lady Lindore now beheld our heroine; and,

at the moment of Lady Delamore's departure, the now fascinated old lady pressed Julia's hand with affectionate kindness, and "hoped she would often come to see her."

Lady Delamore thought it the wisest way not to lay the sweet and artless manners of her ward under restraint, by relating to her any part of the conversation with Lady Lindore; but to leave the future progress, or termination, of this affair entirely to chance, or destiny: and on their return to the castle, they heard that Lord Lindore, Sir Robert Raymond, Major Mandeville, and some other officers, had been there, to pay their respects to them.

CHAPTER IX.

After dinner this day, Lord Delamore desired to know, "How Miss De Clifford liked the ball; and if first feelings had deluded her into a belief that a country assembly was perfection?"

Lady Theodosia, again, highly amused his lordship by her humorous account of Julia's proceedings; and her description of our heroine's *debût* at the card-table, and distress at taking money from strangers, and depriving Miss Sourby of it, infinitely delighted him.

"I really propose to myself a rich mental treat next winter," said Lord Delamore, "in closely attending to the sensations and observations of such an unsophisticated being as Miss De Clifford, in a first season in London.... Remember, I shall be your shadow, Miss De Clifford, for your first six weeks in town."

"Oh!" said Julia, "you had much, a great deal better come out now my lord,

with us, if my blunders make for you amusement. For I shall soon grow cunning very much, and learn to make concealment, of my *first feelings*."

"If I thought that could be the case, I would commence your shadow now," replied his lordship. "For in every way you bring to my remembrance (and you are the only being who has ever done so) the captivating *naïveté*, and unconscious fascinations, of my Emily, at the time I married her."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, blushing, until tears started to her eyes, "how fond, is my heart, to welcome, such compliments as that!" and she looked with such a sweet, resistless, affectionate expression, at Lady Delamore, that her ladyship felt sensibly affected by it, as well as by the impressive tone of half-smothered tenderness in which her lord had mentioned her.

This conversation, at any other time, would have highly disconcerted Lady Selina, and have awakened her alarm, envy, and ill-natured retorts; but now, her soul was harmonized through her gratified vanity. Seldom in her life had she experienced

the homage of admiration: and the unqualified adulation of Sir Robert Raymond, the preceding evening, which her vanity led her to believe was serious; and his calling that morning at the castle, with a hope (she doubted not) of seeing her; had so completely introduced the innovating guest—good-humour, into her bosom, that she actually condescended to propose conducting Julia to her favourite cave upon the sea shore, and invited Lady Theodosia to make one of the party.

This cave was nothing more than a small excavation in the cliff, which her ladyship had endeavoured to improve, with every embellishment of art; but had found all her efforts vain, the impetuous waves washing away the works of adornment. Still it was her favourite haunt: and thither she often walked, at low water, taking a book with her, and attended by her woman. The sea arose to within a quarter of a mile of Delamore (extensive) park, and the descent to it was easy; and about a quarter of a mile further, upon the shore, lay this cave. High cliffs projected over the beach;

on their summit was a horse and foot path, from Sedley to another fishing town; and this path way was, possibly, among the causes why Lady Selina loved to saunter and study near this favourite cave.

Soon after dinner, the three ladies set out upon their walk, attended by a footman. On their way to the beach, they only met one poor sailor boy, who looked wistfully at them, but in an instant he disappeared. At length, they reached the cave; and Julia wondered not at Lady Selina's partiality to it, for, in its situation, the sublime and beautiful were strikingly blended; and whichsoever way the wandering eye turned, it had something to rest upon that awakened admiration. In the midst of romantic surrounding scenery, was Sedley seen, at about two miles distance; but a curve in the shore considerably shortened the perspective.

It was now low water; the evening was serene; and Lady Theodosia and Julia, for some time, amused themselves by the gambols of bands of children, on the beach at Sedley, seeking amusement, or laying in

a stock of health, by sporting with the bracing waves: some were cowardly standing aloof, and only suffering the gentle breakers to kiss their feet; others, in wanton sport, were baying, and retreating from, the rolling waters; whilst the rest, fearless of danger, rushed forward, and swam, or waded, to some favourite spot of rock or sand, where they arose from the waves, and played anew their gambols with renovated spirits.

Lady Selina took her book, and placing herself in a conspicuous situation, began to read. Lady Theodosia and our heroine walked about the beach, looking for and finding new beauties at each step they took. At length, Julia discovered a shell in the sand; and well remembering the amusement of the younger Goodwins had been making a grotto of shells, she began to look for some to send them. Lady Theodosia, understanding what she wanted them for, eagerly assisted her in the search. They were both naturally lively and active, as the children who sported on Sedley beach; both energetic in disposition; and whether

pursuing a butterfly, or acquiring an accomplishment, they followed it with avidity.

They now desired the footman to remain with Lady Selina; and, in eager search, and with downcast eyes, on they went, sometimes close to the cliffs, then wandering out almost to the breakers of the now retiring tide.

The walk and bracing sea-breeze had given to Julia a renovation of spirits; she bounded lightly from spot to spot, and every pretty shell she found, Fancy instantly portrayed to her the smiling joy of the young Goodwins, the benign glance of their father's mild eyes, and the more animated rapture of their mother, in contemplating their innocent happiness. And this little family-piece, sketched by Fancy's pencil, gave additional energy to her pursuit. Sometimes she ran, sometimes she skipped and bounded; and her airy form darted from spot to spot, stooping with grace, and rising with agile elegance: now many yards before Lady Theodosia; then scampering back, to show her some new treasure she had found.

In one of Julia's advanced excursions, she at length came to a chain of rocks, which projected almost across the beach, to the sea, and concealed a path that descended from the road to the shore. This projection was no impediment to Julia, who, in the retiring of a breaker, glided round it; but no sooner had she done so, than the sound of oars, laying down hastily in a boat, struck her ears, and called her attention from the sands; when she saw two sailors hauling a boat, with several men in it, ashore, and which seemed to belong to a cutter which lay off at no great distance. She had only time to see all this, and to feel a little alarm; but not to effect her retreat, which she promptly meditated: for she no sooner appeared, than one of the men instantly sprung from the boat, and, fleet as wind, almost instantaneously seized her in his arms, and was bearing her struggling, shrieking, to the boat; when two gentlemen, on horseback, with attendants, came at full speed down the path-way, and presenting pistols at the man who held Julia, he let her drop, deprived of senses, upon the sands; and taking to the boat

again, he, with his companions, got off to the cutter, which immediately stood out to sea.

The reiterated shrieks of Julia had given the wings of terror and speed to Lady Theodosia, who got round the rock just in time to see her rescued from the ruffian's grasp; and now, still rushing forward, she greeted the two gallant champions (who by this time had dismounted, and were tenderly raising the senseless Julia) as Sir Charles Stratton and Mr. Fitzroy: and although knowing that, now they were there, danger was no longer to be apprehended, her ladyship sunk down upon a rock, and uttered shriek after shriek so loud and piercing, they recalled our heroine to her senses.

Fitzroy was supporting Julia, when she opened her eyes, therefore she saw him not; and the person whom she at that moment beheld, was Sir Charles Stratton, who was bathing her face with sea-water, with a degree of solicitude that would have called forth her grateful acknowledgments, could she have articulated, or was she certain this utter stranger was a protector. At this moment, too, of returning perception,

she felt the tremulous grasp of the person who held her; she turned to see if it was Lady Theodosia—beheld Fitzroy—and again became insensible.

All once more was consternation. Sir Charles entreated Lady Theodosia to postpone screaming, and come to assist him in the recovery of her lovely friend.—" Does she not belong to you, Theodosia? Did we not see her with you and Selina?" he exclaimed. " And will you not assist her?"

This appeal to Lady Theodosia, seemed to rouse her a little; for she fortunately shed tears, which soon perfectly restored her senses; when she flew to Julia, who just then began to recover, and disengaging herself from the support of Fitzroy, she hid her face upon the bosom of Lady Theodosia, and burst into tears.

" Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, " these tears will relieve you, my sweet Julia, and quite recover you from your dreadful fright:—but cheer up, you little trembler! and fear nothing, for you are in safe protection. Your gallant knights-errant are my cousins, Sir Charles Stratton

and Horatio Fitzroy, whom you have heard us all talk of so often. Come, let me introduce you, with proper ceremony, to each other.····But, Julia, as a *preludio,* these are two good-for-nothing engaged men····And, gents, notwithstanding this great barrier, I would advise you to take care of yourselves; for this is a very dangerous face to behold, I assure you····Come, look up, you little timid thing! won't you?—Come, come, you cannot be ashamed to show your face.····Bless me, Horatio! where are you going? Not to run away, as if you had not courage to look upon the ward and adopted child of Lord Ashgrove?"

Julia now felt, that not to struggle with her feelings, would be to betray her weakness. She made the painful effort; and in a few moments was enabled to raise her blushing face from the bosom of her friend, to courtesy to her deliverers; when, to her utter amazement and humiliation, Fitzroy bowed to her as to an utter stranger. Her pride, now in arms, led her to greater exertion; and though her conscious eyes sought the ground, she made a successful

effort to speak, but tremulously; yet it seemed more the effect of recent alarm, than any other feeling.

"I have acknowledgments, very much, to make Sir Charles Stratton, and Mr. Fitzroy; as it is greatly evident to them, I owe my exceedingly much providential rescue from the terrible slavery." For our heroine had so long lived in the vicinity of Barbary, she thought of nothing but an Algerine corsair, and that she had been saved from bondage.

"Slavery!" repeated Lady Theodosia.—"What slavery have they rescued you from?"

"Why," said Julia, "although in the dress of England, I do very well know they must be the pirates of Algiers; who steal, and sell their fellow-creatures, for great misery and bondage."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, laughing:—"no wonder I shrieked, Charles, since this was the case."

Sir Charles smiled.—"I should think," said he, "this pirate was no foe, Theodosia; and the bonds intended for your lovely friend, were forged by Cupid."

One of the grooms, who had been particularly assiduous in the recovery of Julia, now came forward, and respectfully said—"The man who seized Miss De Clifford, spoke in French, to his companions, as he retreated."

Lady Theodosia was astonished. She recollected not having called our heroine by any appellation but Julia; and wondered how Fitzroy's groom should so well know her name. The same circumstance struck Sir Charles; and his eyes seemed to ask an explanation from his brother. At this moment, the footman arrived from Lady Selina, to learn the cause of so much shrieking; and Sir Charles, to support the character he had assumed, of a tender lover, now flew on the wings of Cupid to his adorable; and Lady Theodosia, with Julia and Fitzroy, sat down on the rocks, to await his return with Lady Selina.

"Now tell me, Horatio," said Lady Theodosia, "by what most providential incantation you were conjured up here, in such a lucky moment?"

"There was only the magic of our lucky stars in the business," replied Fitzroy, in a

voice neither steady nor unembarrassed. "I only arrived in town the day before yesterday, upon business; and there meeting my brother, just arrived from Staffordshire, and setting out for Delamore Castle, he persuaded me—I mean *asked* me—to take a run down with him. We immediately sent on our horses and grooms to Bridport; and set out ourselves, from Vauxhall, last night—or rather, this morning, travelling post to Bridport, where we took an early dinner, and, as the evening was uncommonly fine, we fortunately agreed to proceed through Sedley, and by the sea-path. We saw you almost the moment we ascended the cliffs, and instantly knew you;—a recognition which you may naturally suppose gave speed to our rosinantes: but no, it had the contrary effect;—it retarded our progress: for your forms, gliding along, in the employment you were engaged in, added so considerably to the beauty of the scene, that we sauntered on, absorbed in our fascinating contemplation. Fortunately, our attendants had eyes for other objects, and saw a sailor boy, who

had been observing you from a place of concealment among the rocks, suddenly descend from ambush, as your fair friend approached, and gave a signal to a boat's-crew, who had been lying-to under the stern of a cutter. This alarming them, they imparted their suspicions to us. We, too, apprehended mischief; and judging by the course the boat was shaping to, that this path would lead us to your rescue, we prepared our pistols, and set out at full speed, arriving only just in time to defeat the diabolical attempt.... And now, Theodosia, had we not better send to the castle for a carriage?—as, after such a serious alarm and indisposition, I am sure this lady must be unequal to the exertion of walking home."

"Oh!" said Julia, "that would be alarm for Lady Delamore; and I have indisposition none, sir; and am able very much, to walk any where."

"Then let us be gone," replied Lady Theodosia, rising: "for I cannot avoid feeling a little sort of a panic, lest this corsair, Julia, should return with a reinforcement;

and we should find ourselves in Algiers, smarting under the bastinado, before we could look about us."

Fitzroy, happy to find his fair cousin's spirits had sustained no material injury from her alarm, arose too, and placed her hand under his arm. He could not avoid offering the same attention to Julia; who, feeling conscious and embarrassed, would rather not have accepted it; but she thought an easy indifference of deportment was the best suited to her own dignity. Lady Selina and Sir Charles now joined them; and they proceeded towards the castle.

"But," said Lady Theodosia, as they walked along, "have you brought me a cargo of gloves and cake?—Are you commenced Benedict yet?"

These were interrogations, too much for poor Julia to hear with composure; they electrified her: and the sudden shock that thrilled through her frame, was felt by, and reverberated on, Fitzroy.

"I have not taken the Benedictine vows yet.—Nothing, I fear, will ever beguile my Beatrice into a predilection for me;" he replied, in a tone of gayety and despondence

expressively mingled, as he pressed, with fervour, Julia's hand, and attempted to steal a look at her ever-speaking countenance.

Julia, roused to indignation at Fitzroy (the accepted lover of Lady Enderfield) pressing her hand, or presuming to insinuate one tone, or thought, of tenderness to her, suddenly broke from him.—

"The path is become so small, for great many to walk in, Lady Theodosia," said she; "and I require not at all, assistance."

"The path is wide enough," replied Lady Theodosia, "if Fitzroy would but walk steadily. His apprehension of a pursuit from those Moors, has quite convulsed him. ....Come, don't be prudish, Julia; for if you are, I'll punish you, by walking by myself, and condemning you to a *téte à-téte* with Horatio, who is a famous love-maker."

Nothing to Julia could be more terrible, than the realizing this threat; and, to avoid it, she retook Fitzroy's arm.

CHAPTER X.

Lord and Lady Delamore were walking upon the lawn, when their nephews, with their convoy, arrived; and they welcomed this addition to their party with great cordiality.

" Your arrival, Fitzroy," said his lordship, " is an unexpected pleasure.—Are you come alone? or have we your fair consort to welcome too?"

Fitzroy changed colour, and seemed to hesitate for courage to answer. " Oh! no," replied Sir Charles: " Horatio has not yet taken the Benedictine vows; but he means, notwithstanding all my wishes to the contrary, to precede me in that happy order. Another week will see him professed. I caught him flying, and ran away with him, to show you how auspicious love agrees with him:—but only for four-and-twenty hours can he gratify you with the happiness of his society; so you must make much of him, you see, my lord."

" Auspicious love *agrees* with him !" replied Lord Delamore.—" *Disagrees,* you ought to say ; for I should scarcely expect a man to look worse, were he bending his neck to the stroke of the executioner."

" We travelled all night," said Fitzroy ; " and want of rest, I suppose, affects my appearance."

" Travelled all night ! exclaimed Sir Charles.—" Why, I suppose it was not the first night's rest you ever lost......But, positively, I brought him as gay as a young widow from her husband's funeral, and as blooming as Adonis, to Sedley.—The sea air must have wrought this doleful change ; which was instantaneously effected."

" I suppose we all look a little worse for the sea air, this evening," said Lady Theodosia.—" Mamma, do not be too much alarmed, when you look at Miss De Clifford ; she is not ill, but has been seriously frightened."

" Gracious Heavens !" exclaimed Lady Delamore, now observing Julia, and catching her tenderly in her arms, " she is ill !—My dear, dear child ! what is the matter with you ?"

" Nothing, nothing, dear madam, is now matter. It is all past, and I am well; very much well, indeed;" replied Julia, in a voice so tremulous, it increased the anxious alarm of her ladyship, who was now informed of the late alarming incident; when catching terrors from sympathy, she was almost as much agitated as our heroine: and Lord Delamore flew into a paroxysm of rage, at such a daring outrage being offered to so innocent and lovely a young creature as Miss De Clifford, whom, with Lady Delamore, he now kindly led into the house, and rang, and called, and raved, for Beville, to come and set them up again, by administering some of her nostrums.

Julia's perilous adventure furnished conversation for the remainder of the evening. Lord Delamore declared he would call a meeting of justices on the morrow, to adopt measures for the discovering the villains engaged in the diabolical attempt, and for bringing them to punishment.

" For my part," said Lady Theodosia, " I cannot conceive how justice can follow ruffians at sea—unless a storm overtakes

them: and I am quite of Charles's opinion, that this was the plot of some desponding lover, to steal Miss De Clifford."

"But I have no desponding lover, Lady Theodosia," said Julia, innocently.

"Oh! ho! then you cheer them all with hope?" replied her ladyship, smiling.

Lady Selina smiled too, but with different expression. She marked well the agitation and embarrassment of Fitzroy and Julia. She was keen at observation, as deep cunning could make her. She suspected attachment between them, and some secret entanglement; for their meeting at Delamore-house, and his protection of her then, were not forgotten by her: and their now meeting, as perfect strangers to each other, awakened every malicious suspicion: but she could not now make any invidious allusion, without implicating herself.

"I really think Sir Charles's conjecture a just one," said Lord Delamore..... "I do not mean to be impertinently inquisitive, Miss De Clifford; but it may save much unavailing investigation:—In the whole circle of your acquaintance, is there no

man who has addressed you whom you have rejected, and whom you have reason to believe still perseveres in his attachment?"

"I for certainly, rejected very much, one man, my lord," replied Julia, blushing; "but, though he was for long time greatly troublesome, he cannot persevere now, in his attachment of me."

"May I ask, why?" said Lord Delamore.

"Because, his father did tell to him, in very much seriousness—nay, in solemn command—he was not more to think of me."

"For ever accursed be the wretch, who shall ever meditate against the peace or innocence of such an artless, unsophisticated being!" said Lord Delamore, emphatically.

At length, the party were summoned to supper; and Julia would gladly, most gladly, have retired to her chamber, under the pretext of her late alarm having subdued her spirits: but other considerations forbade her, and commanded her to stay, and exert her mental forces to the utmost of her power,

to appear composed and tranquil in the society of Fitzroy. For if he had wantonly sported with her peace, dignity of mind required he should not have the triumph of seeing he had power to make her wretched. If he really loved her, and had been entangled or ensnared by art, by honour, or any other cause, and led against inclination to become the husband of another, compassion, affection, kindness of nature, led her to determine he should not have added to his disquietude the misery of knowing he had won her heart, and therefore destroyed her happiness.—"And then, too," she mentally said, "if he really loves me, a belief his love is unreturned, will most surely effect his cure, and restore for him his peace."

With a heart glowing with this powerful increase of gratitude to Fitzroy, yet chilled by the severe mortification of his disclaiming her even for an acquaintance, poor Julia sat down to table; but during supper, and for some time after it, her exertions for serenity were crowned with eminent success. Her spirits seemed not forced, but

appeared the easy cheerfulness of nature. Not so Fitzroy's; he looked pale and dejected, spoke so little, and was so totally unlike himself, that he called forth the frequent raillery of Lord Delamore, Lady Theodosia, and Sir Charles.

But the human faculties cannot be stretched beyond their strength, without failing. Julia had attempted too much, and had exceeded her powers. Suddenly, and without any new cause, strength, spirits, forsook her, and every faculty was subdued. An attempt to retire was impossible; for she had not power to move. She would have asked for a glass of water, could she have articulated; but speech was unnecessary, for Fitzroy, starting from his seat, brought her one; but not being able to hold it, gave it to his brother for her use.

"Wine, wine, will be ten thousand times better!" exclaimed Lord Delamore, kindly taking Julia's hand; her head now resting on the bosom of Lady Delamore: "for she is cold—cold as death; and has no pulse—none at all····Heavens! Emily, this dear child, I fear, has been neglected. The

mere terror of this evening could not have brought her to this. Depend upon it, she is a delicate plant, that requires care and quiet; and ought not to have been dragged about, to balls, and pestilential theatres.... But do not cry about it, Emily:—it is not loo late: Beville will do something effectual to-night, and Harlow must see her in the morning."

Sir Charles had filled out some wine, which Julia drank, and she seemed in a small degree revived.

"No," said Lady Selina, who had been moved only to malice by this scene—"No, my lord, as you say, the momentary alarm of this evening *has not* brought Miss De Clifford to this.—What think *you*, Horatio?"

The spirit of Fitzroy was now roused to energy, by this malicious question.—"*Your* acquaintance with Miss De Clifford, Lady Selina, is prior to *mine*," he said; "therefore you best can tell."

Lady Selina coloured; and now yawning, to conceal her change of countenance, said—"Dear me, I hope Miss De Clifford is

not subject to fits! Nothing so disagreeable, as to have any inmate in a house with one, troubled with fits."

"There is no inmate who can be so disagreeable, in any house," replied Lady Theodosia, her eyes sparkling with indignant fire, "as those who are subject to fits of ill-nature;—fits which, I am sure, Miss De Clifford is never tormented nor torments with."

"Indeed," said Julia, with gentle sweetness, and interesting languor of voice—"indeed, Lady Selina, I will do all in my possibility, not to give trouble, when I can help. Sorrow did first, make sickness for me. Tranquillity now, I do a great deal hope will in soon time, make the strong, health for me."

"And those who disturb your tranquillity, beneath my roof, shall find cause to repent it," said Lord Delamore, looking sternly upon his elder daughter.

Lady Selina was panic-struck....Lord Delamore had, in his short knowledge of Miss De Clifford, discovered more interest about her, than he had ever before evinced

for any one during Lady Selina's remembrance. His temper, too, seemed unusually serene; he staid more at home than he was accustomed to do.—Had his recent dangerous illness changed his disposition? or had he fallen in love with this fascinating Julia?—Oh! no: the ill-omened, frequent, repetition of *Emily* (an appellation he never addressed to Lady Delamore, but when his heart was softening into former tenderness for her), forbade that suggestion:—and yet, this kind name, and apparently leaning towards domestic harmony, might be only to deceive his wife, and hide this new-felt passion····However, caused by what it might, she saw a great change in her father; and, fearing every thing from it inimical to her own interests, she determined to visit Mrs. Monk early in the morning, lay before her all her apprehensions, from her to learn what to think, and how to guard against every impending peril.

Julia's own mental exertions aided the composing medicines of Mrs. Beville, in obtaining for her some tranquil repose; but ere she sunk to rest she had determined not

to impart to her friends in Russel Street the painful trial she had been doomed to. Of their advice, for her mode of conduct towards Fitzroy, distance, and his short stay, permitted her not to avail herself; and therefore she would not unnecessarily afflict them. To have had any confident to converse with, upon the subject of her present grief, would have proved a consolation to her heart; but still her pride and delicacy took comfort, and rejoiced that no individual beneath that roof (no, not even Fitzroy himself) knew her painful secret, or her mental sufferings.

As early as possible, the family physician, Doctor Harlow, arrived, to visit Julia. Mrs. Beville had treated her most judiciously; but still she required quiet, care, and medicine; and, by the order of Doctor Harlow, she remained a prisoner in her dressing-room that whole day:—a confinement she sincerely rejoiced at; for by the next, Fitzroy would have left the castle; and she trusted she should no more see him, until her unfortunate predilection was totally exterminated.

During this day, Ladies Delamore and Theodosia paid the most flattering and kind attention to our heroine; but the rapid and

arduous preparations for the approaching *gala* often required their absence from her, to oversee and arrange. And this, too, was the day for the officers from Sedley, and some other guests, to dine at Delamore Castle; so that Julia was unavoidably left much to herself: but she was sedulous in seeking amusement for her thoughts;—she wrote long and cheerful letters to Mrs. Goodwin and Doctor Sydenham; and, at Lady Delamore's request, sketched out many designs for the ornamental part of the *fête*. These laudable efforts were rewarded with merited success; her bosom felt resigned composure; and as the hour advanced, and when it was past, at which she had understood from Sir Charles his brother was to leave Dorsetshire, on his return to Spring-court, she felt relieved from a grievous burthen, and comparatively happy.

Our heroine had a night of tranquil rest, and arose at her usual hour: but when she attended the breakfast of Lady Delamore, nearly was all her renovated composure overthrown, for there she most unexpectedly found—Fitzroy, pale and dejected; and her heart throbbed with pain and pity.

Lady Delamore welcomed Julia with a maternal kiss. Fitzroy attempted a congratulation upon her recovery; but his voice faltered, and his words were inarticulate.

"Fitzroy," said her ladyship, with anxiety, "it is in vain your denial of indisposition. If we wanted any other confirmation than your altered looks and manner, your very voice would condemn you. I sincerely rejoice you gave up your intention of quitting us last night; and trust you will allow Doctor Harlow, when he comes presently, to prescribe for you."

Fitzroy smiled faintly and mournfully.—"Again I assure you, my dear aunt, I am in perfect health:—but if I was not, I have no great faith in country practitioners."

"Come, Miss De Clifford, defend Harlow;—you surely may sound his praise," said Lady Delamore; "and help me to subdue this young man's obstinacy. Come, try your power over him."

"I—I have—can have, power none, over Mr. Fitzroy, madam," replied Julia, deeply, painfully blushing.

"Nay, you know not," said her ladyship: "for, in such cases, a stranger often

finds greater influence, than friends who are really interested."

"A stranger!" repeated Fitzroy, in a low and hurried tone: then, after a pause, he continued—"Miss De Clifford *is* a stranger to any interest for me."....

A sigh escaped from the bosom of our heroine. Worlds she would have given to recall it. It seemed to have possessed the power of enchantment over Fitzroy. Despondence appeared instantly to take flight from his countenance, which became irradiated with joyful animation. Julia's confusion was pitiable; yet only momentary: she saw she had awakened a hope, which she almost considered criminal to excite. She therefore promptly rallied all the forces of her mind, to destroy that delusive hope; and although she succeeded not in totally overthrowing the new-raised structure of Fitzroy's cheerfulness, she yet certainly destroyed a something of, or approaching to, confidence in his look, that much offended her, and aided her forcibly in her exertions to vanquish it.

Lady Delamore appeared, for a short period, to be infected by thoughtfulness

and abstraction too; but this infection went off almost imperceptibly, and she conversed gayly, and even playfully, with the now cheerful Fitzroy.

CHAPTER XI.

Soon after the visit of Dr. Harlow, Julia, accompanied by Ladies Delamore and Theodosia, went airing for a few miles. On their return, they found several visitors had been at the castle, to inquire for our heroine; and amongst them had been Lady Lindore herself, attended by her grandson. Her ladyship had been so very particular in her inquiries, that Mrs. Beville was called to answer them; whom Lady Lindore charged with a very kind message to Julia, expressive of "unfeigned joy at her being so much recovered, and hoping she would soon visit her, to give her ocular demonstration of her being so."

When Julia made her appearance at dinner, she was received with genuine kindness by Lord Delamore, who told her, that, "notwithstanding his every exertion to discover them, nothing yet had transpired relative to the villains employed in the daring attempt against her."

Sir Charles Stratton—who, during the whole time of dinner, had been conspicuously in love with his destined bride—as soon as the domestics departed, suddenly and vehemently exclaimed, after a well-sustained reverie—

"If it costs me half my fortune, or that they seek refuge in the antipodes, I will pursue those villains, and punish them with well-merited rigour, for the distressing alarm they caused to you, Selina;—although your unparalleled strength of mind enabled you to sustain and carry it off much more heroically than either of your fair companions."

"......No, there is no bearing all this," said Lady Theodosia, smiling.—"To talk of Selina's alarm, and praise her strength of mind!—when it is I who ought to be complimented, upon my unparalleled strength of lungs: for had it not been for my powers of vociferation, she would have known nothing at all of the matter, until long after the happy termination. And as to punishing the villains, Charles, it would be absolute ingratitude in you, after their displaying you to such fascinating advantage, sir, as a valorous knight-errant. For my own

part, when I saw your animated solicitude for the recovery of the swooning nymph; —when I beheld you frantickly sallying about, in quest of a contrivance to convey water to the spot where she was supported by Horatio;—and then, when his groom ingeniously ducked his hat in the sea, and baled up the briny treasure, I beheld you ready to worship him, as one of the river gods you had been invoking; or to kiss him, conceiving (in the delirium of your enthusiasm) that he was one of the blooming beauteous nereides, arisen in her coral car, presenting the liquid in a pearly shell; and. . . . . ."

"It is strange," said Lady Selina, interrupting her sister, with a malign sneer—"It is strange, that you only observed the active benevolence of Sir Charles; and saw not the still, but much more agonized, solicitude of his brother, which I have heard of, though not in time to see it."

Poor Julia blushed a crimson tint, and affected to be very busy about some fruit she was pretending to eat; while Lady Theodosia, observing Sir Charles gazing with marked earnestness at our trembling

heroine, asked him, archly, "if he did not think Miss De Clifford looked tolerably for an invalid?"

Sir Charles, in some confusion, replied, "I—I—yes, I believe so."

"You believe so!" repeated Lady Theodosia. —"Absolutely, his rage at your friends, the corsairs, Julia, for alarming Selina, has deranged the poor soul!....Heavens! how rapidly his colour varies!—and his eyes! they whip about so, from spot to spot, that I actually think some sudden paroxysm is about to seize him."

Lady Delamore, perceiving by the countenance of Lady Selina that she was very angry, hastily arose, to prevent hostilities, and retired to the concert-room, where the gentlemen soon after joined her party; when, for some time, Lady Theodosia (who sung and played remarkably well) entertained them with her performance. At length, Julia was requested by Lord Delamore to allow them to hear the tone of her harp, which had arrived that day from town, by which he concluded she performed upon that instrument.

Our heroine instantly complied; and

charmed the majority of her auditors. Lord Delamore entreated her to sing; but Lady Delamore objected, upon account of her recent indisposition; and Fitzroy, dreading the influence of her magical voice over his feelings, unguardedly, and with marked quickness, said—

"Miss De Clifford cannot, must not, sing:—it would be cruelty to wish it."

Julia, shocked and offended at Fitzroy's conduct towards her this day—evincing, as she feared, conscious triumph at having some suspicion of her predilection for him; and fancying that now his evident wish for her not to sing, arose from compassionating her weakness—in the supposition that, overcome by tender recollection of the night she sung for him at Z., she might betray her attachment for him—she felt aroused to exertion, and resolved to convince him that he was mistaken.

"Indeed, Lady Delamore," she said, "singing is injury never for me; and as my lord wishes to hear my voice, I will do my best possibility:" she immediately sung a most beautifully simple Italian air, which required no great execution; and though

her voice was not in full possession of its usual powers, she warbled it with such touching sweetness, that her auditory were almost led to believe the melody they heard was the effect of magic. The moment our heroine ceased, the fascinated Lady Theodosia caught her round the neck, and gave her an affectionate kiss, exclaiming—"That is for your seraphic lay; and to prove I do not hate you for your superexcellence."

"Should we not all, then, for the very same reasons, Theodosia, beg leave to follow your rather whimsical example?" said the equally fascinated Lord Delamore, smiling.

"Why, to be sure, my lord," she replied, "you have all as much reason; and I should have proposed it, only I was sure neither of my cousins would have thanked me for it."

At this moment a servant entered, and informed Fitzroy his horses were ready.

"Order them to be put up again.—I shall not go to-night," said Fitzroy: and the servant retired.

"Not go, Horatio!" exclaimed Sir Charles.—"Why, what the deuce is in

the wind now? It was with difficulty I got you here, where you said you could only remain four-and-twenty hours; and lo! you have doubled that time, and now won't go!—Consider what will be thought of you at Springcourt."......

"That is immaterial:—Constancy and Stability are not the deities worshipped there;" replied Fitzroy, with a forced smile. "A letter will answer for the present.—I cannot quit Delamore Castle, until I assist in the celebration of Lady Selina Southerland's last birth-day."

"If to compliment me, is your only motive for prolonging your stay, I must feel obliged to you, sir," said Lady Selina, with a sarcastic smile.

"You must be convinced, Fitzroy," said Lord Delamore, gravely, "that your prolonged stay will afford us all infinite pleasure; if that stay can attach no censure to you.—Remember your situation with Lady Enderfield; and reflect, if this delaying your promised return, is not likely to offend her."

"That, my lord," replied Fitzroy, in

much embarrassment, "is—can be—of little consequence."

"Of little consequence!" repeated his lordship.

"One inevitable consequence, however, I foresee," said the amazed Sir Charles:—"that of drawing Lady Enderfield, and perchance her evergreen grace, to Delamore Castle, to look for the truant at the *gala.*"

"I stay on purpose," replied Fitzroy, with assumed gayety.—"Anxious to pay Lady Selina every respect, I remain, to attract hither a star of the first magnitude, to shine at her anniversary."

This conversation had caused the destruction of a harp-string; and Julia now, in apparent earnestness (assumed, to hide her real perturbation), was busily employed remedying an accident which a sudden thrill of agitation had occasioned.

"Now you have mended that, my love," said Lady Delamore, kindly, "I recommend you to take one turn upon the terrace, before the sun goes down."

Julia gratefully, and eagerly, availed her-

self of the very opportune advice; and took the prescribed turn upon the terrace, accompanied by Lady Theodosia and Fitzroy. Nothing particular occurred in this short walk; and on our heroine's appearance in the drawing-room, she was challenged to a game of chess, by Lord Delamore, who was a skilful player, and extremely fond of it; when, to his infinite joy and surprise, and to Lady Selina's alarm and chagrin, he soon discovered Julia to be almost an equal adept. This discovery was made with rapture by his lordship, as not one of his own family (Lord St. Orville excepted) was, by any means, a match for him: and to Mrs. Monk's tolerable success in the acquirement of this fascinating game, she was often indebted for the power of drawing him from his family: but soon his lordship saw, that even Mrs. Monk could not enter into any sort of competition with Miss De Clifford, to whom he now gave the appellation of "the lovely Philadora."

The succeeding day was the eve of the *gala*, and was spent by the ladies of the castle in superintending the final arrange-

ments for it. In the morning of this day, Lord Lindore and Major Mandeville called, and were admitted. Fitzroy never quitted the room during their stay; but remained a silent inquisitor. Major Mandeville was, as ever, lively and entertaining; and Lord Lindore exerted himself to be as much so as a man very romantickly in love could be, and every one was infinitely pleased with him, except Fitzroy, who, the moment he departed, turned him—his every word and action—into such potent ridicule, and with such force of wit and humour, that Julia was in amazement how she could possibly have been so pleased with his lordship.

Lady Delamore was disconcerted, and more than half angry with her nephew.—"This is unfair, and uncandid!" said she. "The words, and actions, of even the most perfect of the human race, could scarcely bear the test of your pointed ridicule, Horatio. Indeed, I doubt not that the powers of your sarcastic wit could even despoil a Julia De Clifford of every grace and fascination."

"Oh, no!" he replied; "nothing can despoil perfection of its fascinations:—but

as to this little sickly lord, I may have been unmerciful to him; but I could not help it, I so detest him."

"Detest him, Fitzroy!" said Lady Delamore.—"Pray, may I ask what cause you have for detestation?"

"Oh!" replied Fitzroy, with a forced smile, "because it is my humour, to hate him, most energetically."

"A reason so conclusive," said Lady Delamore, "methinks it would have better suited a female of Britain, than a British senator."

CHAPTER XII.

NOTHING particular occurred, in Delamore Castle, since the foregoing chapter, until the evening of the ball. Fitzroy and Julia had not been left one moment without other society; and his spirits seemed to rise and fall, according to the hopes and fears created by her very guarded conduct; but he was her earnest, attentive, scrutinizing observer:—and he was not her only observer; this, poor Julia quickly perceived: it increased her consciousness; and by wounding her delicacy, and torturing her susceptibility, agitated and embarrassed her; often destroying her self-possession, and defeating every effort for effectual concealment: and ardently she longed for the ball to be over, as then she doubted not of the departure of Fitzroy, when she should be comparatively happy.

By the arrangement of Lady Delamore —as this was a birth-day anniversary, and Julia's first introduction in a fashionable as-

sembly, in a situation that accorded with her birth—our heroine was attired with splendour, as well as elegance; and the natural simplicity of her hitherto constant appearance, seemed now laid aside for the occasion; while the dignity and grace of majesty inspired every look and motion. Not now, as usual, did Julia's beauty, in a large assembly, allure and fascinate by degrees, and pass unheeded by many:—now, she struck at one glance; attracted every eye; and admiration, for this whole evening, seemed to rest exclusively on her. Lady Delamore looked almost dazzlingly beautiful; but she had lost the fascinating charm of novelty in her own neighbourhood; and though she amazed every one, by the unfading lustre of her transcendent loveliness, Julia was novelty, and in her teens.

The illuminations, which were beautiful and superb, both in the park, and in the exterior and interior of the castle, were all most brilliantly completed by eight o'clock; the reception rooms thrown open; and shortly after, they began to fill, with all the beauty and fashion to be found within many

miles of the castle: and the arrangements were so elegant, so tasteful and magnificent, that Lord Delamore was completely satisfied; and felt infinite obligations to his wife, for the zeal and power she had evinced in gratifying his wishes.

Lady Theodosia looked uncommonly lovely; her dress, too, in compliment to her sister, was superb. Lady Selina, as it was her own birth-day, affectedly appeared in what she meant to be fancifully simple attire: but she possessed not a particle of taste; and her dress accorded not with her style of countenance. The character of her face expressed all that was contrary to simplicity; and her manners were the extreme of study and high-wrought affectation: so that she never looked to less advantage than upon the present occasion, when she expected to be the first orb of attraction; and all the invidious spleen of envy, and disappointment, was from this evening added to her former abhorrence of our heroine. Nor were her manners at all calculated to win that general admiration her beauty failed to obtain; for she was servilely adulating to the great—civil, or

superciliously insolent, to those below her in rank, just as caprice directed.

Lady Delamore saw, with maternal grief and chagrin, the rudeness, and inattention, of her elder daughter to the majority of the guests; and therefore earnestly called upon Lady Theodosia and Julia, to aid her in redoubled attention to every one neglected by the lady-paramount of the evening.

Lord Lindore, the moment he arrived, sought out Miss De Clifford, with whom he was to dance the first two dances; and he had scarcely done inquiring about her health, with all the solicitude of ardent love, when the Misses How, Misses Neville, and some other misses of that class, who love to herd together, linked by the arm, though not by genuine friendship—who have ever much to say to each other in giggling whispers, approached Julia to congratulate her upon her late providential escape.

"You do not dance to-night, of course, Miss De Clifford," said Miss Neville; "for you have too much sensibility, to be yet sufficiently recovered from the effect of your terror."

" And beside, were you to dance," said Miss Jemima Neville, " the ill-natured would directly say, your illness, in consequence of your fright, was only affectation."

" It would be very much, affectation, not to dance, when I feel so great deal able for it," replied Julia, smiling.

" Nay, but you had much better not attempt it," said Miss Margaret How; " for you look so ill, and languid, it will kill you if you do."

" And I shall die for disappointment, if I not dance," returned Julia, amazed; not having any idea that she looked ill: " and I am well very much, now."

" You have certainly got a hectic!" exclaimed Miss Neville.

" The bright glow of her bloom, looks very like it," said Miss Caroline How, wisely shaking her head.

" Ill looks are generally the attendants upon indisposition," said Mrs. Constantia Fermor, now advancing: " so I am happy to observe your countenance is the pleasing herald, Miss De Clifford, that announces, most unequivocally, your perfect recovery; for I never saw you look so well."

"I am infinitely happy to hear you say so, Mrs. Fermor; for I was actually beginning to despair of finding any lady of my opinion;" said Lord Lindore.

Some of the Misses Beaumont having joined this party, Miss Ann inquired—"How Miss Harriet Neville's cousin, and particular friend, did?"

"Oh! poor Eliza!" Miss Harriet exclaimed, "I have had dismal accounts of her. My aunt wrote me word, to-day, that she cannot possibly last much longer."

"I am very sorry," said Miss Ann.

"Oh! I am immensely grieved..... But, dear me! they are going to begin dancing—and I am not yet engaged!" replied Miss Harriet, at first affectedly sad; then brisking up, and stealing an inviting glance at Lord Lindore.—"I am terribly afraid," she added, "I shall not get a partner."

Mr. George Beaumont now approached.—"Oh!" said his lordship, "here comes a gentleman to dispel that apprehension..... You are come, sir, to solicit the honour of Miss Harriet Neville's hand, for the first two dances?"....

"I have no objection, my lord; as it is

quite immaterial to me, who I dance with;" stammered out Mr. George.

"You mean, my good sir, that you are anxious, above all things, to dance with Miss Harriet"····Miss Harriet slid behind Miss How·····"Oh! inhuman!" continued his lordship, catching her hand, and gently drawing her back;—you must not fly."

Mr. George Beaumont, perceiving that he should have some mental amusement in dancing with the now angry miss against her inclination, summoned up sufficient courage to ask her to dance with him.

"S-i-rrr," replied the disappointed young lady, colouring with vexation, "I—I—if I dance to-night, I am engaged."

"To a sylph, then, it must be; for no one visible has spoken to you, but his lordship and George, since you declared your apprehension of not getting a partner;" said Miss Ann Beaumont, exceedingly indignant at the slight thus publicly shown to her brother.

Miss Harriet, most unwillingly, gave her hand to a man in a dingy black coat, when so many smart officers were present; and,

with a heart full of discontent and envy, she joined the dancers.

Lord Lindore exerted himself to the utmost to please and entertain Julia; and he would have succeeded, had not the ridicule of Fitzroy still forcibly operated, and, in defiance of all the efforts of her good nature to disregard it, threw its baneful influence over every word and action. But it was not the undisguised homage of Lord Lindore alone, that our heroine received:—the young and handsome Marquess of Oakland was captivated; and whether she was dancing with himself, or any other partner, he followed her still, and seemed to forget that any thing but Julia De Clifford was in creation.

Fitzroy, at the request of Lady Delamore, was much occupied in attention to the guests; but still his every thought was fixed on Julia. He saw her attended, and admired by a train of fashionable men;—many of high rank;—all courting her smiles; and some evidently earnest suitors. All this he beheld with inquietude. His mind was torn by so many painfully per-

plexing anxieties, that he became, at length, so abstracted, his conduct so inconsistent, and conversation so unconnected, that many a giggling miss pronounced that—" Mr. Fitzroy was tipsy."

Sir Charles Stratton, too, finding Sir Robert Raymond inclined to be the adulating attendant of Lady Selina for the evening, quietly yielded that task to him, and gave himself up to undisguised admiration of Julia; who was completely weary of the homage paid to her, before the evening was half gone by; thought the men extremely troublesome, many of them very foolish, and almost envied some of the ladies present the comfort of unattended homeliness.

During the evening, both Lord and Lady Delamore often made Julia sit to rest; when she had the opportunity of observing the manœuvring of Mrs. Neville, to interrupt the *tête-à-têtes* of every couple, except her own daughters and their partners: as this female Machiaval deemed it good policy to prevent the chit-chat of young people of different sexes, and to call off attention to her own conversation, which was certainly clever and pleasing; as, next to

making a match for any of her daughters, she considered it good generalship to prevent that of her young female friends; for the more marrying men were left disengaged, the greater chance, she thought, her girls had: and by her manœuvres, her sly innuendoes, her sarcastic remarks, and a well-turned laugh at a half-captivated young man, she had destroyed several matches in embryo;—but, as yet, had failed to marry off any of her own daughters.

In one of these intervals of rest, Lady Theodosia, and her shadow, Major Mandeville, joined Julia; and her ladyship instantly exclaimed—"My dear Miss De Clifford! our alarm, and your escape, have proved the most fortunate of all possible events for the card parties. I just have returned from the card-room, where I found, between each deal, it was the universal theme—

"'I am truly happy, Lady Theodosia, to see you so well recovered from your alarm,' said Mrs. Beaumont.

"'The rogues, I find, were apprehended this morning, through the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog; and your watches, and

the curiously-wrought purse the Queen of Naples gave to Miss De Clifford, found upon them;' cried Doctor Floyd, deliberately taking a pinch of snuff, displaying at once his beautiful diamond ring, and the box which lineally descended from his great ancestor, King Llewellen, to him.

" 'Rogues! sir!' repeated Mrs. How, contemptuously.—'You have been egregiously misinformed, my dear sir;—there were no *rogues* in the case, I assure you. No, no:—it was a remarkably handsome, elegant, spirited, and highly educated, Irish fortune-hunter; who, hearing of the Ladies Southerland at Weymouth, came hither to carry one of them off. There was a chaise, with four foaming bays, waiting, in case the twelve-oared barge failed.'

" 'Pardon me, madam; you must have the goodness to allow me to know better than any body else, having my information from exceeding high authority;' cried Mrs. Crabtree, emphatically, shuffling the cards in great triumph.—'It was'.....Here they all drew their chairs closer to the table, with eager curiosity in every countenance ......'It was the eldest son of a certain

duke, not more exalted by rank than pre-eminent for virtues, whom Lady Selina lately rejected in town; so he laid his plans with his second brother, an extreme lively, dashing, post-captain in the navy. So down they came, in the disguise of common sailors—only conceive, of common sailors!—and were upon the point of ......There! I have lost deal! was ever any thing so *curs*—so extreme provoking! I had spadille! basto!—a sure hand. Oh! dear, dear, how excessive unlucky! ......Well, of carrying her off, in a man-of-war's boat, to an elegant gilded yacht; when Sir Charles Stratton, who, by some means (quite unforeseen) got intelligence of it, came down post from town, in an agony of mind scarce possible to be conceived; and, with his brother, and an armed band, only just arrived in time to save the dear angel from the ruthless spoiler.'

"....'The sequel, the fated sequel, dear madam!' exclaimed Charles, who stood, unseen by Mrs. Crabtree, all this time behind her chair, listening; and whose unexpected voice made her bound from her seat, with a degree of agility I thought the an-

cient machinery of her frame incapable of, while it threw such a ludicrous expression of vexation into her countenance, that it almost subdued my gravity.—'You know, dear Mrs. Crabtree,' said Charles, 'the certain duke's son and myself measured swords next morning:—he was mortally wounded; and I, unfortunately, killed upon the spot. ......This you can vouch for, from undoubted authority, too; having it from myself, you know.'

"'La! how extreme droll you are, Sir Charles!—always some waggery!'—drawled out Mrs. Crabtree, striving to change the subject.

"'But, really, Sir Charles, is not Mrs. Crabtree's intelligence authentic?' said Doctor Floyd.

"'So far as relates to myself, I may venture to answer,' replied Charles, smiling, 'I never, my good sir, until this moment, heard of this certain duke's son. I came down under no agonizing impression of jealousy; never having travelled more tranquilly—sleeping, most profoundly, the whole way.'

"Mrs. Crabtree, almost whimpering with vexation, demanded a fish for the red

ace, which she snatched up furiously; and away I scampered, with Major Mandeville, to indulge my no longer controllable risibility."

The supper-rooms were now thrown open; and, although not absolutely an election ball, there was no small degree of eagerness evinced to get to the banquet. Most sumptuous were the suppers; and, as well as the different rooms, most beautifully adorned: every accommodation was complete and elegant.

Unlike was the situation of Julia De Clifford to that she had experienced at the only ball-supper she had ever before partaken of. Then, Doctor Sydenham was her only attendant; now, the men seemed ready to push each other down, in eagerness to be in her train, and to sit at the table with her.—"Ah!" thought Julia, "I was at Z. the portionless orphan; unprotected, patronised by no greatness.—It is to my benefactor, I do owe, my much consequence now." Tears of gratitude started to her eyes; and eagerly, and mentally, she ejaculated an ardent wish, for health and every blessing to be the portion of Lord Ashgrove.

This board of festivity made Julia sad: it forcibly portrayed to her remembrance, the fleeting dream delusion had presented to her at Z. ball. She deeply sighed: she heard its responsive sound; and beheld Fitzroy seated at the same table, exactly opposite her;—the Marquess of Oakland placed beside him: for Lord Lindore, and another young man of rank, had manœuvred to get on each side of our heroine; and the noble marquess was compelled to content himself with a situation which would enable him still to see and speak to her.

Julia could not eat; nor felt inclined to talk much to her supporters: yet not choosing to give way to painful retrospections, she sought amusement, from observing those about her; and very shortly before she quitted the supper-room, she beheld the marquess and Fitzroy in earnest conversation: the former betrayed much emotion, and often directing his eyes towards herself. She felt embarrassed; as she had reason to believe their conversation was of her. At length, they ceased; and, after a pause of apparent dejected thoughtfulness, the marquess suddenly addressed Fitzroy, and Julia

heard a few incomplete sentences of what he said.—

"Since this is unfortunately so·······I have only to fly······Should I see more of her fascinations, my peace······" What followed was spoken in lower tones. Fitzroy made a short reply, delivered with earnestness; and both at once sunk into a train of meditation. Shortly after, the tables broke up. The marquess came hastily round to Julia, and snatched her hand, which he fervently pressed:—

"May Heaven," he softly said, "shower on you every blessing! for you deserve them, I am convinced.—Happy, happy Lindore!" and instantly he vanished, amid the crowd, leaving our heroine in amazement, at the wild abruptness of his address.—"For, what could the happiness of Lord Lindore be to her?" she thought: and as she gazed after this vanishing man, her astonishment was not diminished, on observing Fitzroy regarding the retreating marquess with his before sad countenance illumined by a smile of joy and triumph.

All the dancers now returned to the ballroom, to renew their amusement there; and

Julia was just proceeding to join a set, when she perceived Lady Sophia Ellingham, a handsome young widow of *haut ton*, leaning pensively against a pillar, totally unattended. Julia approached, and asked, "Would not her ladyship dance?"

"Most gladly," replied her ladyship, "if you can persuade that Adonis, Fitzroy, to dance with me."

"I know not, any where, to find him," said our heroine, hesitatingly; "and I think, I had greatly better get Sir Charles Stratton, for you, who is quite near, and equally Adonis."

"There, there Fitzroy stands—yonder, near that door····Fly to him, dear girl; persuade him to dance with me:—he, nor no man, can refuse any request of yours.—Tell him I claim an engagement, long made with him, of dancing together at the first ball we should meet at."

Poor Julia, most unwillingly, set forward on her embassy (which she would not have undertaken, but in respect to the request of Lady Delamore); but she took the most intricate way to him, in hopes he might be gone before she reached the place;

—which now was deserted by every one, but him she wished to shun. Fitzroy saw her approaching towards him; he seemed instantly electrified; and almost flew to meet her.

"I am commissioned for a lady, sir," said Julia, with dignity, whilst a most beautiful blush of timidity suffused her lovely countenance, "to claim for her, an engagement made with you to dance, when you should meet at the ball."

"Miss De Clifford!" replied Fitzroy, with eyes sparkling in rapture; "is it, can it be, possible, that you can condescend to claim an implied conditional engagement, formed on that fatal, fatal evening, when my happiness terminated for ever?"

"Lady Sophia Ellingham, is the lady, I am here to speak for, sir," said Julia, trembling, and anxious to get away.

"Alas! then," replied Fitzroy, deeply sighing, and his countenance changing to profound melancholy, "I was too presumptuous, in supposing you deigned to recollect that illusive engagement, which now, I doubt not, you have (with all which passed that fatal evening) forgotten!"

"Oh, no!" Julia replied, with striking *naïveté* and genuine dignity fascinatingly blended; "I have not at all forgotten, I did tell for you then, that gratitude would for all time to come, retain for me the remembrance of your much kind attentions; whilst you I a great deal hoped, would forget all that could militate against your peacefulness. You have done so sir; and no one more sincerely wishes for you, every happiness, than I do."

Ere Fitzroy seemed collected enough to attempt a reply, the fair widow saluted him with a tap of her fan.

"What ails you, Fitzroy?" she exclaimed.

"I—I have got a most overpowering headach," said he.

"Come, dance it off," she replied, playfully snatching his hand, and leading him, most unwillingly, to the dancers. Julia now was found, by her anxiously-seeking partner, in no dancing mood: soon after, she complained of fatigue, and obtaining Lady Delamore's permission, eagerly retired, weary of adulation, and quite tired of being a beauty; very anxious to be alone, to

think over, and expound, if possible, the words and conduct of Fitzroy. But she was much too weary for thinking; exhausted nature required repose, and claimed it arbitrarily; and, in spite of her wish for continuing awake, to brood over perplexities and distresses, she slept profoundly, and uninterruptedly, until nine o'clock the same morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

As raking made all the family late, Julia did not keep Lady Delamore waiting breakfast for her; and, to her great relief, her ladyship was alone this morning.

During their repast, Lady Delamore rallied our heroine upon the execution she had done among the hearts of the men, the preceding evening; and talked particularly of the Marquess of Oakland's marked admiration. Julia, who was all candour (and felt grieved to think it right to conceal from her beloved Lady Delamore, all that had passed in her acquaintance with Fitzroy), now hastened to tell her the strange address of the marquess to her, at the moment of his precipitate departure.

Lady Delamore was thoughtfully silent for some time; at length she said—"It is evident, my dear child, this young man was fascinated by you; and, from the intelligence he received from my nephew, con-

cluded immediate flight was all he had in his power to secure his peace."

Julia's heart panted; she scarcely breathed; and worlds she would have given to know the information Fitzroy had imparted.

"It is also plain," continued her ladyship, "what Fitzroy's communication was." Julia blushed; and her heart bounded almost visibly.—"Fitzroy, no doubt, with many others, believes Lord Lindore your favoured lover." Julia became pale as death.

"Lord Lindore! Lord Lindore!—dear madam," she tremulously, but eagerly, articulated, "*he*, is not, my favoured lover." —Lady Delamore appeared not to observe this half-implied confession.—"He, is the last one man, of all, I am much certain, I could ever love with my heart."

"Do not tremble so, and look so terrified, my love," said Lady Delamore, kindly. "We are not going to play the cruel guardians—to force the lovely maid into the arms of a detested lover. But I am sorry to hear you so decidedly against Lord Lindore; for he is very amiable:—he would make you an excellent husband. His grandmother is extremely anxious for the

match; and the young man himself is violently in love."

Julia burst into tears.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter, my sweet child?" exclaimed her ladyship, tenderly.

"Oh, madam! I cannot bear for any one should feel love for me, whom I cannot love again. I would not doom for my much bitter foe, the so sad misery of unpropitious love; and how can I, not to weep, when I do know the great deal bad tidings that I make, for the amiable youth unhappiness?"

"This is a most unfortunate humanity of disposition," said Lady Delamore, "for one so likely to attract many serious lovers. But I, too, am very sorry for this young man: and your unconscious kindness, your amiable gratitude for his attentions, have added fuel to the flame, by the flattering aid of hope."

"Oh! I see, I feel, now, I have been greatly too attentive—too, too, much civil, to him: but I had idea none, of doing harm. I knew not of, had suspicion none,

for the malady, of his heart; or I would not—no I would not—have done so great cruelty. Dear, dear, Lady Delamore, tell to me how is for me, to remedy this sad mischief, and make for him to hate me?"

"That," replied Lady Delamore, smiling, "I think, would rather pose me to contrive.—— We must let him down gently, Julia. You must dance with him no more, if it is possible to avoid it. You must retire from his assiduities; but still I would have you treat him with respect:—this I need not say to you, for you will not be unkind in your reserves."

"Oh! no, indeed! I should hate very much myself if I was....But his grandmother—his so adoring, grandmother—will grieve for him! Oh! what shall we do, to make small grief, for her?"

"To disappoint her, will be no pleasant task," replied her ladyship; "but I must undertake it."

Lady Delamore, and her interesting *protegée*, soon after went out airing; and upon their return to the castle, while her ladyship was superintending the taking down some

of the temporary decorations of the *gala*, Julia was informed a gentleman, who said his name was "Misery," was come to wait upon her.

"Misery!" repeated Julia; who, concluding it must be some foreigner known to Mrs. St. Clair, some distressed emigrant, come, perhaps, to solicit pecuniary relief, whose name the footman had jumbled into 'Misery,' hastened to the room where the stranger was waiting. The servant opened the door, to announce her; when a pier-glass reflecting the image of the visitor, she started back, with terror portrayed in every line of her countenance, and precipitately retreated to the library, to claim Lord Delamore's protection; but there only was—Fitzroy.

"Julia!—once, I vainly thought, my Julia!" he exclaimed, catching her, with tender anxiety, to his breast, to support her dreadfully agitated frame—"What, what is the matter?—What has alarmed you thus?"

"Sir," she replied, disengaging herself from his support, with all the dignity of restored self-possession—"Sir, I am no man's, Julia...The Julia only, for my

friends.——I had sure thought, Lord Delamore here was; and came to seek, from him, protection."

"Protection!" said Fitzroy.—"Julia De Clifford, though much she despises me, shall never want protection where I am.—Who, or what (dare I ask you?) calls for a protector now?"

Julia was softened; and tears of gratitude trembled in her beautifully expressive eye. Fitzroy observed the advantage he had gained; and eagerly hastened to improve upon it.

"But why—oh! why—Miss De Clifford," he continued, throwing the most insinuating mournful softness into his voice and countenance, "am I excluded from the number of your friends?—Why is that misery to be added to my woes?—Why tell me, 'you are the Julia only of your friends?'"

"I know not," she replied, with bewitching, ingenuous sweetness—"I know not why, I was so ungrateful in that moment, to forget all my much great obligations from you, and have recollection only, to my resentment's feelings. I have been very much full, of resentfulness;

and I was sorry too, in a great degree at the much pains you seemed to take, for concealing, from your friends (in Delamore Castle), all of former knowledge, you had for me. I did never offence give to you; and my self-love taught for me the belief, that my acquaintance was disgrace none for you.—Could I think you friend, when you made such mortification, for me? Why for, might not meeting me at Z., have been acknowledged? *That*, might be owned without reverting to (what is now much unnecessary for any one, to be told), the great deal mistaken delusions, of your transient fancy."

"Oh, Julia! Miss De Clifford! it was not the delusion of transient fancy.... Oh! no; it was not delusion—it was not transient—or why am I now so wretched?" he said, with all the softest tones of love modulating his voice; its most animated expression emanating from his eyes: but this latter, Julia was scarcely aware of, as her looks were timidly directed to the ground. "Oh, Julia! could you see into my heart, you would behold your own image there, enshrined for ever!"

" Can what they call love, be felt for two objects, at the same one moment?" asked Julia, with a smile of incredulity.

" No," he replied; " love cannot be felt for two objects at one time. My heart only beats with a pure, ardent, and unconquerable, passion for Julia De Clifford:—a passion which I fondly, fondly cherish; though fatally convinced it can only make wretchedness for my life."

" If with sentiments so, you have made engagement to plight, your solemn vows for Lady Enderfield, at the sacred altar of your Creator, you must be much wretched; and with grief I do add, are greatly deserving for being so;" and with difficulty Julia now repressed her tears.

"If, if," Fitzroy eagerly exclaimed, "you can grieve for me—if, if your heart has softened towards me—prevent my wretchedness;—elevate me, from my agonizing misery, to bliss unutterable!....Tell me, you love me: tell me—oh! tell me!—you will be mine, Julia—adored idol of my heart!"

Julia now raised her sparkling eyes, and

darted on him an eloquent look of reproof. "Is this language for the accepted lover to Lady Enderfield, to hold for me? Is this language I ought to hear, without much great resentment?"

"I am not the lover of Lady Enderfield, Miss De Clifford," he eagerly replied. "She has been my wooer; and by every flattering endearment—by convincing me, your heart was cold to me (a conviction Lord Gaythorn, too, most forcibly aided)—lured me into an engagement (certainly of a sacred nature)—but—but—but, thank my stars, I have not fulfilled it!····I can break engagements, as well as she did.—She set me an example; which, if you give but the mandate, oh! how rapturously, I will follow it!"

"And be not longer, man for honour!" said Julia.—"If for the tenderness from Lady Enderfield, or infatuation any other, you have been led into the engagement, which your heart is not glad for, I do pity you; but my mandate shall not ever be given to the action dishonourable."

"Oh, Julia! my adored Julia!" he ardently exclaimed, "call it not dishonour-

able, to break a spell that witchery only inthralled me in. Away from her, my understanding has recovered its powers. I now see, and feel, it all was blandishment; —all, all the sorcery of an insidious siren."

"I know not, what it was. I am not competent for judgment: but if such, so very much bad is your opinion for Lady Enderfield, you surely will not be man so mad, to make her wife. If she is indeed, to you confessed, the sorceress for blandishment, can you want any mandate, but from reason (since honour, permits it for you), to break from a spell that would wed you to misery, and lead you to make vows, that being of insincerity, would be great insult to your Creator?"

"Oh, Julia!" Fitzroy exclaimed, "talk not so coolly of reason, to a man so ardently in love as I am!—Tell me but that you will be mine, and that...."

"Hold, Mr. Fitzroy!" said Julia, with impressive dignity; "you too much forget the respect, that is due for me. But I recollection have, of my own propriety.—You are, the affianced husband, to Lady Enderfield; and the language of love from

you, is much insult to any woman, but to Lady Enderfield."

"I will not be that interdicted wretch another week!" exclaimed Fitzroy, emphatically.—"But will not the fastidious Julia give me even one ray of hope, to exist upon until this precipitate, obnoxious, engagement is dissolved?" he continued, with winning softness: but though powerfully her heart felt and pleaded for him, it yet felt the influence of propriety too forcibly to betray her affection; and, with increased dignity, she replied—

"If, my esteem is good for you, lose it not, Mr. Fitzroy, by such pleadings from impropriety." She now moved towards the door; when a sudden recollection of what had winged her thither, again blanched her cheeks, and made her tremble.—"Oh!" she said, "how led into forgetfulness quite, have I been, of that much terror which sent me hither to seek Lord Delamore! Can you, where he is, tell to me?"

"I know not;—but cannot I be his substitute?" exclaimed Fitzroy, hastily approaching her.—"Oh! how you tremble! Do, do, for a moment, be seated, beloved

Julia, until you compose yourself. Remember, no one shall harm or insult you, while I am near. Do, I implore you, confide in me; honour me so far; and see with what rapturous delight I will be your servant—your champion:—for are you not my heart's idol?"

"Talk not so, I beseech for you," Julia replied; "or I can no more consider you for the friend I wish to consult, to make of use for me. I did want Lord Delamore, to send that terrible man away; to tell for him, I no more can see him."

"What man, my life?" asked the amazed Fitzroy, in a tone of impassioned tenderness.

"Not, not, such language as that; or any language, spoken in such tone as that; or I must from you, fly too."

"Well, then, I have done. I obey you, Miss De Clifford; and will assume the language, and tone, of chilling indifference."

"Oh, no!" she replied, with artless quickness, "not so. I do not wish for you, to be indifferent, of me."

The rapture of Fitzroy's countenance told, at once, how powerful was the joy with

which this artless sentence had inspired him; but fearing to offend her, he was silent, though scarcely able to conceal the transport of his feelings.

"Louis Laroche, is now in the castle waiting for to see me. I do suppose his, much terrible father, has relented; but, even were now, my affections disen···· that is, I—I—I do, mean, that·····Oh! that, through his ill-omened love, I have suffered so great cruelty—I mean, unkindness"—and Julia smiled, in forgiving mercy—"that I cannot but shudder for his very name; and···· But, oh, dear! how has my so great alarm to see him, taken from me, my recollection! and quite I did forget it was for Lord Ashgrove, not to you, I did tell of him." And now our heroine gave to Fitzroy a short history of the Laroches.

Fitzroy listened, with animated interest and attention; and when she ceased, he exclaimed, indignantly—"You shall not see him!—No; as Lord Delamore is from home, I will go to this unworthy, persecuting man.—As your *brother*, Julia, will I go, and send him hence."

"Oh! no, no, no!" said Julia, anxiously catching the retreating Fitzroy gently by the arm; "stay, I conjure for you!" Her action, and the tone of her voice, arrested him at once, with a powerful sensation of rapture. "Had I a brother, believe of me, I would not let him to encounter the turbulent, and much vindictive Laroche; and think not I will consent for you, to be exposed for his violence;—irritated too, as you now so great deal are against him. Gentleness, I very well know, can at once subdue, even his most bad disposition. I was therefore, witless very much to fear him, now I have good protection—am no more, the poor deserted orphan, whom no one cared for. I will now try for my all stock of courage, and go to him;—but alone, I should still shudder and be afraid."

"I will accompany you, if you will condescend to permit me."

"I much thank you: but that, would seem so odd!—so, so, as if...." Julia now blushed, hesitated, and at length added—"No, it will be the more correct

of purpose, for me to seek Lady Delamore, who······"

"You will not have far to seek; for here is my aunt," said Fitzroy, perceiving her ladyship standing in the door-way.

"Oh! dear, dear madam!" said Julia, "how much glad I am to see, you are disengaged!"

"Indeed!" returned her ladyship, gravely: "I imagined, then, erroneously, that I was an unwelcome intruder—the rude disturber of an interesting *tête-à-tête*."

Both Julia and Fitzroy coloured deeply, in much confusion; but Fitzroy replied, with promptly-acquired composure—"An interesting one, indeed, it has been; and you, too, will share the interest and sympathy, when Miss De Clifford relates to you her present distress, which led her hither to seek Lord Delamore's protection."

Lady Delamore now listened, with anxious kindness, to Julia's little statement; and instantly agreed to be present at her interview with Laroche. Nor did she object to Fitzroy's request, to form one of the party; as he considered the presence of

a man necessary, where there was any transaction with the family of Laroche. And now, with a palpitating heart, Julia, accompanied by Lady Delamore and Fitzroy, proceeded to the room where Louis Laroche, nearly out of patience, was waiting for her.

CHAPTER XIV.

On their entrance, Lady Delamore and Fitzroy beheld in Laroche one of the most strikingly handsome young men they had ever seen; but with the sallow countenance of ill health, and profound melancholy. In visible emotion, he hastily advanced to meet Julia; but on perceiving Fitzroy, he started, coloured; and, darting a furious glance at him, said, with quickness, and in perfect English, having received his education in Britain—" I was beginning to fear you would not honour me with an interview, Miss De Clifford."

" Indeed, Mr. Laroche, I not wonder feel," replied Julia, " at your fear for my not, seeing you. I only do wonder, you did think it in possibility, for me to grant an interview for you."

Laroche, highly disconcerted, retired to a seat Lady Delamore motioned for him to take. A total silence for some minutes

prevailed: at length, he again addressed Julia.—

"Miss De Clifford," he said, "I have some important business to communicate to you."

"I am very much attention, sir."

"This lady, this gentleman, must excuse me; but before them I cannot speak."

"Sir, I will not very certainly, hear any thing, in which, they may not participation have. They are to me, friends: for I not now am, as when I was first known to you;—a poor insulated being, whom not one good heart, did warm in kindness for."

"Sir," said Lady Delamore, "the Earl of Ashgrove is now Miss De Clifford's guardian and protector. During his necessary professional absence, as a British admiral, he has delegated to Lord Delamore (my husband), and to me, the precious charge of Miss De Clifford; and thus intrusted by Lord Ashgrove, I conceive myself entitled to hear all that concerns my amiable charge; more particularly where it is her wish that I should be confided in."

"It is hard," replied Laroche, with a glow of resentment mantling his before

pallid cheeks, " to be compelled to speak before those prejudiced against me, by her who, abhorring me, sees all my actions through the perspective of contempt and detestation."

" *In vero*, sir," said Julia, " I have the facts only, stated for my friends; and if facts, speak bad things for you, I am not of blame."

" Did you inform your *friends*," cried Laroche, emphatically, " that the unfortunate wretch you thus contemn adores you, and that your cruelty drove him to distraction?"

" Oh! say not, my conduct has been cruel for you Mr. Laroche. It was not for my power to return your affection. I did not ever flatter you to hope, I could. I did always say, ' I would not, be wife to you:' and yet, you did persist very terribly in your infatuation; consigning me to all infliction, which cruelty could do, to force me to be yours.—Oh! that was bad help for you; and only made me turn with more determination, from you.—And when all was told, and rage most direful,

made possession of your father's mind, you had not of generosity, to defend your plots associate, from your father's vindictive, phrensy; but did suffer him to send my poor misguided infirm and very sick grandmother, to the prisoner's house, for debt; which to her latest hour she said, was not a just one: but, whether just, or otherwise, she did find help;—a hand unknown to you or her, did loose her from the sad prison-house."

"That hand was Julia De Clifford's!" wildly and vehemently Laroche exclaimed. —"I know it all:—yes, all your excellence, angel of mercy, and forgiving kindness! You had secretly recourse to a rascally lawyer—to villainous Jew-brokers, who vilely cheated you. Hastily, and unadvisedly, you gave yourself up to ruin; devoted your all—all that she had left you of your inheritance—to liberate from prison a····fiend, who to you···· O gracious Heaven! what a barbarian was she to you! —and Julia, Julia, how you endured it all! ——Meek, patient, uncomplaining sufferer! bending beneath the fury, duty led you not

to resist, or murmur at! you gave up all, in secret; concealing the hand which gave that woman freedom; nobly depriving yourself of the world's applause, lest your exalted conduct should give to her breast the pang of self-upbraiding!"

The undefinable spring that recorded virtues ever touch in the breast of sensibility, now filled every pulse from the heart of Lady Delamore and Fitzroy with throbbing approbation, and sent soft moisture to their eyes, there to glisten applause: but from those boundaries soon they strayed, and trickled down their cheeks in pity for the sufferings of Julia, whose lovely countenance was now suffused with the deepest blushes: and low and tremulously she replied—"You paint with the glowing tints from the fervid imagination, Mr. Laroche. What I did do, was too small merit for the world's applause. What great many thousands would have done, I only did. When I saw my parent, in the gloomy prison-house—placed there, through my much unfortunate captivation of you—and I had in possession, the power for her release-

ment; could I make it question, whether old age was to be of liberty deprived, or youth of affluence?"

"Julia!" Laroche emphatically replied, "call her not your parent. She bore no affinity to you. She proved it in every action;—in all her series of diabolical cruelties to you. Yet you forgave, forgot them, all, when she was afflicted!......But you—you were ever pure, and perfect, as the opening blossom: and yet—fiend, miscreant, that I was!—I—yes, I—sanctioned many of that barbarous woman's cruelties, with the vain hope they would drive you into my sheltering arms for protection......Julia! exalted Julia! Virtue's own pride and offspring! can I, dare I, ask you for your love, when I reflect upon my own conduct towards you?—Oh! no, no, no, wretch! fiend! diabolical miscreant!"...Laroche now, subdued by the agitation of his mind, lost the power of further articulation. In wild despair, he traversed the room, in a hurried pace; groaning deeply; and, with phrensied gestures, striking his breast and forehead. At length, the dulcet voice of

Julia, kindly entreating him to calmness, operated like a potent charm. He became more composed; when, approaching her with a sad and gentle air, he spoke again:—

"I cannot extenuate my cruelty, or my crimes; but the most direful one was not of my suggesting. It was"—and Laroche now changed his tone to a deep and hollow kind of audible whisper, inspiring awe and horror—"Julia, the wild impetuosities of my nature should have been controlled, not encouraged, by him. *He* should have led me from guilt; and not contrived crimes for me.—It was hard, it was wrong, it was not *parental*·····But it is over now; and past all cure······It was all fixed: and you, then, so unprotected!—at the poor bookseller's!—But vengeance was the champion of innocence. It came, in that fell moment······Julia! start not—look not so pale: you have no vengeance to fear;— for you are good. But vengeance comes from the Judge of judges: and who shall murmur?——Yes, on that very day, appointed for my crime, the avenging spirit overthrew my mind, and blighted my reason in its prime."······

"Oh! let me hear of no more, I conjure you poor Laroche!" exclaimed Julia. "Forgive, I beseech from you—forgive all, of harsh or unkind expression, I have ever made to you. I remember my resentments to you not longer now. Think not more of my injuries; let them, for ever be forgotten."

"Never, never!" cried Laroche, wildly striking his breast.—"Here are they stamped—till I am nothing!"

"Oh!" said Julia, "that I could restore for you, happiness!"

"You can, you can!" he exclaimed, with terrifying eagerness;—"by giving me yourself. You, you alone, can make me happy. With you, I shall be blessed; without you—a wretched maniac!"

"Oh! how shall I speak to him comfort, dear Lady Delamore?—comfort, to this unfortunate man?" said Julia.

"Unfortunate man!—unfortunate man!" reiterated Laroche, violently grasping her trembling, death-cold hand.—"My doom is, then, decreed!......So you think, at least; but I—I could tell you tidings ......Ay, you shall not again—no, you

shall not again — escape me. This gentleman—I thank him:—yes, only for his accursed interference, I had you now safe; ay, safe in Holland: and, mark me, there you shall be yet:" and Laroche now laughed convulsively.

Julia, overpowered by the potent emotions of compassion, horror, grief, and amazed gratitude at the direful danger she so narrowly escaped, of becoming the prey of a maniac, suddenly fainted. Fitzroy, in agonized solicitude, tenderly supported her. Lady Delamore, trembling with horror, and wounded sensibility, summoned assistance; whilst Laroche now walked about the room in pitiable agitation, until his reason seemed to recover its tone; when the gentle persuasions of Lady Delamore led him to quit the room: and Julia, soon after, being restored to her senses, and hearing Laroche was gone, quickly recovered sufficiently to be conveyed to her chamber. Lady Delamore then kindly went, with the intelligence of Julia's recovery, to the unfortunate Laroche, who departed (though deeply dejected) apparently composed.

Lord Delamore, upon his return from riding, being informed, by Fitzroy, of every

thing relative to Laroche, immediately sent for his lawyer, to take proper measures for securing him, to prevent any other attempt against the peace or safety of Miss De Clifford. As a maniac, they determined to proceed gently and humanely with him; and instantly write an account of his situation, and conduct, to the agents of his father in London, whose address Julia was able to furnish them with.

Lady Theodosia, too, had been out riding during the distressing visit of Laroche. On her return, being apprised of it, and of Julia's indisposition, she hastened anxiously to her; but wishing to enliven, and not to fix her sadness by condolence, gayly addressed her:—

" So," said she, " my dear Julia, I find, the rogues—the beautiful Irish fortune-hunter—the certain duke's son—and your finely-formed, mysterious, escort from town—are all to be found in *Monsieur* Laroche! Why, what devastation do your charms make, child!—such havoc of hearts, I never heard of!. . . . . This poor Laroche is in a desperate case.—The most noble Marquess of Oakland is your captive.—Fitzroy's

heart, I shrewdly suspect, you have purloined from Lady Enderfield.—Lord Lindore is gone beyond the power of mortal skill ever to recover:—and whilst Sir Charles Stratton yielded his capacious heart (which has, in its time, held many a score of beauties)—oh! direful to relate!—the corrosive venom of the green-eyed monster subtilely crept into the bosom of his amiable betrothed, to rob it of tranquillity. 'This day were her mighty wrongs proclaimed,' would the historian could say, in gentlest accents; but, alas!". . . . Here her ladyship was interrupted, by the entrance of Lucy, who announced that "Lord Lindore was come, to wait upon them."

"I am too much unwell, to see his lordship," said Julia, hastily, and colouring.

"But I am quite well, and *can* see his lordship," said Lady Theodosia, springing from her seat.—"Adieu, fair enslaver!" and away she tripped, leaving our heroine to the mournful contemplation of her painful thoughts, for about half an hour, when she reappeared.

"'Sell when you can, for you are not for all markets,' *Theodosia*," said her lady-

ship, as she entered.—" So, Julia, I absolutely had not sufficient attractions to detain his lordship one moment longer. This horrid mortification, you will say, is just, when you hear, I solely went down to worry your lover······Well, child, down I sallied, and with an air of deep disconsolation, and as much melancholy as would sit in my countenance, I made a most gracefully dignified courtesy;—for deep-felt sorrow is always gracefully dignified.—

" 'Good morning, Lady Theodosia. I hope you did not suffer from your hospitable and polite exertions last night?'

" 'No, not in the least, my lord: yet my spirits are very much depressed this morning.'

" Fido made a noise at the door; and the poor swain—conceiving that it was his lovely nymph, coming to bless his enraptured sight—quite regardless of my depression of spirits, most unfeelingly smiled, put on his very best looks, adjusted his dress, and conceived himself irresistible:—then looked foolish at his disappointment—hem'd—described a true-lover's knot, or some other pretty device, with his sword, upon

the carpet—hem'd again; and now, finding his voice sufficiently clear, ventured to speak:—

" 'I hope'······An awful pause······ 'That is······I—I hope'······

" 'So do I,' I said.—'Youth is the season for indulging in her flattering visions.'

" He coloured; hesitated; and at length stammered out—'Oh, certainly, most certainly, as you very judiciously observe:—but I trust it is no vision, my hope that—that—*all* the rest of the fair inhabitants of Delamore Castle are well?'

" 'Alas!' I replied, dejectedly, 'that hope is, indeed, delusive; for poor Miss De Clifford······' Heavens! how I electrified him!······'Poor Miss De Clifford is so *seriously* indisposed, that I am quite low-spirited upon her account; as I very much fear she is infinitely worse than she wishes us to think.'

" He turned pale as death; and trembled, and panted for power to articulate his grief······Ay, indeed, you may well look grave, at the pretty havock you have made in this young man's heart;—and not only in his, but the hearts of—let me see ——

'But tell me of poor Lord Lindore!' those sweet expressive eyes say······Why, Lord Lindore I left—panting for speech: so, after some obstinately unsuccessful efforts, he did actually articulate—

"'I am truly grieved!—What, what advice has she had?'

"'None, my lord, none; she will not hear of any.'

"'Heavens! madam! surely, surely her inclinations are not to be attended to, when her inestimable, precious health—or—or perhaps—life, is in question! Every instant's delay may prove of fatal consequence.' And now the power of articulation came, in full speed, upon him; and sentence after sentence darted forth, as if he feared an embargo upon words, before he could complete his speech.

"'If she does not become better before night, I rather think we shall send for Harlow,' I replied, carelessly. He looked as if he could cuff me, or handcuff me.——In came Charles, and Fitzroy; the latter looking almost as dolorous as his lordship.

"'How, how, Theodosia, did you leave Miss De Clifford?" said Horatio, eagerly.

" 'Very seriously unwell,' I replied.

" 'Harlow should instantly be sent for!' exclaimed Horatio, in one of his quick tones, darting rays from his eyes, which seemed going post for the doctor.

" 'He should, indeed,' said his lordship, looking gratefully and affectionately at my energetic cousin.

" 'I doubt,' said I, querulously, and in a most pathetic accent, 'whether it is now in the power of medicine to be of service to her.'

" The three swains, all aghast, sprang, with the unanimity of a *nem. con.* committee, from their seats at the very same instant; and were all stalking, like cadaverous spectres in a romance, to meet mamma, who just then entered; until Sir Charles, suddenly recollecting Selina, slunk behind, to admire the print of Conjugal Felicity.

" 'My dear madam!'—'My dear aunt!' cried the other two, speaking together to save time, 'will not you instantly send for Doctor Harlow, to see Miss De Clifford?'

" 'I do not conceive there is the smallest necessity for it,' she replied, like a Marplot.

" 'Why, Lady Theodosia, madam, con-

siders Miss De Clifford in such imminent danger, that she even fears it is not in the power of medicine to be of service to her!' said Lord Lindore.

" 'Theodosia is right,' replied my mother, smiling;—' medicine cannot cure mental maladies.' Horatio's countenance instantly lost its cadaverous hue, and he shook his head upbraidingly at me: and her ladyship said, 'your present indisposition was occasioned by your sensibility having been greatly shocked, by hearing of an irremediable calamity which had befallen a friend of your late grandmother's.'

" His lordship was so seriously unstrung, by what I merely meant should worry him just a little, he very shortly after departed; and I flew hither, to escape a lecture from Horatio, who is going to dine, with the whole Sedley garrison, at Lady Sophia Ellingham's."

In addition to the deeply-felt grief poor Julia experienced for the direful hereditary malady of Laroche, was now added distress to find Lord Lindore could be even half so much affected at her supposed serious indisposition as her lively ladyship represented

him to have been; and when Lady Theodosia retired to dress for dinner, our heroine was again left to mourn for the dreadful calamity of the unfortunate Louis Laroche: and sad, very sad, Lady Theodosia found her, on her ladyship's revisiting her, with Lady Delamore, after dinner; for Julia had been too much subdued to form one of the party at it.

CHAPTER XV.

Lord and Lady Delamore, with Lady Selina and Sir Charles, were going to sacrifice time (to oblige Lady Selina) at a rout, of Miss Crabtree's; and it was arranged, by Ladies Delamore and Theodosia, that as soon as the rout party set out, Julia was to go to the 'drawing-room, and not longer be suffered to mope in her chamber, like an invalid. Lady Theodosia, therefore, and our heroine, took their tea *tête-à-tête;* and as soon as it was ended, her ladyship cheerfully said—

" Come, my dear Julia, I must strive to amuse you, and talk you out of unavailing sadness····I will begin my attempt, by leading you into the '*refettorio,*' as you call it.—When I entered, they were all seated. Lady Selina looked all *hauteur;* Sir Charles, the most submissive humility; and Lord Delamore, as lofty as the Alps.

" ' Why did you not make your appear-

ance sooner, Lady Theodosia?" said my father.

"'Because, my lord, I staid with Miss De Clifford to the last possible moment.'

"'That we must receive as an admissible excuse, if you were any comfort to her,' replied his lordship.

"'I am sorry to find,' said Sir Charles, 'that you do not mean to honour the fair Helen with your presence, this evening, Theodosia.'

"'Lady Theodosia remains at home, sir, to enjoy the delectable society of the all-fascinating Miss De Clifford,' replied Selina, spitefully sarcastic.

"Poor Charles was completely discomfited; and hung his diminished head, in confusion.

"'Is it envy, at the idea of my evening's *tête-à-tête*, that causes such a brilliant glow in your complexion?' said I, in a low voice, to Charles; glancing my eyes, with a curiosity-inspiring look of caution, at Selina. My looks, and the still deepened crimson of poor Charles's cheeks, almost set her wild; and she would, I am certain, have

given five years of her youth, to know what I had whispered.

"'Most certainly,' said I, aloud, 'in doing that which *politesse*, hospitality (and I may add kindness), demand, I shall have a rich reward; for Miss De Clifford's conversation is so sweetly entertaining, she is so interesting, so well-informed, so......'

"'And so competent is your judgment!' cried Lady Selina, sarcastically.

"'I do not pretend to judgment,' I replied, with the prettiest air of humility imaginable; 'I only form mine, from what the men all say of her. Lord Delamore, and Mr. Temple, are perpetually saying how superexcellent she is;—and I am sure Sir Charles, and Fitzroy, think her so.'

"I touched her to the quick: she was then separating the wing of a chicken; and her agitation became so violent, that the pinion, expanding, took flight, and darted off her plate into my father's bosom.

"'S'death!' he exclaimed, in a terrible pet (as nothing scarcely irritates him so much as any degree of awkwardness)—'S'death! what ungentlewomanly conduct!

—My coat, which I only wore last night, is completely spoiled by your *maladresse.*'

"'Every thing that I do, now, is wrong,' said Selina, bursting into tears of passion.

"'Why, to confess the truth,' replied Lord Delamore, 'I think, since your return from town, you are more frequently, and more glaringly, in the wrong, than you were accustomed to be.'

"Selina cast an accusing glance at me.

"My dear mother, wishing to prevent any retort from me, and perceiving my father angrily employed, wiping the grease from his coat, mildly said—'I have no doubt, my lord, that Holt can extract all that grease readily: if not, Saunders, the tailor, at Sedley, I know can clean it very....'

"'S'death! madam! do you mean to insult me?' he exclaimed.—'Cleaned!—Recommend me to have my coat scowered!—I suppose you will next insult me, madam, with a proposition for having my coats turned.'

"'Indeed, my lord, said my dear mother, blushing most beautifully, and tears

trembling in her sweet eyes, 'to insult you was never my intention. I thought, by your unusual anxiety about spoiling a coat, that this one particularly pleased you, by fitting you perhaps more comfortably than others have lately done. I only wished to find some remedy for an accident, that was so very unlucky as to vex you. To offend you was not in my thoughts; and that I have done so, I am most sincerely sorry for.'

" My father coloured highly; dashed down the napkin, which the butler was scrubbing the coat with; ordered the old man to go; and, after a pause, in which he vainly endeavoured to eat, he raised his eyes, looked affectionately at my mother, and said—

" ' Emily, you seem fatigued, after your toil for that nonsensical ball; and languid, and sad, from your distressing sympathy this morning. I must make a toper of you to-day: you shall drink hard; and must begin by taking a glass of constantia with me.'

" My mother instantly acquiesced; and

begged Selina to join this wine party, which she sullenly refused. My father then continued :—

"'I do not at all approve, Emily, of your worrying yourself to go to this hideous old woman's humdrum to-night.—It was very inconsiderate, Selina, to promise for your mother, after her yesterday's fag; beside, I do not understand why you should take the liberty of making engagements for Lady Delamore.'

"'What a fuss about her!' muttered Selina.

"'What 's that you say, Lady Selina?' exclaimed my father, with quickness.

"'Nothing, my lord;—only, that it is very hard every thing I do, is now found fault with,' she replied, whimpering.

"Charles, not wishing for a dessert from the family jar, now hastily began to admire Selina's turban, thinking that would change the subject, and flatter her into good humour.—'It is wonderfully becoming to you: I never saw you wear it before.'

"'No, sir, no; you need not tell me, you never saw it; although I wore it last night!' she exclaimed, spitefully, her tears

instantly arrested, by a new scope for rage.—The unlucky wight again hung his head, discomfited. Mamma, with better success, began a conversation about the unfortunate Laroche; which lasted until we quitted the dining-room. On our return from visiting you, mamma and I found Selina still in the pouts, not deigning to speak to any body. At last, the carriage was announced; when Lady *Furiosa* snatched up her fan, and was hurrying, sullenly, away; when an indisputable command from Lord Delamore compelled her to bestow the mighty honour of her hand upon the poor penitent Charles, who stood, with a rueful countenance, and the humble air of a mendicant, ready to hand her serene highness to the coach."—

"It is very much distress for me to find," said Julia, "there was particularity any, to make uneasiness for Lady Selina, in the attention for me of Sir Charles Stratton last night. My thoughts, were not of him; so that I did give encouragement none, to Sir Charles. I very well remember, my much gratitude for him; but that did not lead me to any lure, for his attention. Situ-

ated as he is, it could be triumph none for my vanity: and his conceiving, I would permission give for his admiration, makes more humility for me than flattery. But though it was not my intention, I much grieve to think, I have made cause for uneasiness to Lady Selina."

" Pray do not grieve about it," replied Lady Theodosia: " it would only be a waste of your precious sorrow; for Charles's inattention to her, and admiration of you, only stung her vanity, but did not reach her heart.—Alas! alas! had I any affection for her, I should be very wretched, to think of how inevitably miserable her wedded life must be, with a man she feels no tender regard for, and who, in his turn, thinks more contemptibly of her, than of any other woman in existence."

" Then, so far, it is much fortunate you love have none, for her; since it saves wretchedness for you," said Julia. " But, my dear Lady Theodosia, are you too, not much for censure in this total want for sisterly affection between you? That you should feel resentment exceedingly, of her much direful conduct, to your dear, and ex-

cellent mother is natural, and amiable very greatly; but who to tell can, that such undutifulness, would have been carried to so great extent, had you made conciliation of her affection; and not by much irritation, created enmity, where there was indifference only, perhaps? Had you, by kindness sweet and ever irresistible disarmed ill-nature; and from gentle winning forbearance, and the constant wish for gaining her esteem, acquired the power for doing it; you know not the influence you might have made for yourself, and have turned it for greatly good purpose.—I, alas! never had the blessing of brother, or of sister; but surely I think very certainly, the friendship for such dear affinity, must be sweet and lasting. How often have I sighed, for thinking, the blessing of so near kindred was not for me! To have one lovely sister, has ever been the vision of my fancy's wish:—a beloved sister, so much good, and kind; in whose bosom, to repose my griefs, deposit all my every thought; —from her soothing sympathy to find the consolation, if sorrow was my theme;—to claim her tear for pity, if committed errors,

was for my confession: or if the tale so glad of happiness I did tell, who (was my thought) could the participation feel so warmly—whose sparkling pleasure, caught from my joy, could for mine, make such sweet addition—as the sister friend? I do much think Lady Theodosia, dear sister had I....."

"And a sister you shall have, my dear Julia," said Lady Theodosia, interrupting her; "and as like as I can possibly make her, to that sweet, affectionate portrait, you have so bewitchingly drawn;—if you will only have patience until my brother returns."

"How, will you manage for it then, dear Lady Theodosia?"

"By his marrying you, I shall become that sister..... Nay, shake not your little head. I have set my heart upon it; and arranged it all, in my own mind, some days ago.—Arrangement the first, is—that, the moment St. Orville sees you, he falls desperately in love with you."....

"May Heaven forbid!" Julia emphatically exclaimed.

"Are you delirious, Julia?"

"I do hope, not; but I should be very much wicked, not to say, with my all of heart, Heaven forbid, that the greatly amiable Lord St. Orville, should be doomed, for the misery, of inauspicious love."

"Why, Julia, what mean you?"

Our heroine coloured highly; and, with a little ingenious evasion, said—"Lord Delamore would not ever consentment give, for his, alone son, whose prospects are open for every hope of ambition, to wed so much humbly, so much for disadvantage as the child to your uncle's charity."

"Charity!—How could you be so unkind to my dear uncle, as to make use of that nasty word! But I am by no means convinced that Lord Delamore would frown upon this union, I am resolved shall take place; for so high are you in his favour, that I have had serious fears, should any untoward circumstance oblige mamma to retire from this world, that I should have you for a stepdame. That has been my fear;—but my hope is, to see you the wife of St. Orville. Depend upon it, he is your kindred mind;—formed, by nature, so ex-

actly for each other, that you cannot be happy asunder. I assure you, Beville thinks as I do; and we have been arranging every thing about the business: and Beville says, 'the birth of your first son, will be the overthrow of Mrs. Monk, and the restoration of my mother's conjugal happiness;' and surely, Julia, to this, you will not say —'Heaven forbid!'"

"May Heaven restore, for Lady Delamore, happiness; and give her great blessings three-fold!"

"You for a daughter, as the first; a dear, lovely, grandson, for the second; a beauteous granddaughter for the third: to which prayer I say, amen! amen! amen! ——I have already prepared Alfred for falling in love with you; in my last letter, I told him, I should never forgive him if he did not; and I shall still do all in my power to realize this earnest wish of my heart····Dear Julia! why do you change colour so, and seem so agitated?—I hope, I trust, I have said nothing to give you pain?"

"Oh! no, nothing for pain; as I do hope all you have been saying, is to jest;

and that you will make not attempt, for the promotion, of Lord St. Orville's regard to me."

"There cannot, certainly, be much necessity for that; since, without my helping hand, I feel convinced, the moment he comes here, his affections will be yours for ever."

"Most fervently hope I have, in this you may prove for bad prophetess."

Lady Theodosia was thoughtfully silent for a few moments: at length she said—"I do not mean to be impertinently inquisitive, but, dear Julia, why seem so to shrink from the idea of St. Orville's love? You never can meet with a more perfect being than he is; and I think no one half so fascinating.... Perhaps you are already attached!—Is it so?—Confide in me; believe me, you may."

"Oh! do not, do not, ask of me dear, dear friend!" replied Julia, blushing eloquently, in painful agitation. "I would (for much I do wish, to confide in you)—but it is the secret for another, as well as for me; and he seems (I know not, at all, why for) to have strong wish for conceal-

ment: but all I do know, for very certainty is, that I am much miserable."

Lady Theodosia took her tenderly in her arms; and our heroine hid her blushing face upon the sympathizing bosom of her young friend.—" A perfect recollection of many circumstances, I thought inexplicable, leads me to guess who the participator in this secret is," said Lady Theodosia, with impressive feeling. "But, if my conjectures are just, I pity you from my soul, Julia: and if you prize your future peace, confide in my mother."

The portal bell, ringing heavily, now announced the return of some of the family; and Lady Theodosia, and our heroine, hastily endeavoured to recover their composure. In a few moments more, they were joined by Fitzroy; who, a little elevated by wine, and thrown off his guard, on unexpectedly beholding Julia there, so well recovered from her morning's indisposition, flew to her, with joy in every turn of his countenance, caught her hand, and pressed it rapturously to his lips. Julia withdrew it instantly, with mild, impressive dignity. Fitzroy, something disconcerted, now turn-

ed to Lady Theodosia, who looked with chilling coldness on him.

"What's the matter with my fair coz?" said he, gayly.—"Is it the number of hours which have elapsed since you beheld the fascinating Mandeville, that makes you thus unusually grave?"

"No," she replied; "I was commiserating Lady Enderfield, for the indifference you evince for her, in thus unnecessarily delaying your return."

"Pshaw!—Lady Enderfield!—Don't let us talk of her."

"Why not, Horatio?—She is not yet your wife; and therefore cannot yet be a disagreeable theme to you."

"What the deuce ails you, Theodosia?—Why so sarcastic, and ill-natured, to me?"

"Ask me to-morrow morning, and I will answer you faithfully."

"Pray," said Julia, timidly, and wishing to change the subject—"I hope, you did pass an exceedingly pleasant, day."

"As delightful a day as I could spend, away from her I love," he replied, looking tenderly at the blushing Julia. "Lady

Sophia is a woman of superior talents; and in her own house is always irresistibly fascinating."

"*You* have found her so," said Lady Theodosia, dryly.

"All mankind do," replied Fitzroy, chagrined.

"I believe it," said her ladyship.—"Pray, does her son, your god-child, retain his extraordinary resemblance to you?"

"I cannot tell—as I never saw the likeness," returned Fitzroy, indignantly.

"It has struck every other eye, then."

"A relation to you, Mr. Fitzroy?" asked Julia. Fitzroy coloured, and looked confused.

"No, no relation," he replied.

"Lady Sophia is not, and Mr. Ellingham was not, any relation of Fitzroy's," said Lady Theodosia.

"Then, I want not the magician, to tell for me, the children cannot," returned Julia, smiling in innocent sweetness.

Fitzroy looked with increased delight upon her.—"I hope, one day," said he, "to hear you say, Miss De Clifford, that

you are charmed with Lady Sophia. Her talents are of the first order: her mind highly cultivated; a mistress of every accomplishment, and many sciences; and, withal, so unassuming...."

"She is greatly beautiful, too," said Julia.

"She is so," returned Fitzroy; "and yet, young, lovely, and accomplished, as she is —and though her late husband was a most unpleasant old man, with whom she was not, could not, be happy (from his causeless jealousy)—she has nobly resolved never again to become a wife; but devotes herself, in the prime of her days, to the education of her children."

"Every young widow declares her determination not to enter into a second engagement," said Lady Theodosia;—"and every widow breaks that vow, if tempted to it."

"Ay, but those are common minds.— You, Miss De Clifford, will, I know, be charmed with Lady Sophia's maternal tenderness:—and three such lovely babes I never saw! They form the most interestingly beautiful group that can be conceived, when hanging round their lovely young mother.

And when in a morning you are admitted, and find this exemplary woman in the interesting task of instructing her offspring, she is······"

"She is very alluring, no doubt:—and if she did not think this was a potent charm to win mankind, she would not so scrupulously play the instructing mother," said Lady Theodosia.

"Really your ladyship is quite as charitable, and good-natured, as your sister!" returned Fitzroy. "But how can you so depreciate this excellent mother, when you must have marked the progress in knowledge of even the youngest of her children?"

"Their progress in *atheistical* knowledge, I have no doubt of," said Lady Theodosia.

"Gracious Heaven! can any mother be such black fiend, to teach, for her children, atheism?" exclaimed our heroine, pale, and shuddering with horror.

"Lady Sophia is a modern philosopher—a fashionable skeptic; and her infidelity is her boast;" replied Lady Theodosia.

"Oh, Mr. Fitzroy!" said Julia, trembling in dismay, "do not make for me,

such wretchedness, to say you do (for you cannot, no, you cannot) estimate so much bad, a woman."

Fitzroy had been highly disconcerted by Lady Theodosia; but this artless address, disclosing at once to his conviction the secret of the innocent Julia's heart, filled his mind with all the joy of unexpected certain happiness; and, with eyes irradiated by the ecstasy of his enraptured feelings, he caught her hand in a transport of tenderness, exclaiming, as he pressed it with fervour to his lips—

"I estimate nothing that you disapprove."

Julia, overwhelmed with confusion, withdrew her hand, and a pause of some moments ensued.

At length, Lady Theodosia said, "Suppose you were wedded to a skeptic, Julia?"

"For mercy! suppose nothing of half so dreadful, for me!" exclaimed Julia, shuddering.

"Would it make you very unhappy?"

"It would, my heart break."

"But you might convert him, perhaps, Julia."....

"Oh! have not supposition at all, that such a heart-rending trial, is ever to be for mine. If all creation did not, in its much great wonders, conviction prove for him, hope I could small have to effect it.... And, oh! wretchedness unutterable! to behold the husband of my affection, devoted for terrible perdition!——The darling children! how save them, and not teach for them to turn in much horror, from their very own father!"....And the emotion of Julia's mind spoke in her eyes, in her tremour, and the pale tint of her countenance.

"Well, Fitzroy," said Lady Theodosia, expressively; "you see that Julia De Clifford is not likely to be charmed with Lady Sophia, or become a member of her sect of philosophers."

"Oh, no!" cried Julia, with bewitching *naïveté*, "never expect for me at all to like that atheist woman.—Never make it, for your request, that I should visit her; because for certainty I could not comply, without very much painful reluctance."

Again Fitzroy seized Julia's hand, and

carried it with transport to his lips: and more convinced, both from his now flushed cheeks, unrestrained looks and manner, that wine had elevated him beyond her power to awe, Julia requested Lady Theodosia's permission to retire.

"If you feel inclined to leave us, certainly; but not until you have had some nourishment, my delicate, precious charge!" said her ladyship, kindly; and ringing a bell, ordered a tray with refreshments.

Fitzroy was most assiduous in helping Julia, and in retarding the moment of her retiring; and now brooking no restraint, betrayed to Lady Theodosia, by his eyes, his words, and actions, that he was most ardently in love with her fascinating friend. Julia, disconcerted, offended, and embarrassed, at length defeated, by her undeviating steadiness, his efforts to detain her; and, attended by Mrs. Beville, retired to her chamber, just as the portal bell announced the return of the party from Mrs. Crabtree's: but the incidents of this day bore too heavily upon her feelings— her hopes and fears were too forcibly

awakened, and with all the tender interest of her heart in action—for sleep to visit her for many hours; and the sun had arisen, ere Julia's eyes closed, for a short repose.

CHAPTER XVI.

At breakfast, the succeeding morning, Lady Delamore informed our heroine, "the eighth of September was fixed for the union of Sir Charles and Lady Selina.—Just a month sooner than Selina had determined upon," said her ladyship; "and all this new arrangement was made on our way from Sedley, last night. I doubt not, Theodosia informed you, how much Selina was offended with Charles (and certainly with reason), for his dereliction of her, at the ball, and undisguised admiration of you. Charles, after many unsuccessful protestations of contrition, at length craftily pleaded jealousy in extenuation of his conduct, awakened by her great attentions to Sir Robert Raymond, and her naming so distant a period for his promised happiness, evincing so much indifference for his feelings. This at once appeased Selina; and induced her to name an earlier day........Poor ill-fated Charles!" continued her ladyship, mourn-

fully.—" And may I not say, poor Emily! —fated to pity the man who has chosen her child for his wife?" And now, tears streamed down her cheeks, calling those of sympathy to Julia's eyes; which Lady Delamore no sooner perceived, than, hastily chasing her own, she cheeringly said—

" I am going to take you, my dear child, a very pleasant excursion, to see some of the lions of our country; and Theodosia has promised to accompany us: but we must be contented with only the escort of our domestics; for our gentlemen are to be engaged all the morning, upon business, relative to Selina's marriage settlements, and about effectually securing the unfortunate Laroche from attempting further outrage."

Lady Delamore was as good as her word. She took our heroine a most delightful excursion; in which she was gratified and amused, notwithstanding the propensity of her mind, at present, to indulge in melancholy.

When Julia met Lord Delamore, at dinner, he very kindly congratulated her, upon being effectually secured from the future

alarming, and distressing, addresses of the unfortunate Laroche.

Tears of sympathizing compassion trembled in Julia's eyes, as she thanked his lordship for his kind exertions.

" And, Miss De Clifford, rest assured that poor Laroche is in very humane hands, where he will be gently, kindly treated, until his friends send for him," said Fitzroy, in a voice of tenderness and pity.

Julia's tears no longer kept their timid station, but rolled down her cheeks; and she sobbed, in gratitude, at this intelligence: until recollecting where she was, she suddenly recalled her firmness, asked for a glass of water, and, with a strong effort to resume her cheerfulness, related to Lord Delamore, all the pleasures and surprises Lady Delamore had treated her with, in their excursion that morning.

Lady Theodosia had made a party, with Julia, to go to the milliner's at Sedley, in the evening; and now Fitzroy entreated so earnestly for leave to go with them, and Lady Theodosia seemed so unwilling to oblige him, that Lord Delamore, at length,

interfered, saying, " that he must suppose she had some private assignation to fulfil, if she longer refused the proper, and respectable, escort of her cousin ;" and her ladyship, by no means with her usual amiable graciousness, acquiesced. But, notwithstanding Theodosia's very apparent reluctance to his company, Fitzroy bounded into the sociable after her, and her attractive companion : when four beautiful ponies, with two pretty boys for postilions, soon conveyed them to Sedley.

On their road, they passed the path which Sir Charles and Fitzroy had providentially gallopped down to our heroine's rescue ; and the moment she now beheld it, every sensation of danger, so narrowly escaped, pervaded her whole frame ; and she became pale as death, and shuddered.

Fitzroy, attentive only to her, suddenly exclaimed, in agonized terror, " Julia, my life ! what is the matter with you ?"

Displeasure, at the improper familiarity of this address, recalled the fugitive bloom to Julia's cheeks, with retinted brilliancy.

" Upon my word," said Lady Theodosia, perceiving nothing the matter with her lovely

companion, "a rather too affectionate address, methinks, to a lady you have known —let me see—one, two, three, four—only seven days!·····A stranger, whom I myself introduced you to—sorely against your inclination, as it seemed."

"No, Theodosia, Miss De Clifford was no stranger.—Long before I most unexpectedly met her with you, her image was indelibly engraven upon my heart."

"Heart indeed!—I am sure there was nothing of heart in the reception you gave her. No; all was studied, frigid, formality; calculated to lure us all into a belief that you had never before seen her. What —can you tell?—was that deception for?"

"Because, Theodosia, I had been lured, duped, fooled, like an idiot—the verriest idiot!—into conduct so inconsistent, so abominable, so monstrous, so inexplicable, to Miss De Clifford, that, though still adoring her with tenderness unalienable, I at that moment had rather have beheld my bitterest foe. I could form no excuse for the folly, the madness, of my proceedings, and fell into new errors, new offences:—but, situated as I then was, what could I urge in

extenuation? My treating my heart's idol as an utter stranger, saved me much humiliation: and having been led to believe her heart was cold to me, I thought Miss De Clifford would thank me for ridding her of an acquaintance whom she disregarded."

"As you then were situated, are you not exactly now?—Then, you were engaged to be the husband of Lady Enderfield; and still you are engaged to her;" said Lady Theodosia, gravely.

"I was, and still am, under that disgraceful, detestable, engagement: — but widely different is now my situation. When I came to Delamore Castle, I thought my honour bound me to Lady Enderfield; but now.... Excuse me, Theodosia; let me spare her.... Suffice it to say, I can, without dishonour, break off with her."

The grave countenance of Lady Theodosia instantly changed to one of unfeigned pleasure; and affectionately giving him her hand, she said—

"Most truly I congratulate you!—Oh! how happy will the breaking off this hated marriage, make every one who loves you!

Forgive me, Horatio, I judged you wrongfully; and have been extremely angry with you, since last night. I thought you, dishonourably, and unpardonably, were aiming at this dear innocent girl's invaluable affections, when you were irrevocably engaged to another."

"While I considered myself so, Miss De Clifford will do me the justice to say, I persevered in my painful (oh! it was agonizing pain to me!) frigid reserve to her."

"Not, altogether, my much good, sir," thought the highly-agitated Julia; "for the very evening, we did meet, you pressed with affection's grasp, my hand; and did aim to read from my countenance, when you were so sure, the feelings of my heart were there portrayed."

"But have you not informed my mother of this happy intelligenc?" said Lady Theodosia.

"Not yet; nor do I mean it, until all is finally determined:—although it is to my dear aunt Delamore, I owe my fortunate, my happy, escape. In town, she accidentally heard some intelligence, which she

hastily communicated by letter to me. I (infatuated fool that I then was!) disbelieved all: and, anxious to convince her, Lady Enderfield had been calumniated, I employed a friend to trace out the calumniator; who was readily found, came forth, with such honour and ingenuousness, and has brought such proof······In short, was I still as much attached as, a few years ago, I really was to her, I would not, could not, make her now my wife. But, though I can no longer even estimate her, I would not treat her harshly; nor, with unmanly malice, make public what has been so miraculously communicated to me:—and well I know, if I did so, my adored Julia would hate me for it. To deserve her good opinion, is now my firm purpose; and all I now shall do, will be to aim at meriting her esteem."

"Then," said Lady Theodosia, smiling, "we shall have you so good, that my aunt and uncle will not know their precious boy again.—But how has this wish to please your 'adored Julia,' arranged your proceedings relative to Lady Enderfield?"

"With delicacy, and propriety, I trust; but steadily, and surely. In another week,

I hope, all will be terminated; and *honourably*, on my part. This morning only arrived the letter from my friend, bringing the unquestionable proofs of Lady Enderfield's unworthiness."

CHAPTER XVII.

They had entered Sedley, before Fitzroy finished his communications, which were heard by Julia with a palpitating heart, full of joy at his escape from misery; and beating, with many a timid hope, for her own happiness with him. They drove directly to the milliner's, which was exactly opposite to the inn where the officers messed, whose attention their elegant equipage instantly arrested, and almost as instantaneously drew Lord Lindore and Major Mandeville from the festive board, to join our little party in Mrs. Vampwell's shop; and where, now, Fitzroy treated Lord Lindore with more cordiality, than he had been before inclined to evince for his lordship.

Lord Lindore, after the first joy of seeing Julia had subsided, hastened to inform her, with a rueful countenance, "that his grandmother had (with a degree of caprice he had never before perceived in her) taken a sudden dislike to Sedley, and was going

to move to Weymouth, the head-quarters of his regiment; and that she had, too, most peremptorily, made it a point with him, to set off the very next day for Bath, to be present at the nuptials of his cousin.— I fear I shall be absent a whole week, upon this disagreeable expedition," added his lordship, mournfully.

Julia felt both sorrow and pleasure at this intelligence:—the former, because she conjectured that she was unfortunately the cause of Lady Lindore's sudden removal; and the latter was awakened at the idea of Lord Lindore's absence, even for one short week.

"This is an inopinate oblectation, Lady Theodosia Southerland," said Mrs. Beaumont, just then entering, with three of her daughters. "I am, literally, almost amort, with the calidity of the evening; and have acquired such a hebitation, or vertiginous pain in my pericranium, and am so inclined to pandiculation, and feel so succiduous, that Mr. Beaumont (who is quite a charlatan) has expatriated me from my domicil for an hour; as he thinks the diaphanic air of this enubilous evening will operate like a nepen-

the: for my part, I think nothing but quiescence will avail."

Poor Lady Theodosia, being totally at a loss as to what degree of commiseration the indisposition of Mrs. Beaumont demanded from her sympathy; and but little more enlightened in comprehending the nature of Mr. Beaumont's remedy;—and probably, from her ignorance of the unintelligible lady's maladies, feeling more inclined to laugh than to pity;—with a half-repressed smile, replied—" She was extremely distressed, at hearing Mrs. Beaumont complained of such uncommon diseases.—But I hope," she added, " that all the rest of your family are well, madam!"

" All well, except my exiguous Atalanta:—but you know her acephalous constitution; and, sweet creature! she considers it frustraneous to complain. Only by her marcescent bloom, we guess her ills; for such unparalleled longanimity, and mansuetude, I never witnessed. She had a syncope this morning······But now, Lady Theodosia, you are at Sedley, if I do not exorbitate too much from respect, do not

abnegate, but grant, without nolition, your genial syndrome to my earnest obsecration, for your taking your evening's beverage at my humble commorance."

Lady Theodosia did not promptly reply; being rather puzzled as to what Mrs. Beaumont was so cordially inviting her: and that lady, mistaking the cause of her silence, hastily exclaimed—

"Your ladyship, I trust, does not experience any excandescence at my obtestation.—And let this sweet extraneous creature not stand adiaphorous; but grant, too, her allubescency to my request, which I trust is an idoneous one."

Julia, blushing at her own ignorance, replied, with the most fascinating *naïveté*—

"My not having long custom, to your language madam, will I trust, plead for my pardon, in not exactly quite well, comprehending what you have had much goodness, to say for me."

"Sweet creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont, "how I have infucated her lovely face!"

"My mother," said Miss Ann Beaumont,

colouring too, "requests the honour of your company, and Lady Theodosia's, to take your tea, at the rectory, this evening."

Lady Theodosia now said, "she would accept Mrs. Beaumont's kind invitation, only Lord Lindore had promised to drink tea at Delamore Castle, where he wanted to pay his farewell compliments."

Mrs. Beaumont instantly extended her unintelligible invitation, to Lord Lindore, Fitzroy, and Major Mandeville; and as the magnet which would have attracted his lordship to Delamore Castle was to remain at Sedley, if this hospitable lady's request was complied with, he hesitated not to urge Lady Theodosia's stay, as he clearly saw her ladyship wished to do so: and soon every thing was arranged among the party, for the acceptance of Mrs. Beaumont's general invitation; who now, looking with triumphant exultation upon every one she met on the way, led them to the rectory, where, with the rest of the Beaumont family, were several of the Sedley inhabitants already assembled.

"Look here!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont, smiling in delight and consequence,

—"In my abberration from home, my lucky stars prompted me to tralineate into Vampwell's shop; where I fortunately illaqueated this delectable increment to our party."

This addition to the circle was cordially welcomed by Mr. Beaumont and his family; nor were the young female visitors less pleased at the acquisition of three such handsome beaux.

During the business of tea-drinking, Miss Beaumont cautiously whispered Miss Neville; which Mrs. Beaumont perceiving, she angrily exclaimed—

"Atalanta! I am shocked, at finding myself under the luctiferous necessity of aspirating an objurgation to my primogenial child, for reprehensible rudeness, in exsuffolating in company: but I insist upon what passed in your insusurration, being now nuncupative."

Miss Beaumont, deeply colouring, declared "she had only said, to Miss Neville, were there a few more gentlemen, they might send for blind Quid, and have a little dance; as she was sure Lady Theodosia would like it."

"Indeed I should, of all things, like to dance: but would infinitely prefer you, and your sisters, for musicians, to blind Quid;" replied her ladyship: who, well knowing the circumstances of the family were not affluent, objected to what must create additional expense.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, finding Lady Theodosia would like it, were now all anxiety to promote a dance. The two officers offered their regimental band; to which (for the same kind consideration) Lady Theodosia objected, saying, "she would only dance to the harp and piano-forte." Mr. George Beaumont was now ordered, by his mother, to go to the beach, the library, and parade, to beat up for volunteers; to which order he replied, "he had rather not go."

"Why, you bardous noctumbulo!" exclaimed his mother; "will no ratiocination of mine ever suscitate you from your lurid oscitancy!—Go, sir; prove yourself morigerous to my commands: and, without any nolition, or tergiversation, go out where I ordered you."

Poor Mr. George reluctantly obeyed;

and much sooner than he was expected returned with several officers, who very gladly accepted his invitation to the rectory; and shortly after, all the young people adjourned to the room appropriated to dancing in that house, where the Misses Beaumont, excelling in country-dance playing, relieved each other at the piano-forte and harp, which they now played (as they had often done before) the whole evening, cheerfully, for their guests to dance to.

The moment this little amusement was proposed, Lord Lindore eagerly entreated Julia to be his partner; which, in conformity with Lady Delamore's advice, she instantly declined: but, not initiated in the finesse of ingenious ladies, who upon such occasions contrive without offending to refuse the man they do not like to dance with, and accept the man they do (should he afterwards offer himself), by saying, "Should I dance to-night, I am engaged," she unwittingly excused herself upon the plea of not being sufficiently recovered from her recent indisposition to encounter the fatigue. By this excuse, excluding herself from partaking of the amusement of the

evening; and defeating her own aim in respect to him, as she lost not his assiduities by it: for as there were more beaux than belles present, his lordship felt it not incumbent upon him to join the dancers, and therefore quitted not Julia's side, until, led on by the convenience of this golden opportunity, in the midst of this bustling scene of hilarity, he made an unequivocal declaration of his ardent passion for her, and offered himself, and coronet, to her acceptance.

Julia, distressed at this unwished-for declaration, though grieved to give him pain, would not augment it by the delusions of hope, or the torments of suspense; but hastily, and with all the sweetness her nature and compassion now inspired, destroyed at once every expectation; for, in her eagerness to lessen the pain she was compelled to inflict, she artlessly betrayed that her affections had been won before she saw his lordship: and poor Lord Lindore—now, indeed, of every hope bereft—in a state of the most pitiable agony of mind, precipitately left the rectory, and flew to the sym-

pathizing friendship of his adoring grandmother.

Julia, with glowing cheeks and tearful eyes, looked after his lordship as he retreated, whilst her compassionate heart heaved the sigh of pity and regret; nor could she conquer, or conceal, the sadness her generous feelings inspired, from those who were keenly observing her.

Sir Robert Raymond (who was among those recruits brought in by Mr. George Beaumont) was a professed *quizer*, and never failed to make bombastic love to every young woman who would allow him, and to amuse himself with every thing he could turn into the ridiculous. Almost immediately upon Lord Lindore's flight, he approached our pensive, agitated heroine, to worry her with his teasing raillery upon his lordship's abrupt dereliction of her, and her evident dejection; when, to avoid his *badinage*, and to conceal her own compassionating feelings, she hast'ly snatched up a tambourine, and accompanied the harp and piano-forte. Her delicacy was of too retiring refinement, to admit of her throw-

ing herself into any attitude of action. She played with quiet, unobtruding, feminine ease, though with all the spirit the instrument required: yet it displayed the exquisite symmetry of her perfect form, and the fine contour and transparent whiteness of her beautiful hands and arms, to such striking advantage; each movement was so unaffectedly graceful and elegant; that almost universal admiration and attention were excited by the unconscious Julia: while Mrs. Neville continued in a perceptible fidget, until she laid down the tambourine, at the conclusion of the dance, when that wary mother seated herself by our heroine, and, without any thing occurring to occasion it, began an obtruding panegyric upon the unparalleled perfections of her own daughters; whose various superexcellence she was audibly portraying, in glowing colours, until called by Captain Neville to the card-room, to take his cards, with a view "of changing the luck," as he was losing.

Sir Robert Raymond now, again, approached Julia.—"Is it your custom, Miss De Clifford," said he, "to provide wives for your discarded swains?"

"No, indeed," returned Julia, smiling, "such is not, custom for me."

"The d—l!—Then these surpassing panegyrics were levelled at my poor devoted heart!—The deuce! I hope it has stood this formidable assault! for I should look but dolorous to find it had slipped away to one of these monsters of perfection...... Yet, am I not too vain?—Surely, this notable mother would not have the amazing generosity to bestow one of those nonsuches of daughters upon a paltry baronet, with only six thousand per annum!—Pshaw! no, no, never! that would not be matching them equal to their enormous merit.—No, they must be paired off with all our young dukes and marquesses."

"I do much think," replied Julia, smiling, "were you to make offer of yourself, you might find for your great happiness, one of humility enough to accept you."

"Why then, in sober earnest, I would sooner unite myself to age and deformity, than any of this speculating woman's precious brood; for, depend upon it, she has trained them up all artificial characters, composed of deep design and blandish-

ment.—She could teach them nothing else; for artful speculation breathed in every word of encomium she uttered."

"You are surely, great deal too much severe, Sir Robert!" said Julia. "Do you think it, not for possibility, the partiality of mother leading to the belief, her children are perfection?"

"Oh, yes!" returned Sir Robert. "I would make every allowance for, nay venerate, the spontaneous effusions of maternal tenderness;—but here was nothing of that. This woman sat down, predetermined to ring her daughters' praises in your ears, that they might resound in mine····Now, look at that old parson, there.'····

"Mean you of Mr. Beaumont, sir?"

"Most certainly, I do.—Now, observe him:—Do not his eyes, sparkling with paternal delight, in renovated fire, as with fond and ardent gaze he looks after each of his daughters, as they dance along, speak more unequivocal, convincing, eulogium upon his children?—No man could regard his progeny with such enraptured affection, if they did not deserve his love."

Julia looked, until her eyes glistened

with the tear of sympathy, caught from Mr. Beaumont's parental rapture."

"There!" exclaimed Sir Robert; "its effect on you, proclaims the justice of my observation.—The mother's voluble, elaborate, display of her affection, through her daughters' praise, I saw only excited your contempt; proved by your half-repressed smile of scorn and incredulity: whilst the expression of the father's eyes went to your heart at once, convincing you his were the feelings of nature.....But now, Miss De Clifford, have the goodness to tell me, if you can, why it is, that while conversing with you, the spirit is subdued within me, which ever, almost unresistingly, leads me to make love to every young woman I speak to?"

"I not at all know," replied our heroine; "unless inspired by kindness, from compassion; which leads you to spare me from the humility to think in foolishness, I had made you in love for me, when I had not."

"Not so, Miss De Clifford;—it is downright cowardice restrains me. My penetration has told me to beware of attacking

with counterfeit shafts, where Love, in vengeance, with his most potent power, would completely and inevitably vanquish me. And beside, too, I fear, could I escape the point of Lord Lindore's sword, the pistol of Mr. Fitzroy would cut me off, in the blossom of my youth, if I made the attempt."

Poor Julia's face and neck were now completely tinted with vermillion: her eyes, at this moment, met Fitzroy's; her blushes were heightened; her conscious glances sought the ground: but, anxious to conceal her embarrassment from Sir Robert, she replied, with as steady a voice as she could command:—

"The pistol of Mr. Fitzroy sir, would only be turned for the man, who would make pretensions for the love of Lady Enderfield; to whom report does say, he is to be for husband soon."

"I have heard that report, and doubt it, too; for I cannot disbelieve a man's own assertions; and Mr. Fitzroy has declared to me, in the most unequivocal language, that you, and you only, are the idol enshrined within his heart."

"Mr. Fitzroy, tell to you so sir!—For certainty, you must, have much mistake made of him," said Julia, tremulously.

"No; not more than I misconceive this sweet, bewitching, artless, confusion now. No; my skill in the learned language of the eyes, I yield to no man;—and Fitzroy's eyes told every secret of his heart to me, at the *gala*, at Delamore Castle."

"You appreciate, too greatly much, your abilities," replied Julia, with a strong effort at gaining her self-possession: "and, believe of me, you misinterpreted, at Delamore Castle."

"No, I never misinterpret. The eyes have been my profound study from my youth; and I cannot be deceived····Now, look at ancient Helen:—'alack! there lies more peril in her eyes, than twenty of their swords.'····—Ay, peril!—there is witchery in them: and she will annihilate you with her looks, if she can manage it.···· See! behold! as she earnestly regards you, you may read in her eyes—envy, hatred, and malice·····Come, now, be convinced of my knowledge:—read her eyes yourself; and tell me, what language they speak to you."

" A dead one, I perceive; and I have not the deep learning for to understand," replied Julia, smiling, and anxious to turn the conversation from Fitzroy.

Sir Robert laughed excessively: and, his sarcastic propensities now fully awakened, he began with his merciless satire, commencing with Mrs. Helen Crabtree; nor did he spare any person present, who had the smallest visible defect or absurdity to ridicule. His remarks were often so quaintly ludicrous, yet all so obvious, that, notwithstanding the inherent kindness and philanthropy of Julia's nature, and her still glowing sympathy for poor Lord Lindore, he not unfrequently beguiled her of a smile; and though her heart led her to highly disapprove of every species of ill-nature, she yet suffered Sir Robert to proceed in his whimsical strictures, as it kept him from reverting to that subject which she knew could not fail to overwhelm her with confusion.

About an hour before supper was announced, to the satisfaction of very few, but the astonishment of all, Lady Selina Southerland arrived, attended by Mr. Tem-

ple, and her contrite suitor, Sir Charles Stratton.

Lady Theodosia, in amazement, inquired from Sir Charles, "What capricious gale had blown them thither?" and was haughtily answered by her half-sullen sister—

"You took care, Lady Theodosia, obligingly to lessen our small party. My lord and lady sat down to piquet; and I was so overpowered with *ennui*, that his lordship, in one of his arbitrary humours, ordered a carriage, and absolutely compelled me to come hither."

Mrs. Beaumont (though not much elated by this account, which considerably lowered her triumph at what at first had appeared so flattering) now politely asked Lady Selina "to unite in the symposiack, and join the dancers."

"No, ma'am, I had rather not," replied her stately ladyship.

Then Mrs. Beaumont inquired—"Where she chose to be seated?"

"My choice is, to stand, ma'am."

"Not near that door, I beg," said Mr. Beaumont, kindly.

"I must request, sir, that you will not

make any *fuss* with me: and I shall be obliged to you, to let me sit, or stand, just where I please."

Mr. Beaumont, with a glowing cheek, bowed with respect; and tacitly walked away. At this moment, Lady Selina first observed, that Sir Robert Raymond was present. She blushed in shame and repentance, for her display of ill-temper; and hastily lit up her countenance with every smile she could press into this foreign service: when, with an inviting glance, she bowed condescendingly to Sir Robert, whom she instantly wished to attract to a renewal of his adulation, that she might have the triumph of destroying his hopes, and making the misery she had power to inflict conspicuous to that large assembly. But vain were now her lures: Sir Robert had learned she was seriously engaged to Sir Charles Stratton; and no longer considered her an object for his *badinage:* but now, having remarked enough of her unamiable temper to excite his ridicule, he was proceeding not to spare her ladyship; when Julia, with spirit and sweet-

ness happily blended, suddenly interrupted him, and said—

"You do quite forget sir, to whom, you say your thoughts: but I have quick recollection to know, it is not for my wish to hear, the sarcasm made for any of the Delamore family."

Sir Robert promptly bowed, in respectful acquiescence, and was silent.

At length, the dancing was ended; and Lady Theodosia advanced towards our heroine, and begged a seat beside her. Several of the ladies followed her ladyship; and a group of the late dancers formed round where Julia sat.

Fitzroy had, almost immediately after dancing had been determined upon, asked Julia to be his partner; who having refused Lord Lindore, could not comply with his request: when Fitzroy instantly left her; sought out a remarkably pretty young woman, a niece of Mrs. Beaumont, lately married to a rich old man, to whom he attached himself, with marked particularity, for the remainder of the evening.

Our heroine—conceiving the motives

which actuated Fitzroy to neglect her, and evince such particularity to another, totally arose from delicacy to the situation in which he then stood with herself—saw his attentions to Mrs. Wellford with approbation: and Fitzroy was never higher in her estimation, until the forming of the little group around her; when, with painful surprise, she saw his eyes beaming with the most ardent, unequivocal, admiration, rivetted on Mrs. Wellford;—beheld mutual glances interchanged, that startled her;—saw him press, with tenderness, the willing hand of this fair lady;—and remarked, that when his eyes strayed from this new enslaver, towards herself, they evinced nothing but frigid indifference, or superciliousness. Julia's heart swelled, and fluttered painfully; but her pride struggled to sustain her; and she resolutely maintained her composure, with only the alteration of a momentary flush, or blanch of cheek, to threaten a discovery of the severe conflict of her mind.

There was upon a table a great variety of refreshments, for the accommodation of the company, to help themselves; and Mrs.

Wellford now wishing for some fruit, Fitzroy flew to get it for her. In passing Julia, his foot entangled in her train, which he tore in disengaging himself; when, without apology, he rudely tossed the fractured flowing drapery, with an air of sovereign contempt towards her.

"Gracious Heaven!" said Julia, mentally, "is it, for this man, I have given my affections?—Oh! why for, I do not with all my great power retrieve them, or be the wretch for ever!"

Indignant pride now lent its powerful influence to wounded sensibility; and terror, at the precipice on which she stood, teaching her to recoil from the savage Fitzroy; all combined to form a counterfeit kind of firmness, which answered for this trying moment, and enabled her to sustain, with striking dignity, the haughty glances of Fitzroy, as he returned with a basket of fruit, which he handed to Mrs. Wellford, and then to every lady near, except our heroine, whom he passed, and repassed, in his attention to those about her, sedulously avoiding even the most trifling civility to her.

Sir Robert, with glowing cheeks, now started up; darted to the table, and found some hot-house grapes, which Fitzroy, in his hurry to oblige Mrs. Wellford, had overlooked; and brought them, with a respectful bow, to Julia; who, with animated gratitude sparkling in her lovely eyes, took them, and sweetly spoke her thanks, although this little act of kind attention nearly subdued her firmness.

Sir Charles Stratton, at length, approached Lady Theodosia, with some information relative to the hour her sister had ordered the carriage; when her lively ladyship instantly began to rally him, upon the "insipidity of his conversation, in their *tête-à-tête*, consigning Lady Selina to *ennui*, and forcing her father, through compassion, to send her to a scene of gayety, to rescue her from the dolefuls."

"Come, come, Lady Theodosia, an armistice of your amaritude!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont, advancing; "for the moment for our epulation approximates.—Oh! here comes a cenetical interpellation···· Pray, Sir Charles, make your evolution from your subderisorious cousin; manuduct the fair

troglodyte (who is your sun, and be your station perihelium) to our little zeta; where you will find no supervacaneous abliguri-tion—no venditation—nothing but a mere quelquechose; but where we must try to do away the lusorious Lady Theodosia's vituperation on your colloquy this evening, which she insinuates made her sister atra-bilarious."

Sir Charles, for a moment, stood in amazement lost, unable to expound great part of this ambiguous oration: but, at length, with an arch smile, he said—

"Pray, dear madam, condescend to 'ex-plain, for the country gentlemen:' and let my acknowledged ignorance know, what it is you have had the goodness to desire me to do?"

Miss Andromache, fearing an explanation more abstruse than the original, highly co-louring, hastily replied—

"My mother, sir, requests you to hand Lady Selina to supper; where you will find but a plain and homely repast."

Sir Charles now obeyed the mandate of plain sense. Major Mandeville conducted Lady Theodosia. Sir Robert looked to

Fitzroy; and seeing the hand of Mrs. Wellford fast clasped in his, instantly offered his services to Julia; led her to the eating-room, and seated himself beside her (opposite to Fitzroy, and his fair enslaver), and was all respectful attention to our heroine, whose heart was too full of inquietude to admit of her partaking of the repast; although she exerted herself to the utmost of her powers to appear composed, and, if not gay, at least not unhappy.

During supper, in some general chit-chat, Miss How expressed her hope, "that she might not have an avaricious husband."

"And, most sincerely, I hope, *you* may never have a jealous one," said Sir Robert to Julia, in a lowered voice.

"Oh!" she artlessly replied, "that I have made determination, not to have."

"By what means will you avoid it?"

"By not giving him the cause for jealousy."

"That will not effect it; for some men there are, who can, without any reason but their own capricious freaks, become jealous tyrants, even to the most estimable of women....So, come now, take my advice,

and smile not that I am going to do an unusual thing—advise a lovely young woman for her good········Take pity upon Lord Lindore; for, be assured, with him you would be a happy wife.——You blush, look grave, and answer me not!····Well, then, if obstinately resolved against your own happiness, accept of me: for, bad and great a rattle as I am, I would make you a better spouse, ten thousand times, than *Don Grandissimo* there; who will, *sans cérémonie*, flirt with every pretty woman he comes near, whilst you must not even listen with common courtesy to any other than himself. Come, take my advice; give me but half a word of encouragement, and I will fall irrevocably in love with you; and shall adore you—Heavens! how I shall adore you!"

"And never, at all, make contradiction for me; but give for me, my own pleasure in all I do:" said Julia, with an effort at smiling; for she felt shocked and pained at these insinuations, which she clearly saw were levelled at Fitzroy.

"Contradict!—no, never; in thought, word, or deed. You shall say what you please, do what you please; and—indul-

gent, uxorious, being, that I shall be!—you shall even think what you please."

"These are, wonderfully much, temptations," replied Julia, smiling; "and require consideration, great deal."

"I should have supposed, with your superlative penetration, Miss De Clifford, there could be no occasion for further thought; but that, at once, you should see, Sir Robert Raymond is making a jest of you," said Lady Selina, who was seated so far from Julia, that it was with astonishment our heroine now found she had heard any part of their conversation.

"And, with your penetration, Lady Selina," replied Sir Robert, gravely, "I should have supposed you could not now be in so great an error, as not readily to see, that, for the first time in my life, I am serious in my profession to a beautiful young woman."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Crabtree, "seriously in love with Miss De Clifford!"

"Seriously inclined to be distractedly so, if she would but give me one word, or look, of encouragement," replied Sir Robert, still more gravely.

"I do not think," said Lady Selina, maliciously, "that you have any reason, sir, to complain of want of encouragement."

"Certainly, madam, I never before had:—Miss De Clifford is destined to teach me humility."

Sir Charles Stratton, perceiving his future consort was extremely angry, and therefore likely to appear to still greater disadvantage than usual, now judiciously asked the Misses Beaumont to sing; who, wishing, too, not to hear more of Lady Selina's ill-nature, instantly complied: and now, in the general spirit of hilarity, the majority of the company sung, whether they had voices or not.

Lady Theodosia, ever obliging, exerted her vocal powers; and charmed her auditors in one or two solos, and in some duets with Fitzroy, who had a most melodious voice, and sung with infinite taste. At length, Julia was requested to sing, by Mr. Beaumont, who said "it would oblige him excessively, if she would comply."

Instantly, Lady Theodosia proposed Julia's joining Fitzroy and herself in a celebrated Italian trio; but to this, Fitzroy immediately gave an ungracious negative: her

ladyship proposed another, and another, all favourites of Fitzroy's; but he dryly declined joining in any glee, saying "he had forgotten them all:" and Julia, too quickly perceiving that he would not sing with her, felt it deeply—painfully; but her wounded pride, rising indignant at such repeated insults (whilst her fluttering heart bled at the unkindness), led her on to exertions even to herself surprising; and with spirit, yet still tinctured with her characteristic sweetness, she smiling said—

"It is a great deal fortunate, for my much wish to oblige Mr. Beaumont, that it is in my possibility to sing without the kind assistance, from the so short of memory Mr. Fitzroy:" and instantly she began a most beautiful Italian air, so adapted to the pathos of her voice—and so much did rallying pride teach her to do with the melody and inflections of her seraphic vocal powers—that her affecting lay went promptly to the hearts of every auditor who could feel the magic of sweet sounds; and those who felt, were fascinated, except (in appearance) Mr. Fitzroy, who looked inanimate carelessness, nor vouch-

safed to join in the rapturous thanks which she received.

"You ought, Miss De Clifford," said Mr. Beaumont, gravely, "to be very, very good, in gratitude to Him who has thus favoured you with such rare, such (surely I may say it) unparalleled, endowments."

Julia blushed the liveliest tints of timid sensibility, at Mr. Beaumont's grave and unexpected eulogium; and tears trembled in her eyes, awakened by the appeal he had made to her gratitude.

Sir Robert Raymond attempted several encomiums; but, to his utter amazement, he could not now articulate one to his satisfaction; but sat in silence, looking at Julia, until he almost fancied he could cheerfully assassinate Fitzroy, for his savage conduct to her.

Mrs. Wellford, upon Fitzroy's requesting her to sing, murmured out a kind of solemn dirge, in such a monotony of discordance, and with such a vulgar turn at each termination of the numerous verses, that the imagination could only conceive she had been accustomed to chaunt her song to the harsh accompaniment of the scrubbing-brush, or the whirring hum of a spinning-

wheel; and when she ceased her lullaby (which evidently had filled the whole of a penny ballad), Fitzroy broke forth in expressions of the high admiration which his countenance had portrayed during this *recitative.*

Julia was now lost in astonishment; nor could she at all conceive the motives of his conduct.—"Could he mean to insult her understanding, by supposing he could inflict pain upon her heart, by his affecting to admire what he must, in reality, have heard with disgust? Did he cease to regard her, because he had, by some means, discovered her affections were his?—Oh, no!" she thought;—"he could not be so ungenerous—so unworthy.—Oh, no! his reason—yes, she feared his reason was not sound;" and shuddering at this direful suggestion, from which she eagerly recoiled, she became pale as death, while a sudden chill pervaded her whole frame; and she only escaped observation of her emotion, by Lord Delamore's coach being announced at this moment; when Lady Selina, in sullen pride, started up, and hurried away, as if pursued by destruction.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the Delamore party were seated in the coach, our heroine perceived it was lightening, pale, livid, forked rays; and that at every flash the horses to the carriage seemed to start and prance: but she forbore to make any observations, as her companions appeared unconscious of it. Lady Selina, still in an ill humour, was sitting, as she always did when in the pouts, with her eyes shut. Lady Theodosia was lost in meditation: the two brothers seemed resolved on taciturnity: and all that was spoken, was said by Julia and Mr. Temple to each other.

In this unsocial manner they proceeded, rather more than half way, on their road to the castle, when a most livid flash of lightning darted into, and quivered about, the coach, illuminating all around with blue and yellow rays; and, on the instant, one of the most tremendous claps of thunder

ever heard, broke, with a fear-inspiring crash, and rolled, in awful grandeur, almost immediately over them. The horses now began to rear and plunge; the postillion (a boy of fourteen) set up a scream of terror, at the angry elements, and at the peril he found himself in, on the back of a now ungovernable leader. In vain the attendants strove to offer their assistance; for their steeds were as unmanageable as those in harness. The coachman, to no purpose, exerted his whip and strength; in vain he threatened the postillion, and commanded him to lay aside his fears: but not the din of the elements, the vociferation of the coachman, nor the screams of the boy, equalled the dreadful shrieks of Lady Selina, who, ever appalled at lightning, was now almost in fits.

In the conflict, the plunging horses threw the coach off its equilibrium: the extreme narrowness of the lane, only, saved it from being overturned; it now leaned against a bank, which formed one boundary of the lane; the window was shattered to atoms, and Lady Theodosia and Julia, in silent

trembling terror, were both on the sinking side.

At length, Fitzroy contrived to open the coach door, and leaped out; when he found himself assisted by Major Mandeville, in extricating his distressed companions.

Lady Selina, perceiving there was aid, struggled with vehemence to get out of the coach, as if she thought her life alone was worth preserving; and as she scramblingly flung herself into Fitzroy's arms for protection, he impetuously threw her from him to one of the attendants, who had by this time contrived to dismount, and disengage himself from his ungovernable steed.

Mr. Temple being next, now quietly stepped out; whom Fitzroy petulantly attacked, for his hurry to save himself: next Sir Charles sprung forth; and received no very gentle reprimand from his brother, for not coming out more cautiously. The carriage now, having lost that balance which helped to equiponderate it, sunk more perceptibly against the bank; when Lady Theodosia, half screaming, half crying, presented herself as a candidate for assist-

ance; and Major Mandeville snatched her out, in his ready arms, and bore her from the carriage. Fitzroy now, with trembling anxiety, mounted the steps, and called to Julia, who remained quietly in the corner, waiting patiently, until her turn should come to be extricated.

"Oh! speak to me!" he exclaimed:—"Speak to me, my life!—my adored, my own Julia!—Speak, and tell me you are unhurt—that you have escaped the lightning's blast.——Tell me, that violent, outrageous woman, has not hurt you."

Fitzroy now effectually silenced Julia, by awakening, in addition to her fears, the most powerful astonishment, at this inconsistency, this—to her—inexplicable conduct. Her silence increased his alarms; and, almost convulsed with terror and anguish of heart, directed by the lightning, he found her, snatched her to his breast, and bore her from the coach; still exclaiming—"In pity, speak to me, my life!—Pity my agonized distraction; and tell me, tell me! to what extent that vile, outrageous woman, has hurt you?"

"I am unhurt—totally, quite, unhurt—sir," replied our heroine; whose apprehensions were now considerably increased, on finding herself, amidst this fast-increasing, dreadful, thunder-storm, surrounded by several plunging, ungovernable horses, rearing and prancing in terror.

"Oh!" she said, "pray let us to go quite, from this very much dangerous spot—let us on for the castle, walk.——Let us go to Lady Theodosia, and find the conviction for her safety."

"Ay!" exclaimed Fitzroy, almost inarticulately, "any—any-where, from me!.... But, madam—Miss De Clifford—Sir Robert Raymond, Lord Lindore, are not with her."....

"And if they were, sir," replied Julia, in augmenting astonishment, "they could not be for me protection, from the dangers of this great deal tremendous storm." She had, while speaking, moved a little way from Fitzroy; but on seeing him near a plunging horse, she ran back to him, anxiously exclaiming—"Oh! for much mercy's sake, be not unmindful so, for

yourself—for your safety! but come away; —do fly with me.——Oh, Fitzroy! tell to me indeed, you are unhurt."

"Oh, Julia!" said Fitzroy, now darting to her side, and tenderly throwing his arms around her, to support and hurry her on, "and are you really interested for my fate? Speak to me again!—but in such a tone as that;—so thrilling to my heart—so—so ——Oh, Julia! it will ease my heart of anguish; cure it of its agonizing suspicions —its direful fears: for it whispered hope, and happiness, for me."....

A dreadful flash now startling Julia, prevented her reply. She clung to Fitzroy, in this moment of terror; and he, all agonized tenderness, hid her head on his bosom, still entreating her to speak, that he might know she was safe. And now the horrid shrieks of Lady Selina reached them: and our heroine, apprehending that Lady Theodosia was killed, sprang forward, in trembling dismay;—Fitzroy supporting her, and making short exclamations, of the most melting tenderness, indicative of his animated affection for her, as they hurried on.

At length, they reached Lady Selina,

whom they found struggling with Sir Charles, to get from him, through a gate; and screaming with passion, as well as terror, because he obstructed her entrance, and advised her to hasten after her sister, to the lodge.—"But no, she feared to pass so many trees in the lane," she said; and contended "there was certain safety only in the middle of that field she wanted to get to." Mr. Temple, in vain, said all that real piety and good sense could dictate, to convince her the same Providence prevailed every-where; and that, though there would be less electric matter in the field, yet as violent rain was fast coming on, she ought to seek for shelter from it. Julia offered but one word of consolation to her angry ladyship, for which she received a violent rebuff; when Fitzroy instantly hurried her on, as he felt large drops of rain, and vehemently declared, "she should not stay, to be exposed to the danger of getting wet, to save Lady Selina's existence."

Julia had learned from Mr. Temple whither Lady Theodosia was gone; and thither she now ran with Fitzroy, the lightning showing them their way as clearly as day-

light could have done; and at each flash, Fitzroy clasping Julia more fondly to him, as if to shield her from danger was his only solicitude. At length, they reached the lodge; at the door of which they found the old dame (the gate-keeper's wife) standing to receive them.

"A-well-aday!" she exclaimed, "poor dears! I thought how it would be!—I knowed them there prancing nags would never let you ride the storm through; for they made such a coile, going down, as never was.——But come, get in:—my dear young lady has just arrived before you."

Julia and Fitzroy now hurried into the lodge, where they found Lady Theodosia and Major Mandeville already seated.

"But why, Martha," at length, said Lady Theodosia, "do you stand at the door?—Are you not afraid of the storm?"

"No, bless you, dear! I be n't afraid. I likes to look on it: for it so minds me, of the night my poor master broke his leg, and I tended him to the infirmary, at Sedley, and held his hand (so I did) while the

doctors set his poor old limb; and then they put him so cleverly into bed, it did my bursting heart good to see them; and then says he—'Oh! I am now in heaven, Martha!' But, poór mortal! he was not long left in his heaven; for in bounced a neighbour, to tell us our little cottage was set on fire by the lightning (for it was just such a storm as this), and his boy, his grandfather's darling, burnt to death."

Julia, shuddering with horror, and melted by pity, said—"Alas! what heart to rend, intelligence was that!"

"Ah! indeed it was!" replied Martha.—"Well, to be sure, I was almost distracted; until I saw, with my own eyes, my young lord come into the ward, with Jemmy in his arms....Our Jemmy, miss; safe, and unhurt:—there's for you!....But looking so pale, with terror, and clinging to his brave preserver!—For it was our young lord (that blessing to the friendless, Lord St. Orville, his ownself) that rescued the child from amidst the flames, at the hazard of his own precious life;—for his stockings were scorched, and his coat-flaps burnt to tinder

. . . . But what cared he for that?—his noble heart was joyous, at saving an innocent baby's life."

Julia's sensibility was so much affected by this account of Lord St. Orville's goodness, that Fitzroy, in a visible fidget, and in a tone of chagrin, peevishly said—" But, good dame, why tell us your dismal stories?"

" Because, 'squire, the grateful heart loves to talk of the good things that have touched it; and while I have breath, I will tell to every stranger, what my young lord has done for me and mine.—' Well,' says John, when he saw his rescued darling, ' I have now no home to shelter you, poor orphan child!'—' But you shall have a home, John,' says my young lord: and—Lord for ever love him!—he was as good as his word; and this is it. . . . See, look round, miss, and sir" (to Major Mandeville), " above, as below, and every where, 'tis all so nice and comfortable; far beyond our former home. . . . It was very soon after poor John's accident, and that he was lame for life, the old gate-keeper died; and my young lord got the place for John. . . . But,

before my lord left us, in the infirmary, miss, and sir, fearing John might be neglected now he had lost his all (for the cruel flames spared us nothing; no, not one of the pretty comforts we had hardly earned), kindly—oh! how kindly he did do it! —gave me five guineas, to buy immediate necessaries; and told the nurse, 'if she took tender care of honest John, he would make her a handsome present, the day my master should quit the infirmary cured.' Now, miss, and sir, who but John!—for nurse began to scuttle about him, and puff, and blow, and show her anxiety; and she brought him a softer pillow, and with a quite clean cover:—'Ah!' says John, as he laid his head upon it, 'my young lord always makes the pillow of the poor, and afflicted, softer for them!'.... But all this was nothing, to one other thing he did for us poor heart-broken parents......"

"Martha, I entreat you," said Lady Theodosia, kindly, "not to enter upon that sad story now."

"What, my lady! may I not tell to miss, and sir, how my dear young lord found out

for us our deluded child, and brought her back to penitence and us?—Poor Susy!... My grandchild, miss: and—sure no offence, I hope—but when you open your ruby lips, and show your teeth, so beautiful and dazzling white, you minds me of Susy."

"Where is now Susan?" said Julia, blushing at the dame's remark.

"In the churchyard, at Sedley, miss;—cold as my heart was, when I lost her!"

Julia was inconceivably shocked at the question she had so inadvertently asked.

"Ah, miss! she died, and left us. Her heart was broken—pretty blossom!—by love, grief, and shame; and at the age of seventeen she was laid in the dust.—I saw it, and yet am here to tell it!—And the wretch who caused it all, a fine lord's daughter married, and gave him such a power of riches, that who but he!"

"Julia, dear Julia!" exclaimed Fitzroy, in an agony of tender solicitude, and half-concealed impatience, "do not, do not weep.... Theodosia, prevail on Martha to tell no more of her dismal stories; for I cannot bear to see Julia's tears."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Lady Theodosia, attempting to smile; but in which she could not succeed, her recent fright, and the recollection of the unfortunate Susy, proving destructive to the laughing graces.—"I am glad to hear it, Horatio; as it will teach you, never to make them flow.

"As to me, 'squire," said the garrulous Martha, "I will only just tell miss, and sir—for I sees they both pity poor Susy—that, because she died so sincere a penitent, my young lord, and my Lady Theodosia, settled out her funeral, and attended it their ownselves;—my dear young lady clothed all in flowing robes, white as her own innocence."

"Martha, I must entreat you to have done," said Lady Theodosia.

"And not tell miss, and sir, what a pretty sight you made it, for every one but a parent?—Well, then, I have done; and will only just tell them, how my dear young lord had a pretty stone placed on my Susy's grave, with such cutting words upon it, that even strangers shed tears at

reading them, and retire from the grave pitying my Susan, not crying, 'shame!' to her memory."

Fitzroy now, determined effectually to silence Martha, inquired from Major Mandeville—"how he had contrived to come so opportunely to their assistance?"

"When you were leaving Sedley," replied the major, "I saw your carriage horses were alarmed at the storm, which was fast coming on. I was going to ride up to the barracks; and fearing the danger which threatened you, I changed my route, and followed you upon a charger, so used to the field, I knew he would not shrink at the din or flashes of the storm."

Martha now announced, that "although it was raining apace, the storm was fast blowing over, as it was getting quite clear at the bottom." Shortly after, she informed them "she heard the coach coming." In a few minutes, a courier, preceding it, brought intelligence, that no accident had happened; and that Lady Selina, and the two gentlemen, were now safe in the carriage: but all completely wet through,

owing to her ladyship's fearing to proceed to the lodge.

At length, the coach arrived, when Major Mandeville received the adieus and thanks of the party; who all now in the carriage, proceeded to the castle;—Lady Selina still pouting, and persevering in terror (although the storm was completely blown over); and Sir Charles in no very sweet temper, at getting so thoroughly wet by her obstinacy.

On their arrival at the castle, they found Lady Delamore sitting up for them, and in the greatest agony of alarm, lest some accident had befallen them. When the storm came on, she descended from her dressing-room (whither she had been for some time retired), led by anxiety, which actuated a wish to send out some of the domestics on foot, to assist the attendants gone to Sedley, should the horses take fright: but not thinking it justifiable to send out any fellow-being in such a tempest, when—though grand and sublime as the scene was considered by many—danger flashed around, with all the mother's tender solicitude, she went herself, alone, upon the lawn, and

listened, in eager, fearful expectation, for the sound of the returning carriage. As soon as the storm had abated of its tremendous violence, she sent forth several domestics, to learn if any accident had delayed her children, with whom her heart now classed our heroine.

On their appearance, though seeing them all safe, she yet felt considerable anxiety on perceiving the drenched state of Lady Selina, Sir Charles, and Mr. Temple; and that the rest had not completely escaped the soaking rain. Hastily, Mrs. Beville was summoned, to make every antidotal arrangement to prevent the mischief her ladyship apprehended; and all were treated according to the degree of wetting they had sustained—except Lady Delamore herself, who, in her anxiety for others, quite lost all recollection that she had been almost as long exposed to the beating rain as any of the party; so that not until her woman, in putting her to bed, found her clothes were wet, was any thing done to prevent this inestimable and delicate woman from taking cold.

From the moment Julia entered the

castle, until she retired to her chamber, Fitzroy attended to her with the most unequivocal, anxious tenderness; imploring her, with all the fervour of undisguised love, to be careful of herself, and attend to all Mrs. Beville's directions.

The heart of our heroine would have felt highly gratified at these proofs of affection, which ebulliated from Fitzroy's heart when danger assailed her—leading him to betray his fervent love, even before those he had hitherto been so anxious to disguise it from—had not the unkindness, the rudeness, the studied contempt, he had treated her with during great part of the evening, taken an afflicting station in her remembrance; and the tender exchange of glances, the ardent pressure of each other's hands, that passed between him and Mrs. Wellford—while the language of his eyes spoke to herself the most chilling indifference, or insulting scorn—now painfully present in her sickened imagination, led her to believe the torch of Fitzroy's love for her could be lit or extinguished at pleasure. With this disquieting belief, with all these torturing remembrances, and unable to discover the source

which actuated all his inconsistency of conduct towards herself, she retired to her pillow; where these distressing ideas, attending her still, destroyed her rest; and languid, and unrefreshed, she arose next morning.

Julia, well remembering Lady Theodosia's advice—"If you prize your future peace, confide in my mother,"—and long feeling hurt and dissatisfied at the concealment of her former knowledge of Fitzroy, resolved this morning, if she could summon sufficient courage to do it, to disclose to Lady Delamore the painful secret of her heart, before whom, the preceding night, the tenderness of Fitzroy had betrayed itself; and though her ladyship had appeared too busily engaged, in solicitude for them all, to admit of her observing it, still she considered his undisguised conduct as the removal of the interdict.

Our heroine was received, this morning, by her ladyship, with much formal politeness, and many inquiries relative to her health; but though kind anxiety was awak ened by the languid countenance and dejected air of Julia, yet still was mingled

with it an air of something less cordial than our sensitive heroine had been accustomed to experience, which she instantly perceived, and her oppressed heart felt an increase of grief.

Breakfast passed almost untouched by Julia, and, as it never before had done, in comfortless reserve, and almost total silence: but the repast ended, and the servants departed, Julia could no longer brook the misery of this cessation of Lady Delamore's kindness; and hastily, and in anxious, tremulous agitation, with tearful eyes, timidly demanded—" Had she been, so much unfortunate, as to offend, her ladyship?"

" You have not offended me, Miss De Clifford; but I own you have hurt, disappointed, and distressed me."

" Alas!" said Julia, bursting into tears, " you think I am very bad dissimulator, who has a great deal deceived you: but I have been sadly situated; I have been full of great painful secret griefs, ever since I did know you:—you did not think for that, Lady Delamore; but I have. Why, it was secret, for you;—I did think, I was

not more to see Mr. Fitzroy, until he was husband for another; and that it was, necessary not, and wrong too, to tell you and my honoured benefactor, that known I ever had, Mr. Fitzroy; that he had won from me, my affections; and that I was great deal miserable; when you did all, so kind, and much, to make for me sweet happiness: and when Mr. Fitzroy, did come here—most unexpectedly, most grievously, for me, did come—the single man still, and affected to treat me for the quite stranger, my wounded pride (nor can you, dear madam, make wonder that it did) arbitrarily commanded me, to keep the secret, and look like stranger too."

Lady Delamore, sensibly affected by the artless, eloquent pathos, of Julia's voice and confession, now clasped her to her breast, with renovated kindness, and all the energy of forcibly-awakened pity; and, by her sweet, consoling words, and manner, drew from our ingenuous heroine her full confidence; comprising all that had ever passed between herself and Fitzroy, except their first meeting; as the cause of that, she had

promised Lady Selina, through the medium of Mrs. Beville, to conceal.

"Ah! my sweet child!" said Lady Delamore, when Julia ended her artless narrative, "you have been the object of my anxious concern, and lively interest, from the moment Fitzroy appeared;—for, even then, I discovered your painful secret, and his;—and have lived in earnest hope, that one, or both of you, would confide in me: but day after day passed on, and neither trusted me; and I was grieved, and disappointed. And, now I have your confidence, still am I grieved; for though bright are the prospects which open for my sweet Julia, yet, yet I tremble, and fear that happiness is not very near for you. I will be candid with you; because it may prepare your mind for many troubles I foresee in store for you.—

"You have not, Julia (I grieve to tell you), given your affections to a mind congenial to your own. Yet Fitzroy has many, and great, virtues; and had he not been a spoiled—a darling child, educated in foreign and licentious courts, he would, I firmly be-

lieve, have been an ornament to human nature:—but I hope, I trust, nay, I am sanguine enough to believe, that Heaven has fated you to be the blessed instrument to weed his heart from every error ungenial to it, and lead it back to what it was formed to be. In doing this, my child, you will have many trials to encounter—many a grief to bear: but you have strength of mind enough, I see, to endure even all; affection sufficient to sustain you through all: and, oh! what joy will it prove to his adoring parents, to me, and to all who love Fitzroy, to witness your happy success!—Never doubt that you are in possession of full powers to make Fitzroy all our most sanguine hopes could wish him; and that happiness, permanent and ineffable, will at length be yours."

"Alas!" replied Julia, sobbing bitterly, "and has, Fitzroy, so many faults? Oh! I once thought, for him, was every virtue! and I—I have not—no, believe, I have not—mind of such power, shall never possess that much great influence over him, to do all what you think for, Lady Delamore."

Lady Delamore now did every thing she could to console poor Julia, whom she would not thus have afflicted by anticipated evil, had she not been convinced she ought to know Fitzroy was not that faultless character, her romantic, youthful fancy had portrayed; as an early knowledge, and consequent expectation of it, might mitigate the poignancy of many future disquietudes. Her ladyship succeeded in calming the violence of Julia's grief; who, at length, retired to her own apartments, more composed, if not more happy; when Lady Delamore sent for Fitzroy—not meaning to betray our heroine's confidence, but, from his conduct the preceding night, she had every reason, as her present guardian, to demand an explanation of his intentions, and to set things in train, to prevent the happiness of her interesting ward from being sported with: though firmly resolved her union with Fitzroy should not be speedy, nor until the sincerity and permanency of his affections were put to incontestable proof. But word was brought to her ladyship that "Mr. Fitzroy had walk-

ed out immediately after breakfast:" and, upon repeated inquiry, she still learned he was out; nor did he return, until just in time to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XIX.

Julia's meditations had been of no pleasurable cast, since her confidential *tête-à-tête* with Lady Delamore, that morning; and the unhappiness of her mind spread its traces to her intelligent countenance: yet, looking sweet and lovely, in meekest sadness, she appeared at dinner; when Fitzroy, in trembling anxious terror, eagerly and tenderly demanded "if she was ill?" She answered, "She was well:" but the low and tremulous tone in which she said so, only increased his apprehensions; and he sat down to table in serious alarm, and now despoiled of cheerfulness, and every wish to eat.

It was immediately after the departure of the attendants, that Lady Selina inquired from Fitzroy, "if he had had a pleasant walk?—although," she continued, "I cannot doubt it, with such a lovely, interesting companion, as Mrs. Wellford."

Fitzroy coloured highly; and, in evident

confusion, stammered out some unintelligible reply. Julia blushed too; and her heart fluttered painfully.

"I think," said Lady Theodosia, very gravely, "it had been kind to Mrs. Wellford, if some of the Misses Beaumont had accompanied you in your walk."

Fitzroy was visibly disconcerted; and, rather awkwardly and pettishly, replied, "I did not know my movements were so watched, Lady Theodosia:—but the Misses Beaumont could not have accompanied us, as our walk was the thought of a moment. I met Mrs. Wellford, accidentally, at the library: and, in the course of our chit-cat, she offered to show me a beautiful walk, which I knew not of, near Sedley."

"Come, come, my 'gallant, gay Lothario,'" said Lady Selina, smiling in secret malevolence, "do not call your walk accidental; for I overheard the assignation made last night."

"Come, Horatio," said Sir Charles, gayly, "tell us where this beautiful walk is:—but remember, in your rambles, beware of *the commons*····for such is slippery ground."

"Oh! do beware, for them, if they are

slippery, and near to the cliffs!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of half-repressed interest: and now, blushing at the anxiety she had unwarily evinced, continued—"I would have every body, beware from them; for I was much near, to fall down the cliff: it was so great deal slippery, when I did walk, not long time ago, there. Mr. Temple saved my fall: but I did tremble for great fear."

"Who is this walking companion of Fitzroy's?" demanded Lord Delamore.

"One of Mrs. Beaumont's nieces; and the most beautiful and fascinating woman I ever beheld;" replied Lady Selina.

"Particularly fascinating—when she treats us with a penny ballad, entire!" said Sir Charles, smiling.

"She is, certainly, a pretty woman," said Lady Theodosia; "but her fascinations I had not sufficient depth of discernment to discover; for to me she appeared the most bold, vulgar, uncouth Joan, I ever sat at table with."

"How blind does Envy make her votaries!" exclaimed Lady Selina.

"Nay, Selina," returned Lord Delamore,

"all of Mrs. Beaumont's family I have seen, have certainly been vulgar, to a shocking degree."

"Your lordship may readily conceive what this woman's refinements are," said Lady Theodosia, "when I tell you, Miss How informed me, she dined once at her house with a large party, when she helped her guests, and made them go in and out, according to their ages."

"The horrible savage!" exclaimed Lord Delamore. "Surely, the last thing any person of philanthropy, or urbanity of manners, would do, would be to remind their guests of so disagreeable, so *impoli*, a subject, as their age!—And, though the communicative Peerage declares to the community the day of my birth, I would knock any man down who should presume to remind me of my age."

"That would be expressing rather violent resentment, indeed, my lord!" said Fitzroy.

"Beside the entire absence of good-breeding evinced in this Goody Wellford's plan," resumed Lord Delamore, "it is the most deceptious and difficult one I ever

heard of. How can she ascertain ages?—Some there are who look infinitely younger, some considerably older, than their years."

"To obviate that difficulty," said Lady Theodosia, "she must have the parish clerk attend, with the register of births, to announce the ages of her guests as they arrive.

"But, as it is possible for her guests to belong to different parishes," replied Sir Charles, "your scheme will not always answer, Theodosia.—No; all her visitors must come provided with the certificate of their birth, pinned on their sleeve, to serve as a table of precedence for their fair hostess."

"Decided old age claims the veneration of precedence," said Lord Delamore, "which with deference we give; but to give it to persons under seventy, is rustic ignorance indeed."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lady Theodosia, "how infinitely would it amuse me, to see those happy select whom Mrs. Wellford places on her juvenile list, gnawing the drumsticks with pleased satisfaction, and devouring, with gratified, triumphant avidity, the cold and unsavoury bits left for the

youngsters!—and the comfortless, recoiling vexation and spleen, with which the first-helped ancients petulantly nibbled their warm, nice delicious morsels!"

"And so, this age-honouring Goody Wellford is a new flame of yours, Fitzroy!" said Lord Delamore. "Upon my word, yours is a most surprisingly-commodious heart!—its formation must be curious! Were we to analyse it, we should certainly find in its anatomy innumerable tubes, so constructed, as to hold and contain separate flames, detached and unmingled."

"A wonderfully singularly-formed heart, indeed, your lordship imagines mine to be!" replied Fitzroy, in much confusion, yet striving to appear unembarrassed.

"Let me enumerate," continued Lord Delamore, "all those flame-tubes which I know are filled:—Ladies Enderfield and Sophia Ellingham; this Goody Wellford; and the lady you were so distractedly in love with, during your election at Z.". . . .

"What lady was that, may we ask?" demanded Lady Selina, with a sneering glance at our dreadfully agitated and distressed heroine.

"A lady, who is the enshrined idol of my permanent, my ardent, honourable affections; whom I venerate beyond what, perhaps, Lady Selina, you have feeling to conceive; and whom I will suffer no one to speak of, but with that respect which, as the purest, and most lovely, child of perfection, she justly merits;" replied Fitzroy, with animated firmness.

"As a lover, you perhaps can only see perfection in this idol," said Lord Delamore; "but those whose vision is unclouded by prejudice, can see (and with infinite pain and disappointment do I see) imperfections where, as well as you, I firmly believed none existed. But that lady—who captivated you, and whom you, in turn, sought to captivate; whose serious wooer you were, until the prior claims of Lady Enderfield called you from her—has played a part of such deep dissimulation;—has (benefitting by the example of concealment you have set her) deceived those who had some right to expect her confidence;—and, by the magic of her soft, retiring charms, has drawn you from the path of honour to...."

"Hold! my lord!" exclaimed Fitzroy, indignant fire flashing from his eyes; "I will hear no more such calumnies against the most perfect of her sex!"

Julia, in an agony of painfully wounded feelings, threw herself into the ready arms of Lady Delamore, who, tenderly kissing her, said, with a sweet, exulting smile—

"Look up, my love! for innocence has nothing to fear. I know every secret of your heart;—a heart so pure, so guileless, that whilst my heart can be sensible to genuine, unsophisticated worth, it must throb with approving admiration of your merits."

The severity of Lord Delamore's countenance now changed at once to the animated joy of surprise and pleasure; and triumphantly he exclaimed—

"Lady Delamore in your confidence!—then, by Heaven! I was not deceived in you! and you are the model of excellence I thought you!.....But, Miss De Clifford, if you knew half the difficulty your accusers had to encounter, to raise even a doubt in my mind of your perfection; the zeal with which they acted, to shake my high, my

exalted, opinion of you; or the pain I endured when, though only half, convinced, by proof which they adduced (and I feared was incontrovertible), to convict you of art the most consummate, in all its varied branches;—you might perhaps forgive me: but this unwilling, half-conviction, had never led me to the inhospitality of thus distressing you, had not my heart contained the fond hope that the trial would only prove you more immaculate."

Julia, completely subdued by Lord Delamore's unexpected kindness, after his unmerited severity, was unable to reply; but, still sobbing on the bosom of Lady Delamore, she reached out her hand in amity to him. He grasped it with fervour; and drawing her gently from his wife's arms to his own, gave her a paternal embrace.—

"My sweet child!" he said, "how I thank you for this ready forgiveness!——Oh! why are you not my daughter!—my Emily would love you tenderly as such; and I should adore you!" Then, giving her back to Lady Delamore, he turned to Lady Selina, and, with severity, impressively said—

"Shall I trouble you, Lady Selina Southerland, to inform the calumniators of Miss De Clifford, to beware how they attack her fair fame a second time:—for Lord Delamore is her avowed champion, her protector, her zealous, steady friend."

The beautiful eyes of Lady Delamore now beamed, in tears of delighted approbation, upon her lord; while Lady Selina turned pale, and trembled with all the pangs of fear, disappointed malice, and dismay, at such unequivocal proof of affection from her father to the being she mortally hated, and was firmly resolved to render wretched.

Fitzroy, with glowing cheeks, hastened to relate all that he told to Lady Theodosia, on their way to Sedley, relative to his situation with Lady Enderfield, as the cause which actuated his conduct towards Julia; and of his fervent attachment to our heroine, and earnest hope that she would some time honour him with her regard: and concluded, with imploring Julia's forgiveness, for not having, by candidly declaring all this earlier to Lord and Lady

Delamore, saved her from calumny, and the insult of suspicion.

This statement (in which, too, it appeared Fitzroy was in possession of his father's and mother's most cordial and ready assent to his marriage with our heroine) only added to Lady Selina's bitter mortification. She had hoped, by her vile machinations, to sink Julia for ever in the opinion of Lord Delamore; and had not, until now, any conception that Fitzroy's was an honourable attachment; but, believing the reverse, expected, by betraying it, to cast an everlasting stigma upon the prudence, at least, of our innocent heroine, whose confidence in Lady Delamore she had no suspicion of, believing that, of all others, it was the communication Julia would most wish to avoid. Nor did Sir Charles Stratton hear these professions of his brother's love, and hopes, with more internal satisfaction: his cheeks grew pale at the sound: and his heart groaned, on feeling that, had not dissipation ruined his finances, Julia De Clifford would have been the object of his honourable pursuit.

" There is one thing, however," said Lady Theodosia, gayly, " for which, was I Miss De Clifford, I never would forgive you, Horatio;—assailing her heart at the moment you did:—the popular, successful, candidate at an election, where you were upon your good behaviour; smiling in courtesy; in love and charity with all mankind; your fair side only to public view, and all dark specks concealed in shade impenetrable······I declare, it is taking such an unfair advantage of a woman, that, was my heart so beguiled from me, I would petition at the bar of Cupid;—affirm bribery and corruption had been practised against me; and declare the election of my heart null and void."

" Apropos!" exclaimed Lady Selina: " talking of undue influence, reminds me, that the Lindores have left Sedley. Lady Lindore apprehending her grandson was likely to be taken in, to form an unpleasant connexion, wisely obtained leave of absence from the commanding officer for her grand son, who······"

" Who certainly could not find Sedley an agreeable station, after Julia De Clifford

had rejected him," said Lady Theodosia, interrupting her.

"Rejected him!" exclaimed Lady Delamore.—"When did you reject him, my dear child?"

Julia, blushing, now looked sorry, and rather hesitated in her reply.—"I—I di think, dear madam, such things ought no to be made talk of. Should we make for boast the painful mortification for hin who claims our silent, gratitude?"

"How amiable in every thought!" sai Lord Delamore. "But you see, Miss D Clifford, notwithstanding your delicate con sideration, this matter has transpired; an you may, therefore, without scruple, ar swer Lady Delamore."

"It was last night madam, at Mr. Beau mont's, Lord Lindore did make the pai for me, to reject him," replied Julia, sti blushing more deeply. "But, I hope, did do so with kindness; for it was muc distress for me to grieve him, he is s great deal amiable."

Very shortly after, the ladies arose fron table; and Fitzroy, as Julia passed him to leave the room, cautiously whispered her—

"Oh! what a savage did unfounded jealousy transform me into, last night!—Can you, can you ever forgive me, Julia?"

"I can forgive great deal," she gently replied; "but last night I do think it, much better to forget, than talk of:" and, with Lady Delamore and her daughters, she now retired.

The dejection of our heroine, which her morning conversation with Lady Delamore had given birth to—which even the public and honourable declarations of Fitzroy, the ready and flattering concurrence of Lord and Lady Horatio to her union with their son, nor all the brilliant prospects that union opened to her view, could not remove—so alarmed Fitzroy for her health, that, his tenderness in full glow, each word and thought were devoted to her: and no longer were the restrictions of Julia attended to. His passion once avowed to those about him, each look, each accent, more and more betrayed the ardency of it: but Julia, still tremblingly alive to the dignity and delicacy of her situation, was steady in the path her duty pointed out; and, firm to her purpose, would make no avowal of her own affection

—would sanction none of his tender assiduities—nor hear his ardent protestations of everlasting love; still bidding him remember—"that, until perfectly freed from his engagement, she must look upon him as devoted to Lady Enderfield; and she could not, would not, listen to any language from him, but that of friendship."

Fitzroy complained, that "languid indifference could alone dictate such a line of conduct; fretted, fumed, took up his jealousy again, supposing regret for her rejection of Lord Lindore occasioned her present dejection; then called forth all the forces of seductive tenderness, to soften our heroine: but she was inflexible; and, mutually dissatisfied with each other, they separated that night.—Fitzroy, angry, and keenly mortified, that he had not the same resistless power over Julia, which he had ever possessed over every woman whom he had hitherto professed a passion for;—that of making them yield to his magic even their most steadfast opinions and resolutions, and to betray at once to what extent they loved: while our heroine retired in heartfelt sorrow, and with all her sensitive feel-

ings keenly wounded, to find Fitzroy paid so little regard to the delicacy of her mind and situation, evincing, more and more, that his own gratifications, his own happiness, were the first objects of his consideration.

Julia's night was sleepless; and, still dejected and languid, she arose even unusually early: and scarcely were the task of the toilet, and her sacred morning duties, ended, when Mrs. Beville, with grief and consternation in her venerable countenance, entered her room.—

"Oh, Miss De Clifford!" said this good woman, mournfully, "I am the messenger of sad tidings, this morning!—I feared it would be so; she was in her wet clothes so long."

"Oh! Heaven forbid, you tell for me, Lady Delamore is ill!" exclaimed Julia, in excessive alarm.

"Alas! it is so:—she has got cold. Her colds do not quickly show themselves; but work like slow and subtile poison: and she is now ill—so very ill, that I have sent express for Doctor Harlow: and my lady wishes you to come to her."

Julia now struggled to suppress her tears, and conquered them: but, pale, trembling, and full of heart-felt grief, she attended the bed-side of her friend! whom, until her feelings were so called forth, she was not aware she could possibly have loved half so tenderly.

As soon as it was possible, Doctor Harlow was at the castle; and, for several hours, both he and Mrs. Beville entertained the most serious apprehensions for the life of the inestimable Lady Delamore. All, and every one (but Lady Selina), were agonized with grief and despair; and, to the astonishment of every body, Lord Delamore's affliction was little short of phrensied distraction. At length, her malady took a favourable turn; but left her so low and languid, that every person was banished from her apartments, but the medical people, Beville, Lady Theodosia, and Julia: even the visits of Lord Delamore were prohibited; for his joy was as uncontrolled as his grief had been, and the doctor feared it might affect her too much, was she now to observe it.

For two days her ladyship was confined to her bed: but after that period, as no

symptom of danger remained, (though a slight intermitting fever still hung about her), the family followed their own pursuits, paid and received visits as usual, and Julia was now the only constant companion of her convalescent friend. Her gentle, soft, conciliating sweetness, well suited her for the favourite companion of an invalid; whilst her happy, rising talents for conversation—her having travelled so much—her own diversified accomplishments—all combined to render her a most entertaining one: and she was so affectionate and tender, so anxious to please and amuse Lady Delamore, that her ladyship could now scarcely bear her one moment from her sight.

Lord Delamore, from the moment Doctor Harlow removed the interdict, was a very constant visitor in the apartments of his invalid wife: and, to the utter dismay of Lady Selina, his visits at the white house in the wood were frequently sacrificed, to spend his evenings with Lady Delamore and Julia.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR heroine, thus monopolized by Lady Delamore, saw but little of Fitzroy for about ten days: a circumstance at which, though Love murmured, Reason told her to rejoice; for as she heard nothing further of his engagement with Lady Enderfield being terminated, it was much better to be detached from his society. At length, she, with Lady Delamore, made her appearance, once more, at the dinner-table. Fitzroy welcomed the return of his aunt, with energy and joy. He spoke to Julia words expressive of the same import; but his manner and accent betrayed more diffidence, more respect, and as much embarrassment as he had evinced even in their first perplexing meeting at Delamore Castle: and during the remainder of the day he seemed still to hang on each accent of Julia's; but he attempted not to gain a seat beside her, nor to address any thing particular to her; and when her eyes caught his

in ardent gaze at her, he instantly withdrew his glances, as if apprehensive of encountering hers.

Julia was astonished at this striking alteration in his conduct; and, with ineffable joy, she hailed it as auspicious to her future happiness.—" Oh! my dear Lady Delamore has made mistake of him," she mentally said: " he will be all, I wish, much, much sooner, than expect, she does. He sees, he feels, the propriety, of that line for conduct, I did tell him; and my heart great deal glad is, to hail the first homage, he has for long time paid me congenial for my feelings." And now, her heart, basking in this sun-beam, dilated with joy: her happiness, emanating from her sparkling eyes, gave brilliancy to her glowing cheeks—her conversation—her vivacity. Her bosom's sorrows seemed removed at once; and her delighted companions were fascinated by Julia in her new character—of playful, chastened gayety, in its most captivating form.

Full of hope and joy, our heroine arose, the succeeding morning, blithe as the lark that awoke her. As usual, she attended

the breakfast-table of Lady Delamore; and after accompanying her ladyship in a short airing, Julia determined upon taking a walk, whilst Lady Delamore lay down to rest, after her little excursion:—but in vain she looked for a companion. Lady Theodosia was out riding; so was Mr. Temple. Fitzroy, too, was no-where to be seen; whom, had she found him, and in the same respectful mood he had been the preceding day, she would not have scrupled to take a *tête-à-tête* walk with, about the grounds; and not choosing to be disappointed, nor apprehending any danger, since Laroche was in confinement, she sallied out alone, to ramble in the park.

She took the path she knew the best; and had not proceeded very far, when she encountered a group of children, belonging to one of the neighbouring hamlets, gathering wild flowers. A beautiful boy, of about five years old, and one of Julia's pupils at the charity-school, instantly sprang forward, to meet her, crying out, as smilingly he ran to her—

"Oh! pretty, dear mistress! where have you been so many days, and came not to

school, to hear how fine I read now? You called me 'naughty boy,' and 'idle child;' —you know you did;—and said 'you would not love me, if I did not learn my book:' so I have learned my book.—And now, will you love me?"

"Indeed, I will," said Julia; "so soon, as I do hear you, read, to-morrow."

"But do not wait for to-morrow, to love me," replied the boy, coaxingly; "but come to my house, and I will read to you, and make you stare:—and my book is only on the high shelf."

"Where is, your home?" asked Julia.

"Why, only there—just over the stile, upon the cliff:—up there—do you see? Well, I live, with granny, there."

Julia could not find in her heart to disappoint the child's wish, so agreed to go with him; when, *sans cérémonie*, he fast grasped her hand, turned his smiling chubby face up to her, and prattled, in innocent joy, as they walked along. At length, our heroine, with her young conductor, reached the cottage he had pointed to; when instantly a Newfoundland dog darted out of his kennel, and barked at Julia; who, terribly alarmed,

was about to run down the cliff, as a venerable old woman, with her silver locks combed smoothly beneath her snow-white mob, came forth from her wheel, to assure our heroine there was no danger.

"He is a very good-tempered animal, miss, I'll assure you: he was given to me about two years ago. I reared him, as he is good (folks say) for taking people out of the water. My husband and sons are seafaring men; and so I quite doat upon the dog."

Julia now felt herself so pleased with the old dame, that she instantly returned, entered the cottage, and took the milk-white sycamore chair the good woman carefully dusted, and seated herself, bidding the old woman sit down too; while little Billy got his book, in a violent hurry, exclaiming—

"Granny, this is my pretty dear mistress, come to hear how fine I read now."

"I am sure, miss, we have all reason to be much beholden to you, for your goodness to this boy, whom I verily believe you have bewitched with your kindness," replied Dame Jones; "for he came home crying, ready to break his little heart, one

day, from school, when you said he was so idle. So the book has been scarce out of his hand ever since: and I think he comes on prettily enough."

"That I have!" exclaimed Billy, opening his book; and with a serious air, and audible voice, reading all the lessons Julia had ever set him; who now patted his head, called him her good boy, and gave him money.

Billy, not satisfied, in a half-alarmed tone, demanded, "if she did not love him, after all his pains?"

"Oh! that I do!" said Julia, "a very great deal; and shall love you better, and better, every day, as you make improvement in your reading."

Billy was now in an ecstasy of joy; and Julia, with all her accustomed sweetness and affability, praised the neatness of the cottage, admired its beautiful situation; and perceiving in the garden a kind of pyramidical structure, demanded—"If that, was a beacon, for the ships, at sea?"

"No, miss," replied Dame Jones; "that is an unfinished work of our own. My old

man, and my sons, hearing of pillars raised in gratitude to the British heroes, as they call them; and feeling that no hero had a better right to a mark of gratitude than our young lord; and as the widow's mite was acceptable, so they think this homely pillar of their grateful hearts may be so. With the help of one of our sons-in-law (a stone-mason), they erected it. Parson Temple has kindly undertaken to write the inscription; and by our noble preserver's birthday, please Heaven! it will be finished: and my old man says, 'It will teach our children's children's children, when they read, to bless our brave preserver.'"

Julia inquired, "What event it was meant to perpetuate, which had so forcibly awakened their gratitude?"

"Oh, miss! sure you must have heard it!—I thought all the world must have heard it.—Why, Lord St. Orville saved our two dear sons—one, the father of Billy, and a large family; the other, a widower, with six small babes—from a watery grave:" and the venerable dame wept, in grateful remembrance.

"I did hear it slightly mentioned," said Julia.—Was he not, much, dangerously ill, in consequence for his exertions?"

"Oh! too sure he was!—Twice he was near death for me and mine;—once on the dreadful seas; once in his bed;—and we raise a cold stone to tell our gratitude!.... Ah! a cold stone might have covered the bodies of my children, had it not been for Lord St. Orville: but our hearts are not stone;—our hearts are not cold;—they feel—and they glow with grateful remembrance.... Oh! what a dismal scene it was! and now fresh in my mind, as my gratitude.

"Dreadful was the tempest; and it howled as if in grief for the world, about to be torn asunder. The skies—terrible in darkness, and heavy with rain—sunk, as it were, to crush the foaming sea, that boiled, and raged, and whirled, up and down——Oh! Gracious Heaven! how it whirred up, in black venom; and poured down again, in foam as white as snow!—High as this cottage stands, the surf washed over it. .... Think, sweet lady, what the sufferings of my old man and me were; and those

of poor Sarah (the wife of our John, and mother to his eleven unprovided children):—for my two sons were out; and Billy's eldest brother, a boy of twelve years old. In those moments when, as it were, the storm was out of breath, and stopped to gather fresh force, they were seen, where there seemed no help for them; and their cries, at times, were distinctly heard. I heard them—their father heard them—and poor distracted Sarah heard them; and, oh! Father of mercies! what a sound it was!"

"My old man flew down to Sedley, thinking to find help there: he jumped into a skiff; but no one would go out with him. And there he stood, in the boat, the picture of Despair; his grey hairs floating in the wind; his aged hands one moment raised to Heaven, in prayer; the next, in entreaties to those on shore, to go with him, to try and save his children; but no one would join him; and alone he could not even move the boat against the terrible breakers. I had followed my poor man to Sedley beach, where I found the poor distracted Sarah, with her ten remaining children—all who were old enough—wringing their hands

with her, and crying, and every instant adown on their knees, entreating each new man that approached them to go, and save her husband, and their father. My daughters, too, and their husbands, were there, entreating too; but all, all was vain. At length, our dear young lord (and, oh! how justly dear to all who know him!), ever mindful of the poor, and thinking of the distressed and friendless, hurried down to Sedley, to learn if any of the fishermen were out, braving that terrible storm. He learned that all had come in, but our poor sons; and saw all the distracted family (for Tom's motherless babes were all brought out, then in black for their mam, in hopes to move compassion) of the poor drowning men, now struggling for life, before our very eyes.

" And now, my lord called upon every one, in the name of humanity; but that had no effect; then he offered rewards — good gracious! what sums he offered! — but no one would go. Every fisherman assured him, no vessel on the beach could ride out such a storm: he thought otherwise; pitched upon one, and said, 'Was that well

manned, it could go to India in such a gale.'

"At this moment, dear young lady! a cry so piteous reached the shore, that Sarah instantly sprung into the boat, to my distracted husband; and, by one effort, which seemed far above human strength, moved the skiff: but there her power left her; and she fell, senseless, to the bottom of the boat.

"Lord St. Orville could bear no more; but leaped into the vessel he had chosen, and called to my husband to come to him. My poor old Sam, made young by all he felt, almost flew to him; and, lo! dear lady, Sam was followed by seven of the ablest seamen of the port!—They, who had not listened to the cry of distress, or to the lucre of gold, were led by affection to follow our dear lord, and perish with him, or save him.—Well, dear young lady! my lord, now finding he had the lives of all these men to answer for, as well as the ruin of their families, in addition to the call of humanity which led him on to expose his own life so rashly, now made exertions beyond what any man on board had ever witnessed. Young as he was, and scarcely

come to his strength (for he was not above twenty years old then), he did more than any two of them could do. Indeed he seemed gifted with more than mortal strength: and but for his skill—his management—his sweet, encouraging way—his toil—and the mercy of Heaven to him—they must all have sunk to eternity.

" Only just in time did they arrive to save my children: the wrecked smack was filling fast with water; and they clinging to one side, to save themselves:—the boy, quite *spent*, was now become senseless: and his distracted father, and poor uncle, had to support him as well as themselves, until this succour, sent by Almighty Providence, came to rescue them.

" And, oh! dear young lady! what a scene did the beach all this time present!—every vessel, able to put to sea, was got in readiness; and every seaman, far and near, ready to risk his life, should not my lord's vessel ride in safety. Men, women, and children, forsook their houses; the beach was thronged; and nothing but prayers, lamentation, terror, and anxiety,

amongst them: and, oh! what shouts of joy, beside itself, rent the skies, when it was seen my lord had reached the wreck, and my children taken from it! But still dangers most dreadful surrounded them; and nothing could now equal the anxiety and fears of all, but the madness of joy that prevailed when all were safely landed. —Oh! it was too much for my old heart to bear!—My senses lasted until I kissed the cold, pale cheeks, of my children, and on my knees blessed their noble preserver; then, then they forsook me; and for several days I was quite crazed like (as I have been told), laughing, and singing, and shouting, in horrid joy, quite unknowing that I did so.

"Fortunately, the news did not reach the castle until our dear lord was safe on shore: but, alack! alack! the anxiety of our brave preserver's mind, added to his bodily toils, threw him into a most dreadful fever:"·······and here Dame Jones, made eloquent by her gratitude, now related the circumstances of Lord St. Orville's illness, and the extremes of grief and joy it occasioned, in all the touching language of

simplicity; ending with all the eulogiums on her children's preserver, that her gratitude and his virtues inspired.

Julia, as our reader may naturally suppose, was not an unmoved hearer of this description of distress and heroism;—she wept for the anguish of the wife, parents, and children; the conflict of the sufferers; and the intrepid valour and humanity of their Heaven-inspired deliverer: and, with every pulse in her heart beating with approving admiration, with enthusiastic veneration, of Lord St. Orville's manifold virtues, she, at length, left Dame Jones's cottage, on perceiving, by the smell from the boiling pot upon the fire, that the good woman's dinner was ready; and her desiring little Billy to stay and eat his dinner, alone could prevent her having him for her escort back.

With every thought now occupied by the virtues of Lord St. Orville, our heroine proceeded on her way to the castle. As she mounted the stile leading into the park, she heard the sound of a carriage coming swiftly along the Sedley road; and she had not gone many paces further, before she heard

a violent crash; and instantly conjecturing the carriage had been overturned, she hastily ran back, and bounded over the stile, when she saw a hack post-chaise lying on its side, and perceived a young gentleman get out of one of the windows, and turn, in anxious kindness, to extricate some fellow-sufferer. Instantly, Julia approached him; and, in a voice of sweet humanity, inquired—"What assistance it was possible for her to afford?"

At the sound of her dulcet voice, the young man turned quickly round, surprised admiration and pleasure beaming from a pair of beautiful and intelligent eyes; and, with a smile as fascinating as Julia's own, and in a voice of thrilling harmony (yet tremulous, with powerful agitation), was beginning to return her thanks for her kindness, with the manners of sweet and natural elegance, when a piteous moan, from the carriage, arrested his attention, and changed the expression of his countenance, from the sunshine of animated pleasure to the gloom of anxiety and concern.—

"Alas! madam," he said, "I know not what your humanity, and my solicitude,

can teach us to do for my poor faithful friend and servant, whom I fear is severely hurt."

"I can summon, very soon, assistance, from the lodge," replied Julia. "For to the castle, I will not yet, go; for the soon return of Lord St. Orville, before expectation, must be announced by caution a great deal.······You look in wonder my lord, why I, so well should know you, when for you I am the stranger; but Lady Delamore's every look, and movement, and Lord Delamore's, sometime look, did tell for me so soon, you were their son." And not only this striking resemblance to Lord and Lady Delamore, but that semblance to Lady Storamond so many of the family bore, and which so quickly won her regard for them, this young man had more forcibly than any of them she had yet seen.

It was, indeed, Lord St. Orville; who, as soon as possibility admitted of it (and which was almost immediately), after the receipt of his father's kind and most unexpected letter, which met him at Gibraltar, returned to England: and knowing his own popularity, and the tumult of joy his return

would occasion, and the shouting multitude he should be attended by, for miles, up to the castle, through delicacy to his father's feelings, as he had been sent from home in disgrace, now returned incog.; and with the blinds drawn up of a chaise he had got at a shabby inn, in a by-road where he was unknown, he passed through Sedley, with his old, respectable and attached valet, who attended him wheresoever he went, and who now, from this old chaise losing one of its wheels, causing an overturn, had fractured his left arm.

"Stay, I beseech you, one moment, madam, until we ascertain the situation of my unfortunate companion—Perhaps he may be able to walk with us to the lodge. ......'Speak to me, Leslie!—How goes it with you, my boy?—Not very much hurt, I hope?' said Lord St. Orville, kindly, and having now got the chaise door open.

"Do not be uneasy, my dear, dear lord, I pray you, about me," replied Leslie, putting his hoary head out of the door. "I know I can walk to the lodge. It is only my arm that is hurt:—and not my right one, luckily; so that it is nothing of

an accident:—and don't you look so sad, I pray you, my beloved master."

Lord St. Orville, with the assistance of the post-boy, got Leslie out of the chaise: but when his lordship saw the poor man's arm dangling, and beheld the pain he was in, he became pale as the sufferer himself, and his before visible tremour and agitation were augmented.

Julia had salts in her pocket, which she now gave to the poor man, to prevent his fainting; and taking a silk handkerchief from her neck, made a sling for his arm, which she kindly and tenderly tied on him. Lord St. Orville was all animated gratitude, for her humane attentions to his respected servant, who leaned upon the arm of his adored master; and, preceded by our heroine, they now slowly bent their course to the lodge. Julia, foremost of the party, opened the gate herself, and held it carefully for the poor sufferer to pass through. John, in surprise, came forth to assist her; but upon perceiving who was there, his senses seemed subdued by joy and amazement, and he possessed not power to speak or move. Martha now came out; but her joy, though voci-

ferous, was not more rational than her husband's; and neither of them for many moments was of the smallest use: so that Julia set the high-backed leather armed-chair for Leslie; found a glass, sought out the pump, and brought him some water to drink: while Lord St. Orville, himself, seemed incapable of doing any thing; so occupied he seemed in concern for Leslie, and in gazing, with admiring eyes, after our heroine, whichsoever way she went.

John, at length, restored to reason, called two labourers, who were working near the lodge, to the assistance of the post-boy; and Martha proceeded to fetch a surgeon from Sedley—with strict injunctions from Lord St. Orville, not to announce his return to any one, and simply to tell Mr. Manlove he was wanting, instantly, at the castle; where his lordship was extremely anxious poor Leslie should go, that he might be put comfortably into bed the moment the fracture should be reduced.

Lord St. Orville had meant to stop at the lodge, and despatch a note from thence to inform his father of his return, before he should present himself to his embrace and

his adored mother's; but, now, this unfortunate accident prevented the adoption of so tardy a measure. Julia, therefore, proposed preceding him to the castle, and announcing his return to Lord Delamore, and preparing his mother for his arrival, which was by no means so soon expected: but the voyage of the frigate which took Lord Delamore's letter out, had been remarkably expeditious to Gibraltar, where it unexpectedly met Lord Ashgrove's fleet; so that Lord St. Orville had a much shorter way to come, after his father's permission to return had reached him, than his family were aware of.

Lord St. Orville, in addition to his gratitude, felt amazement at our heroine's proposition; as it spoke not that fear of his father, which almost every one evinced.—"You are all kindness, madam—Miss De Clifford, I will venture to call you; for I cannot be mistaken in my uncle's adopted child, and my own new cousin."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, "my heart has thought, time long, to ask you for my honoured benefactor—my new, kind father; but until something we did for relief, to the

poor sad sufferer, I would not ask what, was for joy, to me."....

"Oh! he is well;—will soon be with you;—and has sent a packet, by me, to his child:" replied Lord St. Orville, sensibly affected by Julia's voice, look, and manner, while she spoke of her benefactor, and evinced her pity for poor Leslie...."But, Miss De Clifford, in reply to your kind proposition, you, perhaps, do not know that I have been an offending son; and though benignly and graciously recalled by my forgiving father, his lordship might think I ought not to have employed you upon such a mission;—and you might find it a most unpleasant embassy."

"Lord St. Orville," said Julia—affected, too, at this ever amiable young man's taking all blame to himself from his father—"I do know all, of many painful secrets confided to me by my dear Lady Delamore; and I do know why you did go, and why you come back; and," she added, with a smile, "Lord Delamore, himself, has much often, talked to me of your return: and I very well think, I may venture to be your joyful, messenger;—and

none would go, so glad, believe me, to make happy your father, your mother, and dear Lady Theodosia, with so good news."

Lord St. Orville looked, and spoke, his animated thanks; but without the formality of apologies, for the trouble she was about to take, as he saw she was actuated by benevolence, and kindness of disposition; and, anxious for the ease and comfort of poor Leslie (for whom she promised to despatch, instantly, some of the domestics down, to convey him to the castle), and panting to be taken to the arms of his father, and to embrace his adored mother, and sister, he would not for a moment detain her, who flew off, like a lapwing, on the pinions of beneficence.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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